

11 1901

March

**The Pan-American Exposition
Bright Stories by American Authors**

Ten Cents

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



Burnett's

Always have the best for food and drink.
Cheap vanilla is poisonous. Beware of
imitations. Insist upon having

Burnett's Vanilla Extract,
it is pure and wholesome.

*Send for our book on Vanilla, its growth and
culture.*

JOSEPH BURNETT CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

Vanilla Extract



MageeHeaters ARE THE BEST

NO SMOKE. NO DUST. NO GAS.
THOSE WHO USE "Magee" Ranges and
Furnaces say they ARE THE BEST, and
ADVISE OTHERS TO use them. They
give perfect satisfaction in every particular,
with proper use. Send for descriptive
pamphlet, with references.

Sold by Leading Dealers
MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY
32 UNION STREET, BOSTON.

Hotel Empire

Broadway and 63d St., N. Y. City.

**ABSOLUTELY
FIREPROOF**

European Plan Exclusively

Perfect Cuisine
Fine Library

Efficient Service
Select Patronage

SENSIBLE PEOPLE WHO SEEK COMFORT
WITHOUT WASTE AND ELEGANCE WITHOUT
OSTENTATION WILL FIND THE EMPIRE AN
IDEAL HOTEL.

Moderate Rates

There is no crowd nor jam. The lounge and curi-
ous are absent and an atmosphere of refined con-
geniality pervades the whole establishment.

From Grand Central Station take Boulevard cars
seven minutes to the EMPIRE.

From the Fall River Boats take the 9th Ave. Ele-
vated to 59th St., from which Hotel is one minute's
walk.

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping
centres. All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Prop.





VICE-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

MARCH, 1901

No. 6



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THE buzz and bustle in Washington over the preparations for the second inauguration of President McKinley was as merry as a country wedding. Few presidents have been so fortunate in disarming partisan prejudices as President McKinley. This is indicated by the cordial way in which southern senators and representatives of the opposing political parties mingled at the executive mansion on their frequent calls. In one of the great Senate rushes at the White House portals after the army bill had passed, there were upwards of thirty senators gathered in the corridors, to say nothing of twice as many congressmen, waiting to see the President in the interest of applicants from their states seeking army appointments. General Hawley puffed an unlighted cigar, nervously

swinging his cane as he sat near the door. Senators McMillan and Burrows came arm in arm, ready to pull together for some state interest; Senator Mason, with his overcoat on his arm—saying nothing. As long as there is a single egg left in the basket the rush continues. The crescendo of colloquy suggests a hotel lobby at a political convention, or an

overgrown church social. Secretary Cortelyou, cool and collected, listened to rival claims, sometimes two at once—one at each ear—a pen perched at an acute angle suggesting a sort of aural *cheval de frise*. Captain Loeffler, the veteran doorkeeper, handled the throng of distinguished visitors as tactfully as a rush at a "push" reception. It was, altogether, "busy days" at the White House, recalling an old time office-seekers' rush of '85.

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY WATCHING THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION



Young army officers, tall and short, fat and lean, with regulation braid securing their overcoats, stood at "at-

ROBERT W. WILCOX, DELEGATE TO CONGRESS
FROM HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



tention" as the senators joined in the "push and pull" session. A president pro tem only was needed, to make up a quorum and hold a session of the Senate right on the spot. These appointments were for life—and indeed it was a life struggle with many of them. Members who had so vigorously fought

MRS. WILCOX, WIFE OF DELEGATE WILCOX
OF HAWAII



the army bill were now in the fore front of the struggle for appointments. Many of the manly young officers were accompanied by mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts who were interested in the promotions that meant so much for the cavalier in brass buttons.

* * *

During the quest for army appointments, a little lady in black had been sitting near the door. With clear cut, sharp features, cool and patient, she toyed with an umbrella as if it were a saber at her side. She gazed long and

JOHN J. ESCH, REPRESENTATIVE FROM
SEVENTH DISTRICT, WISCONSIN



steadfastly at the bust of Lincoln in the corner opposite, and her keen, black eyes brightened as she heard one senator near her remark:

"His father was with Sherman at Atlanta."

In the midst of the rush the library door was opened. The President had retired from his office not only to his private retreat in the cabinet room, but to a far less accessible refuge—the

library. The little lady in black was escorted to the private door to greet the President. It was Miss Sherman, the daughter of General W. T. Sherman, and the President stemmed the tide of army office seekers to greet one who was so dear to his old commander.

There was something of dignified humor in the scene of stately senators forming in line for a procession prior to the official counting of the votes in the electoral college. Try as best they could, they were not able to keep step. Amendments of gait were insisted upon

MRS. ELKINS, WIFE OF SENATOR ELKINS
OF WEST VIRGINIA



by the high steppers. The messenger from North Dakota was the last to arrive, and Alabama had a tracer sent after the U. S. Mail registered package containing the electoral vote for Mr. Bryan, which finally turned up at the state department, after Senator Morgan had telegraphed and made a remark or two which will not appear in the "Congressional Record." There is a trace of colonial pomp retained in the ancient forms and usages about inauguration times.

For the first time in the history of the country the House of Representatives takes an active and important

part in the inaugural ceremonies, and the traditional exclusive prerogatives of the Senate are wrested from the upper house. The two branches are

MRS. OLMSTED, WIFE OF REPRESENTATIVE
OLMSTED OF PENNSYLVANIA



MRS. A. G. FOSTER, WIFE OF SENATOR FOSTER
OF WASHINGTON TATE



growing restive under restrictions, and a thoroughly tempered rivalry is engendered that reveals molars. The aggressiveness of the House of Representatives towards the Senate has been very apparent during the last session of Congress. Representatives Dalzell, McRae of Arkansas and "Uncle" Joe Cannon made a formidable inauguration committee, and the congressmen had "tickets" this time.

Well, I am not an inventor, and though this suggestion may be "worth millions," as Colonel Sellers would say, here it goes without even a patent applied for. As I sat in the gallery, behind the brass eagle, and watched the slow progress of a vote in the House, an idea occurred to me. "Why not vote by electricity?" Why not have each member press a button under his desk, showing green for "yea" and red

ELMER DOVER, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO SENATOR HANNA



for "nay" on a properly labelled switchboard. It could be recorded in a moment, with no noise or confusion

MARLIN E. OLMSTED



—and why not? It is true that the Constitution provides for an audible response on a yea and nay vote, but electric bulbs were not known in those days. Speaker Henderson might have to strain his neck to watch the spectacular effect, but it would save wear and tear of muscle in pounding the desk to preserve order when a vote is being taken. One enthusiastic congressman was greatly interested when I mentioned my idea, and proposed to call it "Chapple's Electric Lightning Vote Reflector." So simple; press the button. Then to the cloak rooms again!

As the door-keepers were "putting up the bars" for an executive session of the Senate, I passed out of the gallery discussing with a friend the prospects of the ship subsidy bill. Once

outside, it occurred to me that my hat had been forgotten. The door-keeper was obdurate—he looked like Senator

MISS HELEN HAY, DAUGHTER OF SECRETARY HAY



Mason, and I told him so, but it did not help me. Up and down the draughty corridors I passed, hatless, waiting for the executive session to grind out a batch of brigadier-generals, but I was determined not to leave the Capitol without some protection for my hatless brow. Senator Beveridge came along and kindly offered to temporarily loan me his new silk tile, but just then the fumes of cigar smoke came from the Senate chamber, and the groups of senators had gathered in the shadowy corners to enjoy that delightful moment after

the room was cleared. I secured my hat; and looking upon the darkened forum where laws for nearly 100,000,000 people are made, and billions of dollars in money expended in one year, I felt a thrill of awe as an American citizen, and came away nearly forgetting my hat again under the spell. Now I wear, like Senator Chandler, an attached anchor and chain on my hat.

A mother came from the home farm in New Hampshire to nurse her son in

MISS GLADYS FFOULKE



the hospital. A few days later he died. The authorities said the body must be taken away or buried in the potter's field. The devoted, broken-hearted mother was distracted. When the sad story was known to some of the big-hearted clerks, they were not long in raising the needed money and gave it to her with sympathetic words. I cannot describe the paradox—the happiness of a broken-hearted mother in bereavement, who was enabled to save her loved one from a pauper's grave.

"I'll take him home with me, for he was a good boy; a good boy. He'll be near me now—up in the old churchyard where he loved to play. Oh, I'm

so glad that I can have my boy go home with me."

Poor, dear, lonesome heart! There were glistening eyes around; the sterling tribute of big, noble, generous, American hearts. I love to think of American generosity as one of the superb virtues of our people.

* * *

Perhaps it is vanity, but when President McKinley, on one of his busy days, inquired of me, "Well, how is our magazine getting along?" I felt happier than if a king had conferred upon me a "knighthood in full flower." In fact, I felt that it was a personal greeting to every subscriber; for he too has been a subscriber to "The Na-

tional Magazine" for several years past. Anything that seeks to nurture the spirit of true Americanism does not fail to readily interest the President. His keen interest in young men is often proven, and the newly elected young Democratic congressman finds in him a true friend and inspiration. When William McKinley comes forward in his brisk, cordial way to greet young people, he appears the very embodiment of sympathy and optimistic faith in the future. He marvelously retains the enthusiasm of the days when he first came to Washington as a young congressman, in 1877, and called upon President Hayes at the White House, to inform him that Ohio was still upon the map.

* * *

Washington is the Mecca of bridal couples. They come by the hundreds, and

MRS. FORAKER, WIFE OF SENATOR FORAKER OF OHIO, IN THE GOWN WORN AT THE INAUGURAL BALL



one never loses interest in these young married lovers going about the Capital, oblivious of all else except each other and the roseate dreams of their honeymoon. To the White House these young couples throng, rejoicing that there also is centered the true domestic happiness which is the strength of the nation more than frowning forts, towering ramparts or myriads of navies, and army bills.

Wearing a gorgeous red carnation and ablazing lurid necktie, Private John Allen appeared at the portals of the White House. Heglories in the fact that he is the only gentleman of distinction from the South who is not burdened with the title of colonel, major, general or judge; only plain Private John Allen, who will again seek the haunts of private life—necktie and all. He says that they discharge cannon on election day in his state as an official declaration to all colored men that there is to be a fair election. "That blazing gunpowder does not attract the colored voters you may be sure—and they understand, sir!"

With one arm leaning upon the mantel in the President's office, in a typical drawing-room pose, General Elwell S. Otis did not look the fierce tyrant he was charged with being in the Philippines. His genial brown eyes and a kindly face to me indicated a depth of feeling in this gray-bearded veteran that few seem to understand. He presented me to M. Legarda, who

was formerly the vice-president and treasurer of the provincial Filipino government, but who withdrew when

MISS MOORE, NEICE OF SENATOR CLARK OF MONTANA



Aguinaldo began the insurrection. "Yes, I think there is hope of a happy solution yet of the Philippine problem," he began, pointing his finger at me significantly. "M. Legarda here, is a type of many earnest people who desire for their own country's sake to bring these troubles to an end, and build up a future for the islands. The only thing that I have against M. Legarda is that he is a Tagal, and it is the Tagals who brew trouble. Yes, I grew to love the Philippine people

and they take to us, and once matters are settled, there will be no more loyal admirers of the Americans than the Filipinos. They easily adopt our western methods, and there are scores of Filipinos attending American universities to-day."

General Otis grew enthusiastic, and every sentence he uttered was given a nod of approval by Legarda, who appeared to have a sincerely high regard for the American general. General Otis is gently brusque in some

ways, but impresses one as quite as evenly balanced as his paddle-box beard.

M. Legarda told me in good English that he thought matters would soon be

GENERAL MILES IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE



HON. ELIHU ROOT, SECRETARY OF WAR

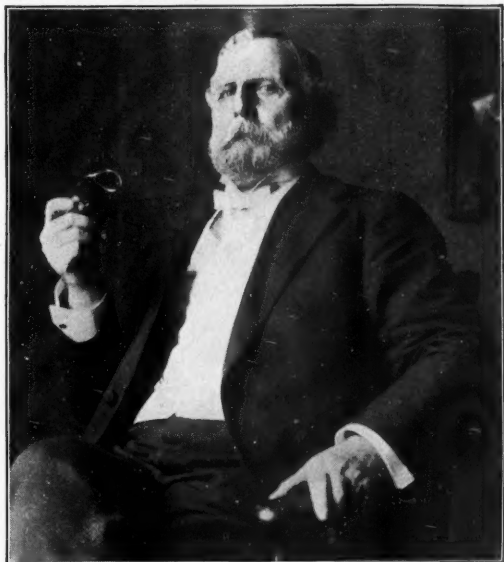


settled, having left Manila in September. He had visited the World's Fair with his family and has been a great traveler. His health is poor, but his clean cut features, straight black hair and dancing black eyes indicate a courteous and educated gentleman. "We have great hopes in the young men in American universities, and I will visit some of them before returning in March." He did not appear to recognize Aguinaldo as a patriot. "He is too much of a fellow for himself alone." There were some fears that the Filipino secret junta might do harm to Legarda, whose pronounced sympathies with American ideas have put his life in jeopardy.

As we were talking, General Otis and M. Legarda were called into the cabinet room where

a long conference was held, and the hearty hand-shake and cordial greeting given the Filipino guest by the President did not indicate any pronounced "imperialistic tendencies."

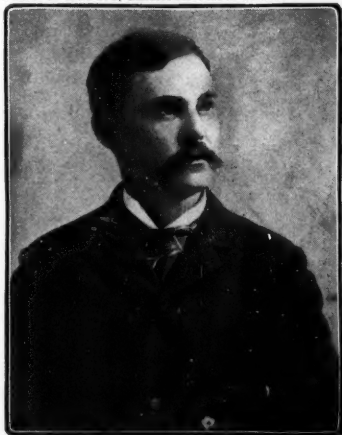
HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY



The Daughters of the American Revolution had their congress in February, and it was an interesting gathering. The genealogical tree has been grafted for some vigorous sprouting in every state in the Union, and these patriotic organizations are doing commendable work in preserving the history and glorious traditions of the country. A people without traditions and family pride, can never hope to become great. Mrs. Daniel Manning, wife of the late secretary of war, is the president, and has given the organization a vigorous administration.

There was a picturesque incident at the annual dinner of the Gridiron

FRED T. DUBOIS, SENATOR FROM IDAHO



pondents, and their annual dinners are famous. They always have a gorgeous array of distinguished guests, and for once official dignities and exemptions are brushed aside. Secretary of War Root made a happy hit. In speaking of General Corbin reference was made to his well-known "back bone." An interruption occurred, and the general was requested to arise and show his back bone to the guests. Quick as a flash the secretary remarked: "The general was never known to turn his back on an enemy." In view of the numerous newspaper attacks upon General Corbin, this effervescent bon mot rather mellowed the occasion. Secretary Root has completed his vigorous campaign with the army bill, looking hale and hearty, and as aggressive as ever. Few members of the cabinet in years

past have carried such a load as Secretary Root, with his army problems. As a lawyer, he proved a good

and he kept everything about him moving with the business-like precision and exactness of a banking

MADAME HENGELMULLER AND CHILD



fighter, and perhaps that is where he won his epaulets as a successful war secretary. . . .

When you see Secretary Gage gesticulate with his *pince-nez* you may know that he is in earnest. He carries his responsibilities with dignity and grace. I recently saw him reading a letter written in very bad French without a wrinkle in his brow,

house; hoisting a danger signal when Congress is too free with the axe, cutting down revenues. A recent painting of the secretary in the reception room at the war department shows him in that favorite easy position which is so characteristic of the man. This countervailing treaty in Russian sugar precipitated a vigorous trade war, but tariff wars seldom lead to bloodshed or serious consequences.

There was a picturesque gathering of the veterans of the Indian wars from the West in Washington the past month. Long-whiskered and rugged, they would gather in the morning before daylight and late at night in the lobby of the St. James hotel relating the thrilling adventures under Custer and others in the '60's, and some tales were told of the '40's. They seemed to live in memories of the past, and none of the lurid dime novel literature

of the period could even surpass the actual incidents of their thrilling campaigns against the redmen.

"We used to think the Indian question was a problem and the Philippine warfare fades into insignificance in comparison. The American people have a way of settling these matters right after a while," mused one gray-whiskered individual, puffing his cob pipe.

MISS FLORENCE FORAKER



MISS RUTH HANNA



MISS JULIA FORAKER



MISS DU BOIS



MISS MCKENNA



DAUGHTER OF JUSTICE BREWER



On the same day that M. Legarda, the Philippine representative, called at the White House, there were visitors

with the necessary demands for handshakers—especially if this spirit of expansion keeps right on expanding.

Senator Cochrell has heard that they call him Horace Greeley, and he's going down to see about it



present from Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and Cuba, as well as a large delegation of Indians in paint and feathers. Each one of these callers represented a late addition to the territory under the old flag. On some days the secretary is compelled to report to the President that he saw only one-half of the callers; next day a third; next day a fourth; next a sixth; until the geometrical recession reaches a fraction of less than one-tenth, during the rush. Some inventive Yankee will have to invent a presidential automaton to keep up

An old Scotchman has been in charge of the Botanical Garden at Washington for over half a century. Year in and year out he moves, lives and breathes among the plants and flowers he loves so well. As we sauntered down the walk with a cheerless February breeze rustling the leafless shrubbery, his talk had all the cheerfulness of a May morning. He has seen great trees grow to towering heights from the tiny seed. Presidents and administrations have come and gone, but he appears oblivious of all except the plants and flowers. Besides the botanical

Tom Reed allows that it is pretty chilly in Washington these days, but he still takes a good picture



names, he has pet names for every flower, tree or shrub, and when he told me that he called one bitter herb

by the wayside "Pettigrew," I thought matters were growing personal as well as political, and did not interrogate further.

Not since the reconstruction period of our history have there been so many new senators elected as will present themselves for qualification before Vice-President Roosevelt at the executive session of the 57th Congress, called for the purpose of confirming President McKinley's cabinet. Heretofore many of the older senators have succeeded themselves, but from the roster of those already elected it would seem as if a cyclone had worked havoc with the political men who have been in the forefront of legislative life for years, and their places are to be taken by men whose futures no man can know. Two men, especially, are coming to the Senate who will be looked forward to with considerable interest,

Senator Chandler in leaving the Senate hides his identity, 'a' 'k' chief as he tells of the "railroad accident"



"Ah, there! I'm here again! I see my friend, Senator Chandler, is leaving," says Senator Clark of Montana, gallantly raising his hat.



succeeding as they do two most picturesque characters of that august body. From Idaho, Fred. T. Dubois, a former senator from that state, succeeds the rugged George L. Shoup, cowboy, plainsman, miner, scout and statesman. From South Dakota, Robert Jackson Gamble comes as the successor of Richard Franklin Pettigrew.

If a citizen of Wisconsin is asked who the coming man in the politics of

that state is, the answer is likely to be "John J. Esch," representative in Congress for the seventh district. In

Congressman Sprague, who knows a thing or two about committee dinners, says he'll take "white meat this time with dressing, please."



fact, in a very real sense, Mr. Esch has arrived. He is just finishing his first term and was not only unanimously renominated, but there was a pretty flavor of unanimity about his majority of 12,000. He is reckoned a young man in the House, though well ripened by a studious life, and a companion for men of all ages and temperaments. He is farmer born, country bred, university educated, and this upon a solid, physical foundation makes a level-headed, reliable man of enduring qualities. He is making his way in Congress, steadily and with dignity.

One keen-witted woman in Washington society told me recently that she gauged a man's attire by his neckwear.

This set me to thinking whether or not her impressions did not go further and include a judgment of the man as well as his attire from this standpoint. Then I saw that Senator Bailey had discarded the white lawn for purple; Senator Spooner retains the flowing scarf with the Byron collar, and the President clings to the simple black bow. Patrick Henry of Mississippi, with a cravat of jasmine hue under his closely-buttoned Prince Albert, escorted a lady to the White House and told her "We'll have a bigger house for Bryan in 1904." But the dream of exquisite neckties departed with J. Ham Lewis. Well, I could go on with a regular hab-

"Just wait 'till I get on my coat," says Justice Harlan, "and I'll go along for a game of golf."



erdasher's report, but will leave that to the student of character, as revealed by the necktie epidemic at Eastertide.

On a little cone of land, just to the south of the House wing of the Capitol, there is a sturdy elm tree, which stands as a spared monument to Thaddeus Stevens. In the days of the regeneration of Washington city, when "Boss" Shepherd ruled with a relentless hand and transformed the city into a thing of beauty, for which the present generation has risen up to call him blessed, his men were engaged one morning in tearing up the roots of this arboreal monster. Thaddeus Stevens came up the walk to attend the session of the House. Enraged at the sight of woodchoppers digging around the tree, Mr. Stevens commanded them to cease. They defied him, at which his wrath grew. He went inside the Capitol and secured an order that caused the work to be suspended and the aged elm stands to this day, throwing its shade in summer over every man that comes up to the House entrance.

The queer fiction of moving back the hands of the clock on inauguration day, to prevent the expiration of Congress before the completion of business, is accomplished by the formality of taking a recess, instead of an adjournment. Constitutionally Congress is required to expire on March 3. Senate and House remain in session most of the night of March 3, because of the vast amount of necessary business to be closed up, and, accordingly while the actual adjournment usually takes place about 12 o'clock on March 4, in a legislative sense, it occurs March 3. A parliamentary tangle occasionally happens where the House will remain in session two or three days all during one legislative day, but back in 1876,

during the stormy period that preceded Hayes' inauguration, the House, because of a peculiar entanglement, was in session thirty calendar days that counted for only one legislative day. That long legislative day expired on March 4, just before Presi-

An American girl ready to view the inaugural parade



dent Hayes took the oath of office.

Robert Wilcox, delegate from Hawaii, who has lately faced something like a farcical crusade that was intended to deprive him of his seat in the House, is very constant in his attendance. A

THE GRIZZLED WAR VETERANS OF THE INDIAN WARS, WHO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO ESCAPE SCALPING BY THE RED MEN



very cosmopolitan man is he, for he has lived in many different countries. His dark complexion causes observers sometimes to take Mr. Wilcox for a negro, but he is nothing of the sort. His hair is straight as any Caucasian's, his features are regular, and the dark complexion is that of the Kanaka. His father was a Rhode Islander and his career has been more romantic than anything one reads in story books. He has been the husband of an Italian princess and a notable figure in the royal court at Rome. He has led two revolutions and been under sentence of death. Lastly, he entered the political lists against two candidates, either one of whom it was supposed could defeat him, and he routed them both.

* * *

Cases of mistaken identity sometimes lead to serious complications. Senator Hanna's private secretary, Mr. Dover, and Capt. Benson Foraker, a son of Senator Foraker, closely resemble each other and are the custodians

of joint reputations. The question is still unsettled as to which is the handsomer man of the two. Each insists that if he were as handsome as the other, there would be no trouble. One photograph will serve for the two, but owing to Capt. Foraker's vehement modesty, the caption of the likeness is awarded to Secretary Dover. The duo of bright-faced Ohioan Apollos are foresworn not to disclose the secrets offered under misapprehension of identity.

A well known gentleman called upon Senator Jones of Nevada and poured forth in whispers, a political secret under the impression that he was talking to Senator Jones of Arkansas. When a hurdy-gurdy outside began playing the "Arkansas Traveler" and there was not a flicker of recognition in the senator's eye, the visitor realized his mistake—too late. It is said that the fascinating strains of the "Traveler" upon the Arkansas senator, always elicit a pigeon wing that does credit to his commonwealth.

INAUGURAL BALLS OF THE PAST

By Jennie S. Campbell

INAUGURATION day with its rapid succession of events—the magnificent pageant, solemn ceremonies, receptions, dinners and brilliant ball—is typical of the national pace, keeping step to the rhythm of "Pass along, don't block the way." It would seem as though, in deference to the undoubted weariness of the chief executive, the ball might be deferred until March fifth, but during the past century it has occurred on the evening of the fourth.

Perhaps Americans could not move so fast in 1789, or maybe the drain upon their finances had been too great to admit of this expense; at all events, the quite elaborate decoration of their buildings, public and private, and several large dinners were all the gayety in which New York indulged, unless we except the exhibition under the direction of Colonel Bauman of "a very ingenious and splendid show of fireworks and transparent paintings at the Battery."

Upon Washington's second inauguration Philadelphia gave a ball at which the celebrities and beauties of the day danced the stately minuet. How their dignified powdered heads would whirl could they watch the dizzying dance on the evening of March 4, 1901.

No midnight frivolities marked the advent of the aristocratic John Adams, nor did the people so indulge upon Jefferson's inaugurations, the second of which, in 1805, is memorable as having been the first inauguration held in Washington.

Hospitality and gayety reigned supreme from the first moments of Madison's presidency. After the ceremonies incident to administering the oath of office, the president and his escort were lavishly served, by ladies, at the White House. Ex-President Jefferson assisted in the service. It would be interesting to know whether he was in his accustomed negligé.

More interesting, however, is his cordial welcome to his successor in comparison with John Adam's escape from the city in a private conveyance at dawn of Jefferson's inauguration day. Later presidents, too, have shown a less noble spirit than Jefferson's on similar occasions. John Quincy Adams is said to have ridden on horseback about the city, within earshot of the salute announcing Jackson's succession, unwilling to witness the ceremony, and Tyler hastened to the river and embarked in the early morning of his retiring to private citizenship.

Madison's ball, the first given in Washington, was held at Long's hotel, one of the three or four hotels in the city in 1809, and situated on Capitol Hill. Pretty Dolly Madison, adorned with paint and powder, many pearls and a head-dress of birds of paradise, was the centre of admiration in this "most brilliant and crowded ball ever known in Washington," where the company is supposed to have "exceeded four-hundred." Such a very good time had they all, that it seemed a shame to leave before midnight; but they really were forced to, for it was Saturday night. They stayed later at

Madison's second inaugural ball, which was celebrated at Davis's hotel, a house popular with congressmen of that day, and situated on Pennsylvania avenue, north-west.

At this same hotel Monroe's ball was held, on the evening of his first inauguration; but whether balls were contrary to Monroe's or the people's "doctrines" does not appear in history, which simply records that there was no ball when for the second time

Jackson's in 1829, and Van Buren's eight years later. Jackson, after the inaugural ceremonies, showed his democratic spirit by giving the first White House reception on record. The crowd entered the executive mansion with him and remained there until a late hour. So eager were the people to see their favorite that they stood on chairs, their shoes covered with the red mud with which Washington streets were then paved, making sad havoc amid satin and damask. The

INTERIOR OF THE PENSION OFFICE, DECORATED FOR INAUGURAL BALL



he took the oath of office. Perhaps all the surplus funds were spent upon the Marine Band, which is mentioned as having a prominent place in the day's pageant. This is the first record of the services, on any such occasion, of that now celebrated band.

On Pennsylvania avenue, near Eleventh street, is Kernan's Lyceum Theatre, which in the days of John Quincy Adams bore the more dignified name of Carusi's Assembly Room; and here this ball was held, as was also Andrew

Whig papers found pleasure for days in telling of the noisy mob and broken china.

The intense excitement which had marked William Henry Harrison's presidential campaign was followed by the most enthusiastic preparations for his inaugural ceremonies. The committee purchased and enlarged the old Louisiana Avenue Theatre, and the crowd that gathered there to shake hands with "Old Tippecanoe"

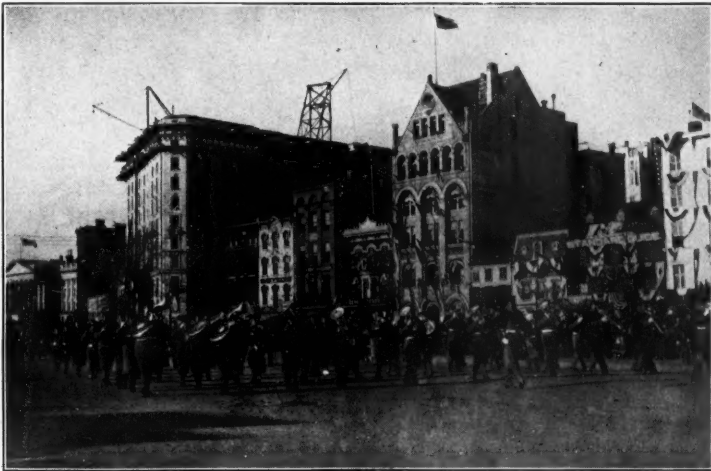
was larger by hundreds than at any previous ball. Twenty-five thousand dollars were cleared and divided by the committee between the Catholic and Protestant orphan asylums of the city. . . .

On the advent of Polk, quality folk paid ten dollars each and attended the ball at Carusi's; while those who could afford two dollars went to Jackson's Hall, where the National Theatre now stands. The President attended both, but Mrs. Polk remained at Carusi's. Being a strict Presbyterian, she re-

came to America, provided the music on this occasion. Taylor visited Carusi's saloon and Jackson's Hall also, where assemblies were held that evening.

President Pierce having lost a son only a short time before, no gaieties were indulged in on March 4, 1853. A temporary erection in connection with City Hall was again resorted to when Buchanan was inducted into office. He is said to have looked down with pride upon his beautiful niece, Miss Harriet Lane, who entered the recep-

THE MARINE BAND IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE



fused to dance, and in her black silk dress, black velvet cloak and purple velvet bonnet she presented a striking contrast to the gaily dressed people about her.

No assembly room in the city was thought large enough to accommodate the people who wished to attend the ball in 1849, for Americans love to do homage to their warriors; so a temporary structure was raised in Judiciary Square, with covered passages leading to the City Hall. The band of Professor Jungl, who had recently

tion hall on his arm. So charming was she, in a white gown, her throat and hair adorned with pearls, that she created quite a sensation, and was the center of attraction on that evening, as well as on all social occasions at the White House, where she presided with grace and dignity during her uncle's administration. . . .

In '61 the times were too troubled and the perils of war too imminent for the people to spend much money or time upon an evening celebration on March 4. So the building hastily

erected on Judiciary square was far from filled when Lincoln entered with Major Benet, followed by Mrs. Lincoln on the arm of Stephen A. Douglas. The foreign ministers and the heads of the departments were well represented, and Lincoln abandoned himself to the pleasure of the occasion, as he was seldom able to do in the anxious years that followed. When, on the afternoon of his entrance upon his second term of office, a reception was given at the White House, two thousand people were admitted, and, in the

ing, and could not get even within sight of the food, was not well pleased. Refreshments were served in the basement, in a room too small to accommodate the 6,000 guests, but quite large enough to contain the provisions, which were scarce indeed. In the cloak rooms the committee in charge lost their heads, visitors lost their hats, and it is stated, on good authority, that the sulphurous vapors which rose in the vicinity of the place where Horace Greeley searched for his hat during two hours were stifling.

INAUGURAL PARADE



evening, the model room of the Patent Office was filled by a crowd decidedly mixed in character. Mingling with diplomats and army officers were many soldiers in the uniform of the private. * * *

A very distinguished assemblage honored Grant's ball, which was held in the newly completed north wing of the Treasury Building. Elaborate preparations were made for dancing, the manager, by telegraphic communications, keeping the dance moving simultaneously on three floors. But the man who preferred eating to danc-

ing, it is recorded that one gentleman walked to Capitol Hill, two miles, in dancing pumps and bare-headed, and that many frightened women still cowered in the corners of the dressing-rooms at dawn the next morning. So, in preparing for Grant's second ball, the committee made elaborate arrangements in order that these unpleasantnesses should not again occur.

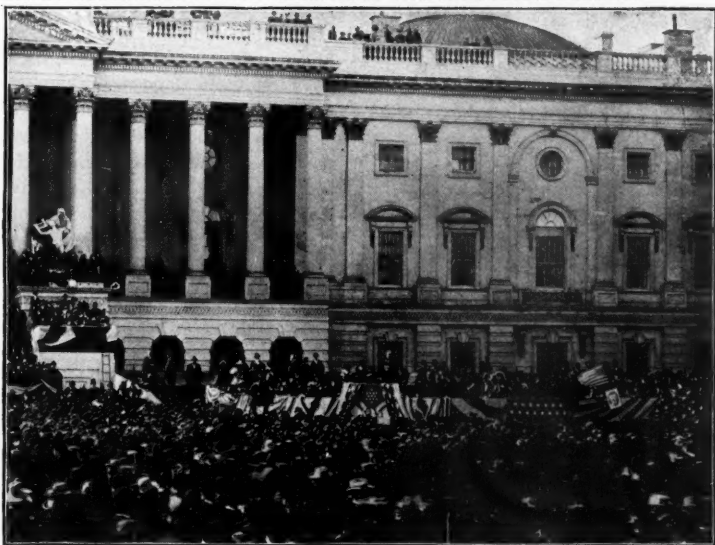
The temporary building on Judiciary square was 350x150 feet. Excellent arrangements were made in the cloak rooms and the large kitchen was provided with hot and cold water. There

would be nothing, it was thought, to prevent the cool, calm demeanor of all concerned. Truly, all remained cool, for Dame Nature, growing cold to freezing, congealed even the hot water, and the pressed turkey had to be cut with a hatchet. In the beautiful ballroom, 300x100 feet, the 2,500 gas-burners flickered coldly, the laurel leaves that trimmed the pillars shivered, and the red, white and blue rosettes could not warm even the old soldiers to patriotic enthusiasm.

The National Museum, which had just been completed, was used for the evening's festivities when Garfield became president. Every arrangement was convenient and comfortable. A band of 100 pieces furnished the music, and the assembly of 2,500 people was the largest that had attended any inaugural ball.

At the time of Cleveland's first advent the Pension Office was being completed, and although there was no roof over the central portion, the com-

CROWD ASSEMBLED AT THE READING OF THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS



Ladies in evening dress withdrew to the dressing-rooms and appeared again in sealskin wraps. In fact there were very few present, for the cold was so intense as to keep people in their homes.

The uncertainty regarding Hayes' election was so long continued that the committee in charge of inaugural arrangements had not time to prepare for a ball. There was a reception at Willard Hall under the auspices of the Columbus Cadets.

Mitte thought that by spreading canvas they might make it available. Not since the war had Democrats had an opportunity to prove their executive ability, and they laid their plans with small regard for expense. Flags and banners hid the canvas that took the place of the roof, and the decorations were lavishly beautiful. Two bands, the Marine and Germania, furnished the music.

In arranging for Harrison's ball the four rooms occupied by the Commis-

sioner of Pensions were fitted up for the presidential party, the largest being the reception room, where it was expected that the President would

PRESIDENT MC KINLEY READING THE
INAUGURAL ADDRESS



receive the executive committee and the diplomatic corps. But this reception extended itself far beyond expectation, and the crowd below growing very impatient, it was at length interrupted, and the President descended to the beautiful hall, where the crowd received him with enthusiasm. No guard surrounded him as he met the people with his accustomed dignified ease.

The Pension Office became fairyland for the third time when Cleveland entered his second term. The arrangements for comfort and convenience were so perfect that the thousands upon thousands present experienced no unpleasantness. As the President entered with General Schofield, followed by Mrs. Cleveland upon the arm of Justice Gray of the Supreme

Court, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the people cheered lustily.

When President and Mrs. McKinley entered the Pension Building on the evening of March 4, 1897, they must have found it difficult to realize that they were really in the hall ordinarily so gaunt in appearance. Nearly nine thousand incandescent lights produced marvelous effects against the background of white and gold which had been selected instead of red, white and blue, as being better calculated to show the plants effectively. Old Glory waved, however, produced by red, white and blue electric lights which by a mechanical contrivance gave the effect of the floating of bunting.

The building is divided by two great pillars into three courts, each of which was crowned by a dome of white and gold fluted chaille festooned from a circle of electric lights to the wall on either side. The bandstand, draped in white and gold, and supported by fluted pillars of the same, rose in terraces so as to display the forms of Victor Herbert and his white-coated bandmen. Above them fluted chaille was so arranged as to closely resemble the gateway of the Transportation Building at the Columbian Exposition.

Around the fountain in the middle of the hall was built a grotto of rocks and bark about which were planted water lillies, ferns and thick clusters of vines. Innumerable plants and cut flowers beautified every possible place throughout the ballroom, making it seem like one vast conservatory.

At ten o'clock, as the presidential party crossed the floor in an aisle formed by members of the ball committees, the New York Regiment Band crashed forth "Hail to the Chief," while society belles and beaux stood on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of the hero of the day.

THE GLEANER

By Dallas Lore Sharp

IN the far-off days of the Judges, when life was rude and simple, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, and Israel had no need of a king, there fell a sore famine upon the land, a fever that burned in the blood of the vines and licked of the springs in the hills, till the vineyards shrivelled and the barley fields of Beth-lehem-judah withered and blackened and turned to dust.

From the terraced orchards that rose above the walls of Beth-lehem, Elimelech could see eastward between two hills the blue of the Dead Sea, and on across the blue the low brown line of the mountains of Moab. Beyond those mountains, where the Arnon flowed, there were plains whose springs never failed. Thither, with his wife, Naomi, and his sons, Mahlon and Chilion, he would go to dwell.

So he came to the fertile land of the Moabites, broke the fields and sowed thrice; then died. And Naomi was left a widow among the strangers.

The Moabites were heathen. Their god, Chemosh, was another Molech, whose sacrifices were babes. But Beth-lehem was far away, and beside, what was there for Naomi in Beth-lehem now? The

Moabites were heathen, but they were kind; so Naomi stayed in Moab and her two sons took them wives of the daughters of the land.

Then fell another evil day. The sons died, and Naomi, widowed and childless was alone, with none to comfort her, but Orpah and Ruth, her daughters-in-law—widows like herself.

There was nothing to do now but to return to her own land, to Beth-lehem-judah, where all her kinsmen dwelt.

RUTH

From painting by Laves



She had heard, too, that the Lord had visited the home-land with bread. With little preparation, she set forward upon her journey, Orpah and Ruth accompanying her from the village out upon the caravan road that led away northward to the east of Nebo, through Heshbon to the Jordan.

They wound up the stony road together to the brow of a hill, and Naomi paused. Behind her lay the peaceful village of her daughters' people, where her husband and her sons slept; before her stretched a wide plain, traced by a single line of gray—her path—that wandered and wavered and disappeared among the distant hills of a wilderness out of which rose the lonely head of Nebo. It was time for Orpah and Ruth to turn back.

"We must part here, my children,"

said Naomi, and drawing them to her, she kissed them, and through her tears commanded gently: "Return, each of you, to your mother's house. The Lord deal kindly with you as ye have dealt with the dead and with me." Then the three wept together.

But why should they turn back? They were widows here indeed, for they were young; they had never held a babe warm to their breasts, and who but the next of kin to their husbands could take them to wife and raise up the name of their dead that it be not cut off from the earth? And, besides, they loved Naomi. They could not remain, and they wept aloud and said: "Surely we will return with thee unto thy people."

Then Naomi forgot her own grief in theirs. She looked far off across the

weary plain. No; the way was too long, too full of pain; Beth-lehem was too far away, too strange, too full of poverty—they must not go.

"Nay, my daughters, turn again, Why will ye go with me? Have I more sons to be your husbands? Turn again; go back to your homes, for it grieveth me much for your sakes that the hand of the Lord is against me."

Then Orpah kissed Naomi again, and turning went back. But Ruth clung only the closer.

Naomi looked into the girl's sad, dark eyes upturned toward her own, and loved her. For there was something in the face of Ruth as gentle and lovely as the twilight.

"Thy sister is gone back to her people and to her

RUTH GLEANING

From painting by Stothard



god; return thou after her, my child," said the older woman.

Ruth rose from her knees. She took Naomi's hands in hers and with the tenderness of love's strength said:

"Entreat me not to leave thee and to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Naomi pressed her to her heart. They took a last look back together, then set their faces toward the plain.

It was the beginning of the barley harvest, close to the end of March, when the winter rains were gone and the fierce heat of summer not yet come—the perfect days in Palestine. The gray ridges upon which Beth-lehem sat were fresh and warm to their tops, while the green of their slopes was broken everywhere with the gold of the heavy-headed barley and the darker yellow of the changing wheat.

The reapers were out, bending with their sickles among the grain, and singing as they cut. The birds sang with them: bulbuls from the tall, slim palms along the roads, and larks a-wing, scattering their wild notes down like showers from the upper air. The blue of the sky was clear and cool and the air came heavy with spice and balm across the fragrant hills.

But the two women who toiled slowly up the road to Beth-lehem

hardly heard the larks or the reapers, scarcely saw the shining fields or the sky. They were footsore and sad; and

RUTH

From painting by Cabanel



the road grew steeper and stonier as they neared the walls of the town.

Time sped swiftly in those days; there were so few changes to mark its flight. The ten years of Naomi's absence had slipped by as a day. There were births and deaths, but the advent of a stranger was so rare a happening that Naomi's return with Ruth was an event in Beth-lehem.

Those years had dragged slowly across Naomi, however. They had aged, broken, wearied her, so that the people looking upon her exclaimed, "Is this Naomi!"

"Nay, nay," she sighed in reply, "call me not Naomi, *Winsome*, call me

Mara, *'Bitter; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went away full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.'*

Among the near relatives of Naomi was Boaz, a man of great wealth and

nor busy herself with her woe and become its prey.

"Let me go into the harvest fields," she begged of Naomi, a few days after their arrival, "and glean behind the reapers. Is there not some one who

will grant me leave to gather up the stray and fallen stalks?"

It pleased Naomi. "Go, my daughter," she said. "The Lord give thee grace in the reapers' eyes."

The dew was fresh upon the grass as Ruth passed through the gates of the town and stood looking out over the hillsides and valleys, on the yellow harvest fields. It was all strange to her; the only familiar sight was the road up which she had come so lately. She did not know one field from another, nor which way to turn. But she saw a broad bountiful world about her, she breathed deep of a morning-scented air, she heard bees humming in the wild dill and cumin flowers at her feet, she felt the stir of life and work everywhere, and she knew that the Almighty approved of gleaning, that He would direct her steps.

Yonder in a valley, from the edge of a field where

power in Beth-lehem. Naomi would not lack bread while those near her had any to spare; and the broken, dispirited woman was willing that they should provide for her.

Not so Ruth. Life was young to her yet. As far as possible she had left her sorrow behind in Moab. She could not sit idly down and become a pauper,

the reapers had just begun, she heard the call of a quail and followed it, as if it had been a call to her. Already a wide swath was started through the grain, as the workers, a sickle's reach behind each other, moved in line down the field. Several maidens were at work after the men, binding and stacking the sheaves.

RUTH AND NAOMI

From painting by Calderon



Ruth approached the overseer and said:

"I am Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi, who came with her out of Moab. I pray you let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."

She need not have told him who she was; her beautiful, wistful face was enough. But the mention of Naomi gave the overseer more defensible ground upon which to grant her wish; for this was the field of Boaz, the kinsman of Naomi.

The grain fell before the reapers, and was caught up and sheaved by the bevy of happy maidens who followed close after the sickles. Ruth was a gleaner and an alien, and gathered by herself a distance behind the others.

Along near noon Boaz himself came into the field. He was a man past middle age, with the gray just touching hair and beard—a mark that added dignity rather than years to his strong, comely form and gracious bearing.

"The Lord be with you," he said, addressing the harvesters. They paused, and, saluting him, replied: "The Lord bless thee."

The yield was heavy. Boaz cast his eye over the thickly-studding sheaves with a smile of pleasure. It was a satisfying sight. Then he noticed in the rear of his reapers and maidens a solitary figure, slender and graceful, gleaning across the field.

"Whose damsel is this?" he asked the overseer, pointing toward the gleaner, who at that moment turned and started toward him.

"It is Ruth, who came back with Naomi out of Moab. She prayed to be allowed to glean and hath been here since the morning."

Ruth's story was already known to the rich landlord. Boaz was a man of affairs, whose work was his love. He had never looked deep into a woman's

eyes, much less had he ever happened to see a woman come toward him singled out against a wide, golden field of grain. But Ruth as she approached stood out alone in his sight. She had somehow stepped between him and his harvest and put it all behind her as a warm, glowing background to the strange half-hid beauty of her face and the grace of her lithe young form. She was alarmed at the warmth of his greeting.

"My daughter," he said, "go not to glean in another field, but abide here by my maidens. Let thine eyes be on the field that they reap and go thou after them. The young men shall not touch thee, and when thou art athirst go to the vessels and drink."

Ruth did not know who was addressing her, except that he was the owner of the field and a most gentle and generous man. She did not mistrust him, yet she bent low and answered, not free from fear:

"Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, a stranger?"

"I am thy kinsman," the nobleman replied, and I understand all that thou hast done to thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband; and how thou hast left thy father and mother and the land of thy nativity and art come to a people whom thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou hast come to rest."

"My Lord," she said, her deep, dark eyes looking full into his, "let me find favor in thy sight, for thou hast comforted me and spoken home to the heart of thy handmaiden, though I be not like one of thine own handmaidens."

She had risen and was already turning again to her task, when Boaz added: "'Tis meal time. Come hither

beneath the olive and eat with us, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar."

She sat down among the maidens next to Boaz, who pressed the harvest meal of parched corn upon her. Ruth ate, and, remembering Naomi, lonely at home, slipped part of her corn among the folds of her robe. She finished eating and went back to the gleaning before the others. When she was gone, Boaz said to the reapers:

"She will glean behind you; but let her gather even among the sheaves, and do not reproach her, and, now and then, let fall some handfulls on purpose for her where she will find them."

. . .

The shadows were creeping into the valleys, the dew was beginning to fall, and the quail was calling again when Ruth left the field with her day's gleanings, beaten out and tied up in her large veil. The road was alive with tired, happy harvesters, company enough for Ruth to the town.

That night, as they supped together, and Naomi partook of Ruth's parched corn, she asked:

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day, Ruth? Blessed be he who did take knowledge of thee."

"The man's name with whom I wrought is Boaz."

"Boaz? He is one of our next kin! Blessed be he of the Lord who hath not left off his kindness to the living and the dead."

"And he also said," continued Ruth, "that I should keep fast by his men till they have ended all the harvest."

"It is good my daughter that thou go out with his maidens, that they meet thee not in any other field."

So Ruth kept fast by the maidens of Boaz and gleaned through the barley harvest and until the wheat harvest was past. And while she gleaned Naomi thought, and Boaz came often into the fields.

There was no sorrow in Israel in those days as keen as the sorrow of a childless widow. She was the contempt of women, the reproach of men, the cursed of God. For was it less than God's curse that a man die and have no heir to preserve his name in the earth? So great was this calamity that Moses commanded, and all the might of love enforced, that when a widow was left childless her husband's next brother, and if there were no brother, then the next nearest of kin, should marry her and raise up seed to take the dead man's name, that it be not erased from the gate of his town and perish from the earth. It was a sacred duty. Should the kinsman refuse, or neglect to do it, the widow was justified in forcing him or shaming him in the public place of the city.

Naomi remembered the law; but Boaz had forgotten it. Yet he too had been thinking, as Naomi well knew by the continued increase in Ruth's daily gleanings. He had wealth, but when he looked at the girl he remembered his years. There was a more bitter thought than this, however. The law of Israel forbade marriage with the Gentile and heathen. He could not with honor approach the maiden. Thus the end of the harvest had come.

It was now time for Naomi to act. She had waited, hoping that Boaz would speak. He had not. That he would, if he could, Naomi felt sure. She would help him. He needed a hint.

"My daughter," said Naomi a few days after the harvest, "shall I seek rest for thee that it may be well for thee? Now Boaz is our kinsman, and he has shown favor unto thee; but he has not taken his brother's place to raise up a name to his brother and to remove thy reproach."

"To-night he winnoweth barley in the threshing floor. Make thyself ready,

therefore, and get thee down to the floor, but do not show thyself. And it shall be, that when he lieth down to sleep thou shalt mark the place where he shall lie, and thou shalt approach and lay thee down at his feet. Then will he understand, for he knoweth that thou art a virtuous woman."

It was a gay scene at the threshing floor—a harvest-home; but when the evening fell every one was glad to lie down to sleep.

Ruth waited. It was a hard, a delicate, dangerous adventure, and as the stars shone out and the silence came 'tis little wonder if she wished those stars looked down upon her in distant Moab. The darkness deepened and the stillness at the floor told that sleep had come to all.

Ruth drew her veil more closely about her and stole softly forward till she stood where Boaz was sleeping. Then still more softly she laid herself at his feet, as Naomi had said.

It was near midnight when the man turned and woke, startled at her touch.

"Who is it?" he demanded in a harsh whisper.

"Ruth," answered a sweet, thrilling voice, "Ruth, thine handmaid. Spread therefore thy skirt over me, for thou art a near kinsman."

He understood. She was right and he was wrong. Why had he not long ago thought of it and fulfilled the law of Moses and the law of his own heart, and saved her this shame! Was it not enough that she had been forced to glean? His heart smote him.

"Blessed be thou of the Lord, my daughter, for thou hast shown more kindness in the latter end than at the beginning. Fear not, I will do all that thou requirest.

"It is true that I am thy near kinsman, yet there is a kinsman nearer than I. Tarry this night, and in the

morning, if he will perform unto thee the part of a kinsman well; but if he will not, then will I, as the Lord liveth. Lie down until the morning.

Ruth lay down at his feet; but in the morning, before one could know another, she rose to go.

"Let it not be known," Boaz said, "that you came to the floor," and taking her veil he poured into it all that she could carry of the grain; and she went back to the city.

When Naomi heard all that had happened she said to Ruth:

"Sit still my daughter until thou know how the matter will fall; for the man will not rest until he has finished the thing this day."

Naomi was right. Boaz started with the dawn for the city. He was anxious to fulfil the law, but he was infinitely more anxious to possess this beautiful girl who seemed only the lovelier for her sadness, her poverty and her exile.

But there were two serious difficulties in his way: Suppose the other kinsman has seen her? Surely he will take her. Yet if he does refuse to redeem her then how can the law forbidding marriage with the heathen be evaded?

Boaz pondered these things as he waited in the gate for the other kinsman. He had a plan. Soon the man appeared.

"Ho," cried Boaz to him, "turn aside and sit down here."

Then calling in ten elders of the city as witnesses, Boaz began the keenest piece of bargaining of his life. A wife, the most beautiful in all Palestine, was at stake.

"Naomi, that is returned from Moab," he said to the other kinsman, "sellethe the parcel of land, which was our brother Elimelech's; and I thought to disclose it unto thee. Buy it, therefore, before the elders. If thou

wilt not redeem it, then tell me, for there is none to do it beside thee, except me."

The reply came promptly and decisively, "I will redeem it."

This was what Boaz had prepared for, and as quick as thought he added:

"But the day thou buyest the field of the hand of Naomi, thou must buy it also of Ruth, the Moabitess, the wife of the dead, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance."

That staggered him. To buy a field was one thing; but to buy a wife along with it was quite another thing.

"I cannot do it," he answered firmly, "lest I mar my own inheritance. Take thou my right, for I cannot redeem it."

Boaz was schooled in the business of buying and selling; but had the elders looked sharply they might have seen something like nervousness in the haste with which he took the shoe, drawn off the foot of his kinsman in sign of attestation to the sale, and turned upon them.

"Ye are witnesses this day that I have bought all that was Elimelech's and Chilion's and Mahlon's of the hand of Naomi. Moreover, Ruth, the

Moabitess, the wife of Mahlon, have I purchased to be my wife, to raise up the name of the dead upon his inheritance that it be not cut off from among his brethren and from the gate of his place. Ye are witnesses."

And they answered with one voice, "We are witnesses. And the Lord make the woman like Rachael and Leah. And do thou worthily in Ephratah and be famous in Bethlehem."

It was done. Ruth was his wife. The elders might remember the rigid law-touching union with the heathen; but it was too late now. The rapidity, the self-sacrifice and generosity of Boaz had left them neither time to think nor disposition to criticise. They had sanctioned the contract, and Boaz was already on his way to claim his bride.

When another harvest came there was a little son in the home of Boaz, and Naomi was there and held the child in her bosom and became its nurse. Then the neighbors came in and they gave it a name and called his name Obed.

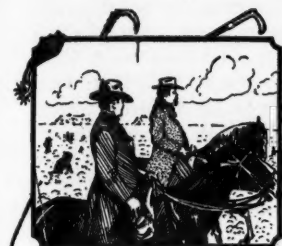
Now Obed became the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David, King of Israel.

THE BY-WAY

COME, lay thy golden head upon my heart,
And tell the little worry-words to me.
Show me the stones that threaten at thy feet;
The thorns half-hidden where red roses meet;
The bitter angel and his company,
Offered at every buoyant journey-start—
And I will show you, love, a secret chart
Of smoother by-ways down the lane of life
Which circumvents the rocky way of strife,
And round about, leads onward to the goal,
Whither we journey, guideless to the last,
Except for hand, and lip and warning scroll,
Which blaze upon the portals of the past,
And signal to the lookout of the soul.

Aloysius Coll

POLITICS IN MAGNOLIA



By Elmore Elliot Peake

TWO men, striding good horses, rode along a dirt road in south-western Georgia, between two white seas of cotton. One was elderly, of an affable, easy-going mein, his gray hair curling under the brim of a slouch hat. The other was young, his face at this moment wearing a serious, determined look.

"If Miss Cha'lotte flunks, o' loses her nu've at a critical moment, we are gone, Rick, my boy, we are gone," said the older man, as though to be gone would be a very good joke indeed. "Those cussed Tarheelers are spending money on this election like drunken niggers."

"Her nerve is as good as yours or mine, Major Buck," answered the younger man proudly. "Once I convinced her it was *right*, that settled it for her."

"And of cose it took you to convince huh that it *is* right," returned the major, with a knowing chuckle.

Young Rickman King blushed accommodatingly, and answered quietly, "I believe it's right. I think we have a right to meet bribery with force."

"A puffick right, my boy, a puffick right," answered the major, comfortably.

Entering the old, sleepy, grass-grown, moss-hung town of Magnolia, they cantered down a broad, shady street until they turned in at a big,

vine-covered mansion of ancient type that stood far back from the highway—the residence of old Judge Habersham. A file of saddle-horses was already tied to the fence, indicating earlier arrivals. Throwing their reins to the two negro boys who had been set to keep the flies off the horses with willow brushes, Major Buck and his companion made their way to the front porch.

Judge Habersham's guests—all middle aged or elderly men, apparently—shuffled their chairs around noisily and made room for the late comers. The judge, himself, a tall, slender man, hospitably forced upon their attention a small table containing glasses, decanters and cigars, making some reference, in connection therewith, to the hot day. Had it been a cold day doubtless the same remedy would have been offered for their discomforts.

"Hah do, Judge Habersham!" said Major Buck effusively. "Hah is you' honah? Majah Blackwell, ovehpahd to see you out again," shaking hands all around. "Hah is you' lovely daughtah? Hud she was thrown from her hoss again. Pow'ful sorry to heah it. Kunnel Kavanagh, hah do! Captain Tallman, this is an *unexpected* pleasuh, suh. Hud you had gone to Atlantar, to attend the convention, but I'm ovehpahd to see you heah today. We need you, Cap'n. Election-ee'ing, like cha'ity, begins at home,

suh. Ah, Mister Rawls," and the major's voice dropped one tone, "glad to grasp you' hand. *Lovely* day for the election, gentlemen!"

In the next ten minutes an eavesdropper would have learned that Judge Habersham was a candidate to succeed himself as county judge, and that these gentlemen were conducting the campaign. He would have heard a great deal of vituperation against the rascally carpet-baggers—the "Yanks" and the new generation of free negroes, intractable, impudent and arrogant, very different from their bonded fathers, and even from those black brothers who had not yet left the cotton and the cane fields, for the seductive allurements of town life. He would have guessed, from the invective discharged against the opposition's free use of money in the campaign, that the commercial spirit of the North had invaded Dixieland. And had this hypothetical eavesdropper been of a philosophical turn of mind he would have seen that these soft-tongued, courtly, land-poor, debt-ridden, julep-drinking, chivalric, tender-hearted, impulsive old captains, majors and colonels were unconsciously breasting a tide that is fast submerging one of the most unique and picturesque civilizations that ever flourished.

"I see that Majah Bud has a wud to say," remarked Major Buck in a lull, at the same time benignantly lighting one of Judge Habersham's clear Havanas.

Major Bird—a big, bluff fellow, clad in a gray suit and riding boots—arose. He would keep them but a moment, he said. They had more important work on hand, at the polls. He simply wished to say, as chairman of the campaign committee, that that committee had done everything in its power to further the party's interests. It had

nobly responded to every draft upon its time and energy. With regard to drafts of a more material nature—this is not just the major's phraseology—he had to confess that there was a slight discrepancy between the assessments and the returns. He hoped, though, that there was enough money on hand, and begged to thank them all once more.

The members of the committee, comprising everybody present, received this eulogy with great modesty, passed the chairman a vote of thanks, and then fell back to a placid consumption of fresh mint juleps, through rye straws.

Captain Cash—dark, red-faced, plump and aggressive, with a mustache waxed to rapier points—arose to second Major Bird's remarks, and to add, with somewhat incongruous fierceness, that this was the happiest day of his life. Happiest because he believed its setting sun would see the annihilation of the Tarheel party, composed exclusively, he interjected, of scallawags, "native-bawn and impoted." To-day they would send these whelps home with their tails between their legs.

"Gentlemen," continued the captain, waxing dramatic, "they allege that Judge Habersham is in his dotage. Dotage, gentlemen, *dotage!* His ripe judgment, his matuah wisdom, his tempud justice, are libelled as dotage!" The captain paused and took on an apoplectic hue. "Gentlemen," he burst out, "when I think of these vipahs, these asps, these—these *suppents*, my blood boils. Wuds fail me!"

As if to prove his assertion, the captain suddenly sat down, and added another degree of heat to his boiling blood by hastily swallowing a glass of whiskey.

Judge Habersham was asked for a word. He slowly arose, with his hands

clasped before him in a thoughtful, judicial manner. He differed from the others as a jurist would naturally differ from a planter. It was the differ-

would have made as many. As to the charges of partiality and senility brought against me, I cannot believe that these represent the sentiment of the people, and I believe that to-day justice will be done me, and all of you, by an unmistakable rebuke at the polls of my calumniators."

For half a minute after the judge sat down a respectful silence prevailed, most of the committee pre-occupiedly stirring their juleps with their straws.

"Mr. King!"

At the sound of the low, throaty tone, King quickly arose and made toward the doorway, in which stood a tall, dark-eyed young woman, of a peculiarly determined and commanding presence. As the others turned their heads she bowed smilingly, with a low "Gentlemen!" Then she led King back a little into the hall.

He glanced at her sharply, and then taking her cheeks between his hands, kissed

her. "Be ready at two!" said he, in a low voice.

"Suppose I fail!" said she, her dark eyes gleaming with excitement. "Suppose they detect me!"

"Your father's cause is lost," said he unflinchingly.

"Isn't there a possibility of his winning, otherwise?"

"Absolutely none."

"I won't fail, dear," said she, pressing herself lovingly against him.

He returned to the porch. The gentlemen, with the exception of Judge Habersham, mounted their horses and rode down to the court-house,



"Three stout, masked men were sitting in his office, coolly awaiting his appearance."

ence between a quiet, shady courtroom and a burning cotton field; the difference between listening to subtly argued distinctions of law and swearing at negroes. He was gray and slightly stooped, with clear blue eyes, as soft as a child's.

"Gentlemen, these expressions of confidence and friendship are very dear to me," he said, quietly. "Whether victory or defeat is ours to-day, I shall treasure your words. I know I have made mistakes in the past, but they have been of the head, not of the heart; and I think I can say with modesty, that perhaps another man

where the voting was taking place.

No Australian ballots were here to haunt the dreams of politicians and render nugatory their finest work. In fact, such a ballot would have been about as intelligible to a majority of the voters in Magnolia—the blacks—as a Greek Testament. Instead, a little printed slip was used, nicely adapted in size to the slot into which it was to be dropped, and requiring no labored mental action in the way of crosses, cancellations and other diabolical innovations. For the convenience of the election officers in keeping tally of the vote, moreover, and in order that party managers might make sure that certain obligated voters honestly discharged their obligations, one party used white slips, the other pink.

The cost of a black vote varied. The night before both parties had "corralled" such negroes as they could. This operation consisted of inviting the blacks to a barbecue in some hall, where they were gorged with eatables and plied with drinkables all night long. In the morning they were provided with ballots, marched to the polls in solid phalanxes, and "voted." This process disposed of a large number of the mercenary voters at a low rate; but it left at large the loud-neck-tied, plaid-trousered, razor-swinging black gentry—the barbers, waiters and professional gamblers. Nor did it include many of the country negroes. The latter were brought to town in droves by their respective employers on election day, rounded up at a safe distance from the polls, and held on orders, as it were, by the overseer or other responsible white man, while the planter rode on down to the polls to see how the land lay.

It was a flock of those innocents that Captain Cash was looking after when he rode down to Diggory's saloon, about ten o'clock.

"All ready, theh, Hackett!" he called out to a slouchy individual who was sitting on a beer-keg and sucking at a black cigar with a peaceful expression hardly in keeping with his villainous features. "Hah many's got away?"

"Only three, Cap, only three," answered Hackett, cheerfully, rolling off the keg. "And they's so full o' hog-wash I don't believe they kin vote 'em."

He disappeared inside the saloon, and a moment later a dusky procession streamed out of the low doorway—tall negroes, short negroes, Guinea negroes, Congo negroes; thick-lipped, flat-nosed, slant-headed and "catfish-headed"; mostly ragged and unkempt, but here and there decked with incongruous finery, and all in a good-humored, holiday mood.

"Now, boys, get a move on yo'!" commanded the captain, briskly, wheeling his horse.

He rode at the head of the motley crowd and the overseer brought up the rear. At the courthouse yard, the captain halted them and supplied them with ballots, which emblems of freedom and equality they held in their black paws as gingerly as they would sticks of dynamite—all except one little Guinea negro who displayed his learning by laboriously spelling out Judge Habersham's capitalized name.

To question the citizenship of any voter escorted to the polls by Captain Cash was not pleasant work, for the captain was remarkably unconventional in the use of fire-arms. Most of his negroes, therefore, went through without difficulty. But to guard against "repeaters" as far as possible, a Tarheeler stood near the ballot-box and secretly slipped a small fish-hook into the sleeve of each member of Captain Cash's contingent as he stood and gave his name. Still there was

some friction, in spite of the captain's threatening, fiery eye.

"What's yo' name!" demanded a Tarheel challenger, of a stocky, low-browed Congro negro.

"Gawge Wash'nun," mumbled the negro.

"*W*hose Gawge Washington?" asked the challenger, sharply.

"Nobody's Gawge Wash'nun," answered the freedman, sullenly.

The challenger looked up with a peculiar viciousness of expression at this impudence, until he caught Cap-



"Her pretty eyebrows yet looked suspiciously heavy, and there was a strange, bilious tint on her cheeks, though they were ruddy with repeated scrubbings."

tain Cash's unwavering eye. For an instant the two glared like lions, and then the challenger dropped his gaze, muttering something about the "imperence of free niggers," and weaving around the subject matter proper of his speech a variegated web of profanity.

"Whew you live, then?" he asked brusquely.

"Snake Crick."

The challenger shook his head with a ludicrous air of despair. "Cap Cash," said he, in aggrieved tones, holding out his list, "thet's the seventh Snake Crick Gawge Washington thet's been voted heah this mawnin'. Theh's somethin' rotten somewheh, because I jest nachally know they ain't no seven Snake Crick Gawge Washingtons. An' if they's repeatin' on us—"

"Seven!" snorted the captain. "Seven? There's two mo' Snake Crick Gawge Washingtons right in this line heah. Seven! Why, man, theh's *sixteen* Snake Crick Gawge Washingtons that I know of, and God Almighty only knows how many mo' theh are thet I *don't* know of. Step up, theh, Gawge Washington, and exercise the rights of an American citizen by depositing yo' ballot in the hole of that box to yo' right."

The challenger accepted the inevitable, but observed discontentedly: "Gen'leman, if this county sees fit to retu'n me to the legislature this fall, an' I keep my health, I'll have a bill passed makin' it suttin death to name a nigger Gawge Washington or Thomas Jef'son. By thunder, gen'lemen, I will, or fofut my seat. They's mo' of them ex-presidents layin' aroun' these swamps than they is snakes."

"I hope you will, suh, I hope you will," retorted the captain, with dignity. "I hope you'll make it suttin death for a nigger to be bawn. But as

long as it *ain't* I insist on every nigger havin' a vote that's got a right to vote."

At a touch on his arm, the captain turned and saw Major Bird at his side. After the captain's contingent had voted, the two rode off together. For the next two hours their horses tramped around in the deep sand bordering the courthouse square, in what might have seemed an aimless fashion. A careful observer would have noted, however, that no matter where they were, a closed hack, drawn by two gray horses, was not far off. The hack itself never stood still long. It moved quietly from one side of the street to the other; it was now north of the courthouse, now south. But wherever it was, there was always a Tarheeler at its door, in close conference with the occupant. As a matter of fact, Captain Cash and his companion were shadowing the hack. Occasionally they caught a glimpse through the glass door of a thin, dark, shrewd face, or saw a thin hand pass out bills or checks.

The face and hands belonged to Sumner Hussey, the carpetbag opponent of Judge Habersham. In two hours' time the major and the captain had spotted every one of his henchmen. It was then half-past twelve, and the hack shortly disappeared, presumably for dinner. At half-past two it was back, and so were the major and the captain. At a quarter of three Rick Ring rode by them, and they gave him a most careless nod. For some reason or other he suddenly rode off. Ten minutes later an old-fashioned carriage drew up at the rear garden gate of Judge Habersham's place, and young King stepped down. He stood still for a moment, and then waved his handkerchief to someone in a rear upstairs window. Immediately afterward he walked straight

through the garden toward the kitchen door—a mode of entrance that exceedingly astonished old Susie, the cook.

She suffered a greater shock, though, when a tall, dark, funereal-looking man suddenly passed through her domain from the hall beyond, and joined King.

"Fore Gawd!" she gasped. "What that blacksnake Hussey doin' in *this* house—with Mister Rick?"

Rick paused outside, whispered something to the other, and then stepped into the kitchen. "Not a word of this, Susie," he cautioned, impressively, "if you value your mistress' life or honor. She'll tell you all to-night."

The two slipped back through the garden. At the gate—which was secluded—Rick strangely enough kissed Sumner Hussey's cheek, and Sumner Hussey blushed. Then the curtained door of the carriage was closed securely, with both of them on the inside. A few minutes later they alighted at the rear of one of the down-town blocks and ascended a rickety flight of stairs. Very shortly after Rick emerged from the front of the building, alone. Just above his head swung a sign which read, "Sumner Hussey, Attorney at Law."

King's horse, queerly enough, was tied just across the street; and, mounting, he rode back to the court house and joined his fellow conspirators. In a brief time a negro boy—nobody remembered just what negro boy, afterward—walked up to Sumner Hussey's carriage and said that he was wanted immediately at his office. At the same moment, or only a few seconds later, three stout, masked men were sitting in his office coolly awaiting his appearance. In one of the closets of the room stood the second Sumner Hussey.

The gray team and the black hack

drew up to the building. Hussey—thin and dark—alighted with a cat-like noiselessness and ascended the stairs. Hussey—thin and dark and cat-like—came back in a moment, entered the hack and was driven back to the court house. Before very long he was approached by a follower whose charge was one of the four ballot boxes.

"I don't know as it's just necessary, Mr. Hussey—you stand twenty votes ahead in *my* box—but I jus' located a pot o' votes. Ther's a gang of niggers workin' on the Big Swamp ditch that ain't voted yet. They'd come cheap, and we could get 'em here inside of forty-five minutes. Ain't nothin' like bein' on the safe side."

The Sumner Hussey in the hack sat well back from the window, with his slouch hat over his eyes.

"I don't want to buy a vote more than is necessary," said he, in his soft, musical voice. "I have a total majority in the other boxes of one hundred and thirty, and I think the Habersham party has spent its last dollar."

"They votin' quite consid'able, now and then," remarked the other, a little taken back at his boss's streak of economy.

"Well, watch them." And the chief drove on.

No member of the Habersham faction approached the hack, and no emissary of it—at least none that Tarheeler saw; yet forty minutes later, to the intense astonishment of the Tarheelers, the ditch gang was brought up under convoy of Captain Cash and duly voted—forty strong. Before this occurred, however, Hussey had received reports from the faithful keepers of the other three boxes, each assuring him of a small margin, but advising additions while there was yet a chance, in order to offset any possible surprises sprung by the straight Democracy. He assured each that he had

a safe majority in the other three boxes, and this assurance quieted them until the ditch gang was voted. Then two of the box managers hastily approached the hack together. Their combined boxes now showed a shortage of thirty-seven. The chief quietly informed him that his majority in the other two boxes was amply sufficient to cover the shortage.

The hack made the round of the square, and then all four managers, with disturbed faces, hastened toward it. He saw them, grew a little paler, and sank back for an instant. Then he straightend up.

"Sumner, who in tarnation told you Jackson and me had a hundred and forty for you?" asked one of them. "Didn't I tell you I had only about thirty, and Jackson only fifteen?"

"Didn't you send me a note five minutes ago saying you had made a mistake in the count?" asked Hussey, nervously shuffling over some papers, as though looking for the note in question.

"No, sir!" thundered the other. "I ain't written a note in a month."

"I got one," said Hussey with well-assumed consternation.

"Gentlemen," said the first speaker, with a blank face, "somebody is playin' us dirt; and if I ketch the man that sent that note I'll let light through his body in forty places."

"If they are, we've got to do something besides swear," said Hussey. "Give me that list of all who haven't voted yet. How many? Sixty? I'll fix it. Go back, gentlemen, to your boxes, and watch for repeaters. I think that's the game they are working."

Slowly but with fearful regularity the white slips—the Habersham ballot—came in. Hussey's managers fretted and fumed, and impatiently waited for the expected reinforcements. Finally

a negro barber approached whom Jackson recognized as being on the list he had given Hussey; but to Jackson's surprise and chagrin the barber deposited a white ticket. Jackson knew that that vote had cost five dollars, and he could hardly reconcile the fact with Hussey's statement that the Habersham money was exhausted. Soon others on the list came—scores in all—each with a white ticket. In a fury of anger and perplexity the managers held another hurried consultation and then sallied forth to find Hussey. He could not be found; and though they searched high and low, and scoured every street of the town, the familiar gray team did not greet their eyes. Leaderless and moneyless, they sat down for the remaining hour and sullenly saw their party defeated by a few scattering votes.

A jovial crowd encircled Judge Habersham's hospitable board that night. The election was fought over again and again, the mysterious disappearance of Sumner Hussey was solemnly canvassed and many solutions of his conduct offered. Captain Cash and Major Bird ate with the appetites of guileless men, though the toddy they took in the library just before supper was announced may have had something to do with the number of flaky biscuits they consumed.

After the meal Rick King led Charlotte out on to the porch and they sat down on the railing at one end. Her pretty eyebrows yet looked suspiciously heavy, and there was a strange, bilious tint on her cheeks, though they were ruddy with repeated scrubbings. King surveyed these extraordinary marks with a quizzical, tender smile.

"Shottie, there are times when a woman feels simply like kneeling at a woman's feet," said he.

"Yes; and I've noticed that those times are usually when she has been

doing something bad. I feel like a criminal, and your taste is depraved to admire such a desperately wicked creature." She looked at him with half-jesting but apprehensive eyes. "What will papa say?"

"He will never know that you did it," he said easily.

Just what the old judge thought of the kidnapping as reported the next day nobody ever knew. The story was so incredible that many of Hussey's own followers disbelieved it, especially those who had talked with the occupant of the hack after the hour of the alleged kidnapping. The election had meant bread and butter for the judge and his beloved

daughter. During its progress he had wandered restlessly about the house and yard, "like a cooped-up coon," as Susie put it. He went to Charlotte late the next day.

"Shottie, do you suppose there is anything in this ridiculous story?" he asked.

"I do, papa," said she, with heroic devotion to the truth.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because Rick King told me you could not be elected unless some extraordinary steps were taken—the Tarheelers had so much money."

The old man said nothing. His mistakes in the past had been, as he said, of the head; he wondered if he was now making one of the heart.

GANGWAY! GANGWAY!

A Clear-the-way Ballad from the Philippines

"**G**ANGWAY! Gangway!" Don't you hear them fellows shout?
Hi, there! Split, you men, there! Split to either side.
Open! Open out your fours, an' open good an' wide.
Chuck that cart into the ditch, an' open, open out!
For it's "Gangway! Gangway!" How the shoutin' runs!
"Gangway! Gangway! Gangway for the guns!"

Hit 'er up, there! Hit 'er up, you coolies up on top!
Whack them lazy cariboos an' make 'em do their stunt.
Hit 'er up! Oh, hit 'er up! There's fightin' out in front!
The word was "Comin' a-runnin'," an' there ain't no time to stop.
For it's "Gangway! Gangway!" How the shoutin' runs!
"Gangway! Gangway! Gangway for the guns!"

There ain't no use o' killin' men by rushes in the clear:
An' them light-blue-cotton beggars is shootin' close an' fine.
Flatten out, there! Flat, you ducks, up on the firin' line,
An' watch them guns go swingin' into bat'ry from the rear.
For it's "Gangway! Gangway!" How the shoutin' runs!
"Gangway! Gangway! Gangway for the guns!"

Stop, now! Stop your shoutin'! Hit 'er up, an' save your breath!
For the bat'ry's in position. Don't you hear the shrapnel shriek?
There's no need o' shoutin' "Gangway!" when the guns begin to speak;
For the gangway o' the shrapnel is a gangway cleared by Death!
An' it's "Gangway! Gangway!" How the cheerin' runs!
"Gangway! Gangway! Gangway for the guns!"

Henry Holcomb Bennett

THE RECKONING

A Story of Mexico Under Maximilian

By Mark Lee Luther

I.

'And now, uncoiled, the toilet stands displayed'

THE Senorita Ysabel de Velasco y Rojas sat before her dressing-table with her Indian maid binding up her hair. The senorita never wearied of watching the blue-black coils ripple through Benita's fingers. At times she stopped her, caressingly to lift a ringlet, turn it this way and that in the pellucid Mexican sunshine, try it here and there against her admirable skin, and then, relinquishing the fascinating trifle, sink back in pleased contemplation of her image.

"Is it not tolerable, Benita?" she would ask for the thousandth time.

"Beautiful as the blessed Madonna's, senorita," Benita for the thousandth time would make reply.

"Surely not the Madonna's?" with arch deprecation.

"Even the Madonna's, senorita."

"You must make me wholly beautiful to-day—if you can."

The deft fingers were momentarily uplifted in mute appeal to all judges of comeliness, celestial and terrestrial. "Beautiful! Ah, the senorita has but to be herself."

The mistress drained the fulsome draught as greedily as if day after day she had not tasted the cloying sweetness of Benita's toilet syllabub. She was inordinately vain, but nature and flattering tongues had done their part. Her beauty was of a type which men call luscious. Her dark eyes, her pouting, full-lipped mouth, her olive-crimson tinted skin were the birthright

of many a Southerner, but in Ysabel their cumulative effect took on a quality peculiarly personal. Her beauty was indeed luscious, and clamored to the senses with the insistent, mouth-watering appeal of a perfect fruit, a Coreggio, or certain of the poems of John Keats.

"Yes, Benita," she went on, "to-day I wish to look my best. We shall have guests to take soup. Our new neighbors, you know; the cream-faced Americana, the Senorita Ravens—vens—Ravenscroft, barbarous name that it is; the Senor General, her father, and, the handsome young Americano who has come to visit them."

"Is the Senor Americano as handsome as the Senor Strang?" asked the maid.

Ysabel weighed the matter critically. "No," she decided, "not so handsome. The Americano has a mustache—I hate a mustache. I prefer the Englishman's smooth face. He has distinction, too, the Senor Philip Strang."

"But the good Don Hernando has a mustache, senorita."

"One tolerates many disagreeable things in one's papa," returned the lady with a detached philosophy. "The young Americano made eyes at me yesterday at the mass," she continued. "How would the Cream-face like that, I wonder?"

"Does then the Senorita Ra—Ra—Cream-face love the Americano?"



Ysabel tried a bit of ribbon against her throat. "That I do not know as yet," she answered slowly; "they say he is a cousin. But be that as it may, I must outshine the Cream-face."

Again Benita invoked the judgment of the gods and ventured the virtuous, the peerless, the incomparable magnolia of the Indies, her mistress, against a phalanx of cream-faces. Ysabel,

leaning on elbows, gazed steadfastly into the glass, now full-eyed, now between lids, now smiling, now grave, now imperious, now demure—always handsome. So, oblivious of her maid, she practised the weapons of her armament, and with each feat waxed strong in confidence.

"Yes, I must," she repeated; "and I can."

Benita put in place the last hairpin, affixed a comb and stood passively aside awaiting criticism. It came. Suddenly Ysabel threw herself back in her chair.

"My other comb, stupid creature, my other comb! You know that I prefer my other comb—the jewelled comb. Must I tell you daily? Quick! my comb, my comb!"

"But, senorita—"

"My comb, my comb! Do you hear me? My comb, I say, my—"

"But—"

"Ha! You dare stand there and spew forth your low-born impudence to me?" screamed the beauty, jumping from her seat and dealing the girl a resounding thwack. "You—you hussy—you—"

Benita contrived somehow to raise her voice above the din.

"The Senora Ramirez has the comb," she cried tearfully.

"The senora? My aunt has taken it? You gave my aunt my comb? How dared you! Answer me, I say! How dared you!"

"But she took it, hers being—"

"Not another word, you bundle of impertinence; you shall not wag your glib tongue in answering me. You—you alone—are to blame. It is you who has scattered and misplaced my things. Go; go at once and find my comb. Hand me my powder box."

"Yes, senorita."

"What! are you not gone yet?"

"Yes, senorita."

"My powder puff! my powder puff! Where is my powder puff?"

"In the senorita's lap, where it has fallen—"

"My comb!—Get my comb, I tell you!"

"Yes, senorita."

"Don't 'Yes, senorita,' me again! Go! go!"

"Yes, senorita."

The door closed upon the distracted maid; and the mistress, all blowzed from the tempest, dropped back panting into her chair. The mirror sobered her, and presently she forgot the storm in the witching business of repairing its ravages. When Benita fearfully returned she found the termagant merged in the coquette.

"You should not vex me so, Benita," was her greeting; "I am so nervous."

Benita knew little of nerves, but she had heard much from the good padre of devils, and by their works she knew them. After some minutes of loving endeavor the senorita arranged to her satisfaction a cherished beau-catcher over her left temple and surveyed her handiwork with serenity. She sighed gently, moved by her own plenitude of charms, and waited for Benita's customary praise. This Benita (her brown cheek yet tingling from the wanton blow) obstinately withheld, forcing Ysabel to cry her own wares.

"Yes, Benita, I am, as you say, beautiful," she remarked as impersonally as if she were discussing a sunset. "But not like the Madonna, silly girl; not like the Madonna."

Benita held her peace.

"Do you really think so, Benita?"

"Think, senorita?"

"Fetch the flower, imbecile," commanded Ysabel, crossly; and, triumphant beneath her calm, Benita took from an earthen jar of hibiscus blossoms a single showy flower, which the senorita placed adroitly in her hair.

It was one of her hobbies, and she ever chose a scarlet flower. "Have my father told that I will see him now," she ordered.

Benita clapped her hands in the doorway and with a shuffling of sandalled feet one of the men servants of the household came in answer to the call. Her toilet complete, Ysabel threw a final glance at her reflection and went leisurely to join her father who had mildly asked the honor of her society fully two hours since.

The Senor Don Hernando Matias Maria de Velasco y Rojas cut short his pacing of the *corredor* on seeing her approach, and hurried to meet her. He bent over her hand with stately grace; then, rising, kissed her brow. She fretfully replaced a tress disordered by his caress.

"You are radiant, my Ysabel," he exclaimed. "Even the great queen, your namesake, in all her courtly pomp, surrounded by—"

"Our ancestors? Oh yes, papa; I remember all that. You have told it frequently, you know. Do you like my dress? Is my hair pretty?"

"Faultless, my daughter. And in that bright, crowning flower I always see such a symbol as the illustrious Cid—"

"Yes, yes; you have told me that, too. What was it that you wished to see me about?"

Her father did not immediately reply, but stood looking thoughtfully into the *patio*. Ysabel selected the softest chair and spread her flounces becomingly. The senor pulled toward him a drooping orange branch and with half closed eyes inhaled the fragrance of its blossoms. "The oranges at the *bacienda* are doing well," he said at length.

The young woman's face clouded with annoyance.

"You've been hearing from Cuen-

avaca, I suppose," was her response. "Your head, accordingly, is full of sugarcane and orange trees and banana plants."

Don Hernando smiled wistfully.

"Yes; it's true," he admitted. "The cane is worrying me, and I—" he paused and glanced half appealingly at his daughter who feigned not to notice and languidly swayed her fan. Her father adjusted an awning the better to screen her from the sun and came and stood over her, his hand upon her chair. She acknowledged his immediate nearness by a prefatory tap with her fan upon his arm. Out in the *patio* upon the leafy trellis over the well, a dove cooed, preened and strutted before its mate with swelling breast. "The doves at the *bacienda*—" began the old man.

"Are like no other doves, of course. Say it, papa!" exclaimed the girl irritably.

"But it is beautiful at the *bacienda*, my Ysabel, with Cuernavaca near, in the valley, and the mountains round about. Think of the old churches of Cuernavaca, and of the ancient palace of—"

"The estimable, unscrupulous, utterly wearisome Cortés. Yes, yes; I know, I know. It is beautiful, beautiful; but so is Tacubaya beautiful, and so has Tacubaya scenery. Go upon the *agotea*, or the upper terrace of the garden, if you would look at scenery. Look at Popocatepetl and the White Woman if you want mountains, and at Chapultepec if you want a palace, and at the City of Mexico if you want a city. Mexico is not Cuernavaca, but to me it is a thousand times better. It is not dead. Men move in its streets. Things happen there. But Cuernavaca! Bah! even the flies are torpid in Cuernavaca!"

Don Hernando sighed.

"Then I must go alone," he said simply.

"Go—go; why must you go at all?"

"It is the cane this time, my soul; I am needed. Really, I am needed. Things never go well at this season unless I am there."

"Where you merely potter about. You cannot deceive me, papa. You go because you prefer to go. In that prosy, drowsy, stupid place you are wholly content."

"Are you so happy here, my daughter?"

"Happy? Oh, yes; happy as happiness goes. We are at feast in the world. We are creatures; we are not sugar cane."

Her father made no reply, but went and leaned wearily against the balustrade. The disappointment was not new to him. He had long since discovered that Ysabel was not as other men's daughters. The cloistered, submissive lives of other women of her race and rank appealed to nothing in her nature and she resolutely broke convention down. He was proud of her, nevertheless: proud of her beauty, proud of the admiration she compelled, proud even of her wilfulness—and she knew it.

She petted at his silence and waited restively for him to speak.

"Of what use could I be to you down there?" she demanded finally. "What have I to do with sugar cane?"

Don Hernando waved his hand as if to brush the subject from her thoughts.

"Let us say no more of it," he answered; "I will go alone."

"But of what use, I say—what use?" she persisted discontentedly.

"Use?" he echoed, with a hint of passion. "As that red flower flames beacon-like in your dark hair, so for me do you brighten the *bacienda*."

II.

In which Don Hernando entertains

There was a prodigious ado in welcoming the Americans. Don Her-

nando told General Ravenscroft that his house was the General's, and that he, his family, and all that he possessed were at his disposal; which intelligence that gentleman received with Grandisonian bows and earnest assurances that he was Don Hernando's most obedient servant. Then Don Hernando informed Mary Ravenscroft that he was at her feet, to which she replied with equal gravity that she kissed his hand. Of course Don Hernando had no more thought of presenting the General with a costly suburban residence, or of prostrating his stately form upon the tiles, than had Mary Ravenscroft of pressing her attractive lips to his aristocratic fingers; and the sounding words fell all empty of meat as worm-eaten nuts; but to young Sanborn's unaccustomed fancy these tag ends of Moorish, Spanish and Mexican mediaeval manners were permeated with an aroma of chivalry like nothing he had ever met.

When, tutored by his cousin, he had offered to lay himself at the *senorita's* little feet, on the occasion of their first meeting, a day or two before, he had blushed like a schoolboy. It was his opinion that the use of such language in the States would warrant a suit for breach of promise, but here, in this strangely romantic empire of Maximilian's, it seemed peculiarly fitting, and a sentimental regret possessed him that timid custom halted short of the action the words so reasonably implied.

The ideal which seemingly had dominated the furnishing of the *sala* into which the visitors were ushered amid a fusillade of bows, was the compression of the greatest possible number of chairs that could be aligned in stiff soldierly ranks between some half-dozen tables mathematically disposed against the walls. This time-hallowed arrangement was the achievement of Don Hernando's estimable sister,

housekeeper and duenna in ordinary, the Senora Ramirez, who, with a death-mask of rice powder surmounting a much crinolined gown of black silk, now rustled down the apartment like an autumn wind to greet her brother's guests. Somewhat in her wake undulated Ysabel, languid for the nonce, but behind her drooping lashes keenly critical of the "Cream-face's" every ruffle.

"Colorless as a sheet," was her mental decision, as she took note of the spotless mull which she amiably recalled to have done duty several times before.

Ysabel, herself, was not wanting in color. She glowed in yellow like a Turner sunset, with her own vivid, natural hues blending royally in the spectacle and the flaming hibiscus blossom triumphing over all. She looked warm, it must be confessed, but where sunlike radiance is, must warmth be also; and, cooling thought, she clearly outshone the Cream-face. Sanborn's eyes, if not her own self-assurance, told her that.

To the relief of the Americans, the meal to which they had been bidden was presently announced, and they gladly exchanged the depressingly formal *sala* for the dining-room and the bewildering succession of courses of which the hospitable Mexican's mid-day breakfast was composed. Never before, Sanborn reflected wonderingly, had meat in so many guises been offered to his sated vision, while the pertinacity with which the nimble men-servants served each course, from the soup to the *dulces*, first to the gentlemen, seemed from his standpoint a relic of the dark ages which should have died with the feudal system and the divine right of kings. Don Hernando was the embodied spirit of hospitable good cheer, pressing the rice, the *frijoles*, or the custards when the

meats palled, and forcing the punctiliously accommodating General to gorge himself to the perilous edge of apoplexy.

What he conceived to be his duty as host in nowise precluded Don Hernando's leadership in the conversation. For Mary Ravenscroft he had a pretty Moorish tale of the times of Boabdil, suggested by her harp playing, of which he had heard; for Ysabel he turned a compliment which was none the less dainty for having done service before; upon the senora's household virtues he showered praise; for Sanborn, who he learned was about to go down into the *tierra caliente*, he recalled a recipe against fevers; and inspired by a chance inquiry of the General's he discoursed so eloquently on the poetry of *hacienda* life near Cuernavaca that the veteran's imagination, which ever kindled like touchwood, straightway conjured up a rosy vision of himself as master of unlimited odorous orange groves and spreading fields of cane. By easy transition the senor passed to the neighboring Cuernavaca and the ancient home of Cortés, where he disported himself to his own antiquarian delight, the edification of his guests and his daughter's thinly veiled annoyance.

"Papa is so enthusiastic over Cuernavaca," she observed sweetly, choking down her wrath. "To hear him one would think that the capital itself could offer nothing in comparison."

She instantly regretted the speech, for the dear gentleman vaulted joyously into the saddle of his hobby and spurred gallantly away.

"Oh, my daughter," he protested, "let it not be thought that I, of all men, underrate the glorious past of the City of Mexico, the historic Tenochtitlan that was, capital of the unhappy Montezuma and scene of the most stirring incidents in the wondrous tale of

the adventures of the illustrious Conquistadores. With what joy do I pace its venerable streets, reflecting that here stood the Aztec palace, groaning with treasure, and there the mighty temple, reared to heathen superstition and defiled with human sacrifice. I love to think that on such a spot the Spanish conqueror met the Indian monarch; that in another the little band dwelt fearless amidst a host of enemies. I follow their footsteps over the Tlacopan causeway on the dread Noch Triste and wipe a sympathetic eye beneath the tree where Cortés wept. Jubilantly I return with their second coming, and in their triumph triumph too. Again and again have I been poled along the Viga and among the Floating Gardens, striving to picture—"

"Papa, you have overturned your custard," interrupted Ysabel, as the senor, polling his imaginary craft with graceful gesticulation, ran suddenly aground.

With unabated dignity Don Hernando took the fall of well-nigh three and a half centuries—from the Conquest to the custard—and smiled gravely at his mishap. Young Sanborn was vastly amused, and recollecting some current gossip of the senor's foibles, lent a helping hand to speed the unhorsed hobby-rider on his way.

"There are many descendants of the Conquerors in Mexico, I am told," he said with an air of innocence. "Perhaps you, senor, follow the footprints of some great ancestor in these pilgrimages about the city?"

Don Hernando inflated his chest.

"There are many who claim descent," he replied impressively, "but their rivalry is like that of the cities which strove for the dead Homer. Obviously, not all could be the poet's birthplace; no more can all be true descendants of the Conquistadores."

"But of the few, senor, the chosen few, you, I am sure, are one," remarked General Ravenscroft good-naturedly.

Don Hernando bowed in proud humility.

"Such, through the goodness of heaven, I am," said he.

With varied emotions—the Americans expectant, the Senora Ramirez placidly resigned, Ysabel smilingly enraged—the little company awaited the descendant's forthcoming words.

"You must know," he began, as he had begun times innumerable to his daughter's bored recollection, "that through my honored mother whose name of Rojas I add to my father's not undistinguished surname, I am descended from no less a personage than the bosom friend and companion in arms of the heroic Cortés—Gonzalo de Sandoval."

"Gonzalo de Sandoval!" exclaimed young Sanborn in fine rapture, unhampered by the trifling consideration that he lacked the remotest notion of of what part the bosom friend of Cortés had played. "What a lineage!"

Then the youth surprised a flash in Mary Ravenscroft's gray eyes which caused him to subside.

"To this intrepid gentleman of tender years but deep discretion," pursued Don Hernando, "was given a native bride of high birth, from which union, by devious though clearly tracable descent, I am sprung."

The Senora Ramirez, simmering in her funeral robes at the table's end, showed marked signs of drowsiness, while Ysabel ostentatiously suppressed a yawn. Not insensible to these symptoms of distress, the senor wavered an instant, and then heroically resolved to forego the recital of his forbear's part in the winning of New Spain. This momentary by-play was not lost on Mary Ravenscroft, who generously,

if not wisely, rushed to the senor's succor.

"You should be proud indeed of such an ancestor," she exclaimed with rather disproportionate intensity. "Pray tell us more of him."

Sorely tempted, the senor hesitated, but did not fall.

"His deeds are woven in the tapestry of history," he responded, beaming gratitude. "And it were perhaps fittest that I leave to historians the telling of the tale. Yet one anecdote, charming senorita, at your bidding I will relate, for you will find it set down in no history or chronicle that I know. It is an heirloom in my family, happily not dependent on perishable print for its transmission from generation to generation. Gonzalo de Sandoval, as is known, was of athletic frame and disposition, delighting in equestrian exercises, and was possessed of a chestnut steed named Motilla, which you may find more particularly described in the chronicle of the monk Bernal Diaz. While exercising this noble animal one day, to the wonderment of certain ladies of rank—among them a daughter of Montezuma—he was accosted by one Francisco de Salcedo, better known as 'The Dandy,' by reason of his fastidious dress which ever presented the most violent contrast to the habitually modest apparel of my ancestor.

"'So ho, senor,' called the dandy jestingly. 'Alexander tames Bucephalus for the sport of the women. A pretty feat, in truth, yet I dare wager twenty pistoles that other men can humble the brute as easily.'

"Now my ancestor, being deficient in education, had no clearer conception of who Alexander might be than had the daughter of Montezuma, but

it was enough for him that Salcedo should impeach the quality of his horsemanship. Therefore he replied in his great voice which, though mighty, at times approached a lisp, that not twenty, but forty 'pithtoeth' should be the dandy's could he remain on Motilla's back while Motilla's master should count ten. Now Salcedo had not thought of himself, but of another, when he made the boast, yet he could not, with good credit, re-



fuse the challenge, so he took it up. Mounting, amid the applause of the idlers round about who sought amusement, come how it might, Salcedo laid firm hold upon Motilla and bade Sandoval count on.

"'One!' said my ancestor, and Motilla stood rooted to the earth. 'Two' moved the animal no more than the chatter of the blackbirds overhead. At 'three' the horse flicked a fly from its flank. 'Four' wreathed Salcedo's face in smiles; and at 'five' the dandy

was for doubling the stakes, to which Sandoval agreed after warning him that he must surely lose. 'Six!' exclaimed my ancestor sharply, and therewith the faithful Motilla threw heels in air and dropped the dandy gently over into the arms of Sandoval, who had placed himself to receive him."

"Capital," cried the General, as heartily as if he now heard the tale for the first time. "The coxcomb was rightly served."

"But Francisco de Salcedo was a brave man, too," added the *senor* magnanimously, as they rose from the table. "He died a brave man's death on Noche Triste under Sandoval's own leadership."

Don Hernando presently led Mary Ravenscroft toward the garden to exhibit a rare specimen of palm, and the General elected to follow them. Sanborn chose the society of the *senorita* who lingered in the *corredor*, chaperoned by the *Senora* Ramirez. That excellent lady, although sufficiently loquacious on such topics as the preparation of guava jelly, or the extermination of moths, fleas and kindred insects, was not prone to the discussion of matters outside her special field, and now sat silent, in her usual postprandial coma.

Ysabel, however, lost no time in fixing Sanborn's attention.

"You must not stare at me so boldly at mass, *senor*," she plumped out to the young man's astonishment.

He stared at her in bewilderment and glanced at the *senora*, whose powdered countenance was totally unmoved. Ysabel followed his eyes and laughed softly.

"Poor aunt is deaf," she answered, demurely; "have you not noticed?"

Sanborn's mouth broadened in a knowing smile as he accepted the situation.

"How unfortunate—for your aunt."

"Isn't it; but as a *duenna*—"

"She has the last touch which makes perfection."

Ysabel shyly drooped her lids.

"You must behave at mass, *senor*," she warned prettily.

"Then you must look less beautiful, *senorita*."

With such tropic rapidity their acquaintance ripened, and the youth presently found himself turned dexterously inside out and not ill-pleased at the phenomenon. He told her how his cousins, the Ravenscrofts, had lost their all in the downfall of the Confederacy, in whose service both he and the General had fought; how when things had looked their blackest to the old soldier—a Nevada mining claim which he had thought worthless had suddenly retrieved itself, placing him definitely beyond the pinch of want; and how, lured to Mexico by the extravagant representations of those who were exploiting the region around Cordoba, he had come to find his dreams of peace and plenty chimerical and the empire a hornet's nest of dissension. He himself, Sanborn confided, was a civil engineer for whom the General had been able to obtain employment in running the line of the new railroad from Vera Cruz. He told her many other things in his boyish and outspoken way, and one of these things he later found reason to regret. In some way the talk hit upon one Philip Strang, of the Imperial Household—a new-found friend of his relatives; and upon his remarking that the Englishman had promised to show them through the castle of Chapultepec some day in the absence of the Emperor, the fascinating Mexican expressed so lively an interest that he took it upon himself to add her to the party.

(To be continued)

HELEN BURROUGHS' KNIGHT

By Johnson Brigham

Bertram, Linn County, Ia., Sept. 11, 1858

MY first letter from the new home shall be addressed to my dearest friend on earth, my Mary.

I like to write the name of our new post office. At first it recalled the Bertrams in "Guy Mannering," but, acting on father's suggestion, I've been reading Maturin's mysterious old tragedy, and, just at present, like the hero of the tale, I'm under the spell of "the dark knight of the forest." The wind, whistling as I write, is become to me "the invisible blast to which the dark pines groan." (For "pines" read "cedars".) The rumbling of our night train over the new road from the Mississippi to the Cedar is, for the moment "the unconscious tread" of the monster, "to which the dark earth echoes." The river yonder, swollen with the first fall rains, angrily protests against the sharpness of the curves it is compelled to make; and as I sat upon the porch to-night and listened to the water's swashing sound and watched its phosphorescent glow, I could think of nothing but "the hidden waters rushing to their fall." "These sounds, of which the causes are not seen, I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious."

My fate!—this shall be the theme of my first letter from Bertram to my best of friends.

On the first day of July, as directed by father, I reported to Captain Boyd at Pittsburg, Pa., and by him was listed as a passenger on the "Cedar Rapids," a new steamer built for service on the Iowa and its tributary, the Cedar, here in far off Iowa.

Sparing you, for the present at least, the details of the journey—a journey which did infinitely more for my health and happiness than father had dared hope—I will proceed at once to lead said Fate into your presence, and will call to my aid my favorite shepherd's crook—an interrogation point.

What would have been your answer had Fate come to you with gentle manners and dignified bearing, but unconsciously, or at least unconcernedly, attired in a garb which your own brother would surely pronounce *passé*?

My second is much harder than my first. Would you—could you—accept a Fate, however noble in nature and bearing, that should reveal to your sensitive ears a hopelessly developed tendency to slur final consonants; a Fate with a practical knowledge of English grammar (as observable in all his notes and letters) but withal a stubborn superiority to certain of the consonant rules for speaking the English language correctly?

Well, these are questions I have met. My first answer was a sidewise shake of the head; but, alas for womankind, my second was not like unto it.

I was not slow to note among the few fellow passengers a certain slender but muscularly built man—not very young, but with a youthful face despite its lines of care. I was quick to note that his dark brown hair, cut short, was prematurely streaked with gray.

Captain Boyd, who has long known "the Hon. John Quincy Adams Champlin," (the "honorable" is for gallant and meritorious service for two terms

in the Iowa legislature) told me he was at least thirty-eight years old, but my guess was thirty-four.

I was first attracted by his strangely luminous eyes. When he converses they fairly dance. Don't look skeptical, my dear, he *can* converse. You should hear him talk of the West with its capabilities and possibilities. But how rough and brown his hands are! His turn-down collar somewhat exposes to view a neck so bronzed, with muscles and veins so prominent, that I am continually reminded of the statue of "The Wrestler" we once so much admired. But you should see his face! Look at your picture of Mozart (don't laugh, my dear,) and, retaining the eyes and forehead, substitute for the feminine fineness of the musician's lower face a large, firmly-closed mouth and a chin which suggests all the qualities that make the successful pioneer. Now, conceive, if you can, the mysterious power of a smile that can relax such firm-set features and make them beautiful. Have you caught the outline?

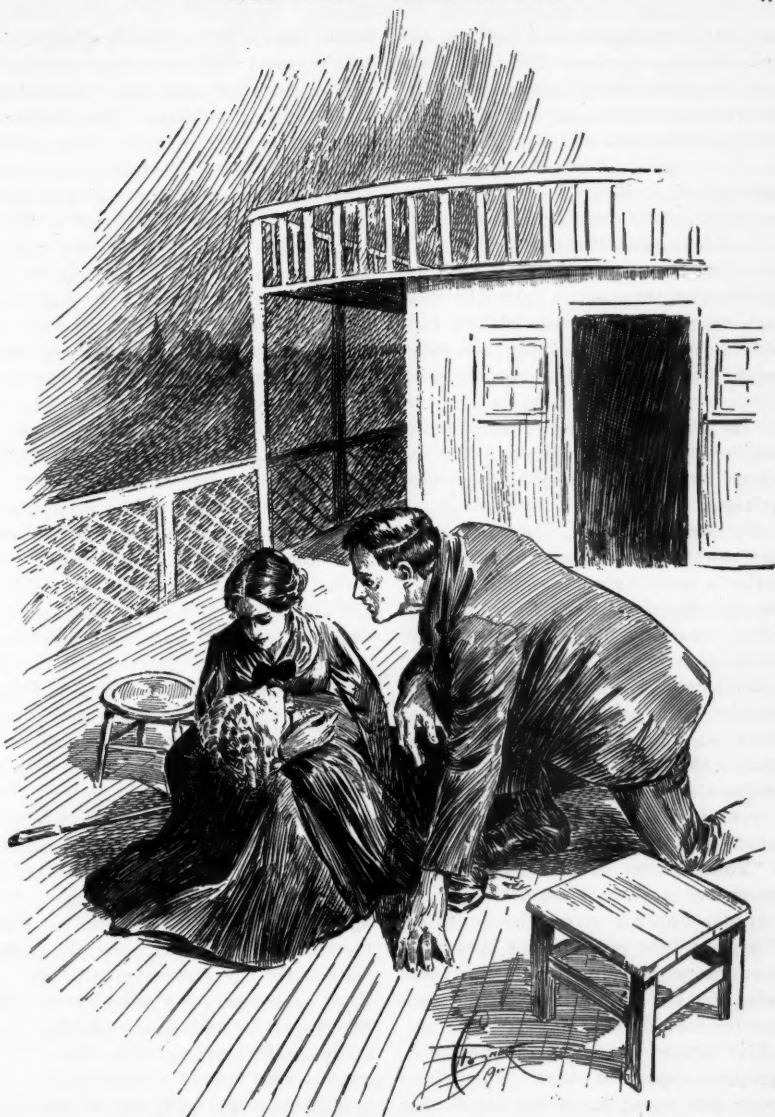
I want, right here, to interest you in Mrs. Champlin—his mother. You think I am frail, and yet I, with my 111 pounds, seem large by comparison with her. The little mother dresses with a Quakerish plainness and neatness. The only ornamentation she permits herself is an assortment of daintest little black caps. Her son's face is hers amplified and strengthened. Her abundant gray hair, inclined to curl, is so beautiful that I am quite reconciled to the streaks of gray in her son's brown locks. She is an inveterate knitter, and her fingers when at rest have a way of crooking as if adjusted to needles and yarn. And this dear little woman takes snuff! I see that old, unbecoming look of scorn upon your face as you read this horrible announcement. But wait.

Do not condemn the criminal without a hearing. If you could see her lovingly hold that pretty black snuff box in her left hand, then mysteriously tap the pearl-inlaid cover, as a fairy might tap at a door, craving admittance, and then if you could see her run her dainty little thumb and forefinger into the rich brown snuff, as a canary bird runs its bill into a jar of seed, and then if you could note the charming complacency with which she returns the box to her pocket and resumes her dual occupation of knitting and looking, your prejudice against snuff taking would go—as mine has gone!

I cannot conscientiously dismiss that marvelous thousand mile journey down the Ohio without a word for the river itself, whose personality has so strangely taken possession of me. Instead of the majestic Ohio pictured in my mind, I find the actual Ohio pre-eminently a restful stream, never in the least haste to lose itself in the sea. It is in appearance a succession of lakes, at every turn introducing you to some new combination of beauty. Its course is playful, lingering and uncertain as the flight of a butterfly. But I find I cannot thus calmly, and in tourist fashion, write of scenes which fill my fancy by day and my vision at night. Again and again I dream of the enchanted islands we passed. Once I dreamed my Fate and I were left alone upon a densely shaded island, and as the boat passed round a bend in the river, observing a troubled look upon his face, I tenderly grasped his hands and reassuringly exclaimed: "I have no regrets; my heart is here—with you."

Not infrequently, like the traditional stage heroine, I start from my dreams and reveries and in bewilderment exclaim, "Where am I?"

We arrived in Cincinnati on Monday,



"I shall never forget the anguish embodied in his tremulous repetition of the one word, 'Mother!'"

the fifth of July. The pious Cincinnatians, in deference to the Sabbath, were having their Fourth of July celebration on the fifth. We found ourselves compelled to "lay over" for a

day in order to unload and receive freight.

That night everybody went ashore, the better to witness the fireworks along the river bank—everybody ex-

cept Mrs. Champlin and myself; the steward also—I almost forgot to mention that important personage. The weather was warm, and we two women sat upon the deck watching the glare of the rockets and, between times, holding what Mrs. Champlin termed an "experience" meeting.

I then learned that in response to her entreaties her son had relinquished his dutiful purpose to take his dead father's place at home and had consented, somewhat against his judgment, to make a home for her with him.

"He thinks I'm going to pine for the old home an' the old friends when I'm where he is! As though I could be unhappy with him!"

She was delighted, she said, when her son told her that his farm and father's were only a few miles apart, though the river does flow between. "But," she added, "Ivanhoe's Ferry's close an' handy by."

While she was recounting a recent exploit with horse thieves in which John was a central figure, her ear caught the sound of her son's footstep on the stairs. She was as confused as a young girl discovered gazing at her lover's picture.

"Your mother has been relating an adventure of yours," I said.

It was now his turn to be confused. The moonlight revealed his blushes as he apologetically said, "I shall feel safer now I'm to have mother to protect me from horse thieves."

Our laugh was suddenly checked. A rocket from the shore shot up into space and spent itself far above our heads. Down from the centre of the myriad falling stars darted its long stick. John raised his right arm above my head and averted the blow from me; but the stick glanced from his elbow, and with cruel force struck the little woman upon the side turned to-

ward me. With a feeble "Oh!" she fell forward into my arms insensible.

The startled man knelt before her, and, with a tenderness almost fierce, strove to bring her back to consciousness. I shall never forget the anguish embodied in his tremulous repetition of the one word "Mother!" After frantically rubbing her little, white hands to no avail, he rushed to the water tank and, tearing the cup from its chain, brought water and with my handkerchief bathed her face and neck.

You should have seen the grateful look he gave me when I asked him to let me do what I could. I loosened her dress and bathed her side with brandy the steward brought. As I knelt before the prostrate woman and realized her peril and my own inexperience, a faintness came upon me. But at that critical moment I thought, "What would the man do should he find himself with two helpless women on his hands?" John mistook my smile for an assurance that I had discovered signs of returning consciousness. His countenance brightened and he reverently whispered "Thank God."

In a few moments, however, I felt an unmistakable fluttering at the little mother's heart, and taking his hand in mine, without a word, I placed it against her side, looking up into his face for confirmation of my discovery. He turned upon me the full light of those great eyes and smiled. Oh, the mingled joy and gratitude of that smile! His strong face has never since — *never but once* — been quite as beautiful to me as it was at that moment of relief.

Soon the sufferer's lips moved. Her hand reached out for his. Her eyes slowly opened, but seemed to be peering into vacancy.

"Here I am, mother," his voice strangely high-keyed and tremulous.

Her large, grave, wandering eyes finally rested with the serenest of smiles upon her son's responsive face, and, as calmly as though nothing unusual had occurred, she turned her head toward me and smiled, and in a low, apologetic tone, said:

"You see, my dear, he's all I have left to live for now."

Acting upon my suggestion, John took his mother in his arms and carried her to her berth. At a late hour I left the two together; she sleeping uneasily and he sitting near her with her hand in his.

My impressions of these places and of that week's events are fast fading, but the picture of John Champlin ministering to his mother's wants and reading aloud from her favorite books has lost nothing in vividness.

I was with the sufferer much of the time. I sewed while John read and read aloud while John smoked. I see him now, leaning out of the little window that the smoke from his pipe might not fill the little stateroom, and yet intently listening to every word.

I first read a few chapters from Bulwer's "Zanoni,"—a book Captain Boyd had loaned me; but the story didn't interest my patient. Finally she said, "I don't like to set up my judgment against them that knows, but there's somethin' about that book that I don't like."

Almost in despair of entertaining her, I read from "Aurora Leigh,"—the new poem sent me from London, you remember. To my surprise and relief, she was all attention and always eager for more! Frequently she would say, "My dear, read that again—not quite so fast this time." Catching the full meaning of some strong passage, the strained expression on her face would give way to the serenest of smiles.

At one time, while John was talking

to a deckhand outside, the little mother whispered: "In many respects my John is like that Romney Leigh—" and then with an apologetic smile she added: "But I can't help thinkin' John has the most sense."

On Thursday, the 15th, before daylight, we started up the Mississippi. On the following Sunday we entered the Iowa river. Here we took in tow a big float of lumber. With only five feet of water in the river's channel, we were obliged, Wednesday night, to tie up at a landing about four miles below the point at which the Cedar empties into the Iowa, and there wait for the expected rise in the river, heavy rains in northern Iowa having been reported. The next morning we felt a decided lift. The water rose fast and our way up the Cedar was assured.

The river had risen so high that our steamer couldn't go under the bridge at Moscow. Here was a dilemma! But our John was equal to the emergency. I was talking with Captain Boyd when John, with that self-assertive air of his, said: "Captain, I don't want to interfere, but I've got a suggestion to make."

Without waiting to see whether or not the suggestion was wanted, he proceeded; "It's lucky we've got this barge to draw on for ballast. The thing to do is to pile that lumber up on the steamer and weigh 'er down. Then she'll go under the bridge all right."

Captain Boyd made several objections, but John had anticipated them all, and the experiment was tried. The little steamer thus weighted down passed under the bridge in safety. We lay all night at another wretched huddle called Rochester. Here I had an adventure! Think of it, humdrum dweller of the East!—an adventure!

(To be concluded next month.)

MY MISSION

By Mrs. Carrie Nation

[Received by Telegraph]

In Jail, Topeka, Kansas, Feb. 19

IF any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed. If my cause can be arrested because I am in jail, it is not of God. Just as well say that because an instrument is locked the musical skill of the performer is a failure, while in fact it has not in the least affected his talent. For wherever there is an open instrument the music is just as sweet under the fingers of the player. Just so with my work. The hand of God is spirit and life, and is not bound. This holy fire will but blaze the higher, for the devil is God's agent to do His will.

When God commanded the devils to go into the swine of Gadarene, they went! God alone says to all power, go, and it goeth; come, and it cometh! The events of the times are the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. This earth is in commotion and hell is howling. Oh! the vicious letters I get from Inferno; threats, imprecations and curses, ravings, threatened murder and torture, death in all shapes, and Oh! the curses and viciousness of vice. I get all kinds of letters from hell, but these are letters whose language of baseness exceeds anything I have ever read; which God says is to them evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation and that of God. The fact of Carrie Nation and this resolution but fulfills the scripture which says: "God hath chosen the base things of the world, yea things that are despised hath God chosen, that no flesh shall glory in His presence."

Oh! the gladness that is to come to the earth. Oh! the joyous voices of

little children singing Hosannah in the Highest. Oh! the peace on earth and good will to men. Who will enjoy this? These who have come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

I anticipate little bloodshed in this warfare, not against flesh and blood, but against principalities; against powers; against spiritual wickedness in high places. This is hell's conspiracy against woman and her offspring, for he knows they are the ones that are to bruise his head, and woman is doing it with her hatchet, and this is God's leaven. You will not see the leaven, but you will see its working. This does not surprise me, although it is strange that I, a plain woman having the common lot of ills, coming from my own kitchen and home, doing my own drudgery, being hardly allowed to even speak my sentiments in my own town, and when I did it was almost in the face of universal protest, should, without any preparation, now speak before thousands as if I were in my family. There is but one explanation—and that is faith! I have been called erratic and demented because I believed in what God said and would not be swayed from that stronghold.

Yes; this rum devil is a conspiracy against all our laws. This is the dynamite under the constitution, and far more unconstitutional than the slavery that caused the late rebellion. Oh, the blindness of the people and the thickness that has enveloped them! The legalized saloon is legalized hell, and is but the utterance of a fool and a knave. If all the crimes denounced by all the laws were licensed, that only would be synonymous to a licensed saloon; for the murder shops are the factory that conceives, breeds, hatches

The above is the first written expression of Mrs. Nation that has been made public. While the attention of the United States has been focussed upon her remarkable crusade, it has remained for "The National Magazine" to present the first authenticated article from her pen.



MRS. NATION IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE ADDRESSING A STREET MEETING.



DAVID NATION HUSBAND OF CARRIE NATION



TAKING MRS. NATION TO JAIL.



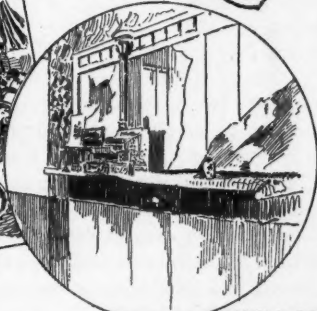
MRS. NATION AT PRESENT TIME



MRS. NATION AT 30 YRS OF AGE.



MRS. NATION & MOB IN FRONT OF UNIQUE JOINT.



A VIEW OF SENATE JOINT AFTER RAID.

and sends over the earth all crimes. Destroy this factory and devils will become angels. The vultures of lawyers, doctors, police wardens, turnkeys and sheriffs will lose the carrion on which they feed, and they will then end the stench of rotten death all over the land. Oh, for a clean manhood! Yes; as clean as our dogs and horses! This jail is now reeking with the pollution of villainous tobacco smoke. If these men throw out such pollution from their boxes, what must be the condition of the inner man? I often say, "Oh, for a skunk!"

Why is this pollution of those whom we love better than life? We women are to blame. God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." But we have been so selfish that we have left him too long in the power of Satan, to be led captive by the devil at his will. Women, why are you not careful to have your offspring as clean as they were when God gave them to you! Poor, silly fools! I have heard you say, "I like the smell of a good cigar." There never was a good one. Why encourage your darlings to smell like the fumes of hell and commit suicide by consuming their manhood, nerves and will power by this tobacco habit and vicious, hellish cigarettes? This class of men are criminals and offenders of decency, squandering money in order to destroy themselves.

Oh, women, it is yours to stop this. Listen to me, young ladies. Never

go with a man who uses tobacco or whiskey and you in one month will do more to save our youth than all else in human power. Organize home defenders, and jump for the hatchet and run to the dive and smash the murder shop. If there is a woman who has not a heart to love let her supinely refuse to act. Yes; let no grass grow under your feet. Delay only means more souls in hell; more girls in houses

*A Home Defender
Came to this*



"By Courtesy Chicago 'Record'"

of prostitution; more naked children; more crushed hearts and homes; more devils; more hell; less of virtue, more of vice; less of heaven, less of life and more of death! And who is to blame? You, women of fashion; you, mankind on which to hang the filthy rags of fashion. Oh, hate those garments, spotted with the flesh, and love God and your neighbor. Be a home defender; not a hell defender!

MRS. NATION AND HER CRUSADE

From a Saloon-keeper's Standpoint

By Alderman John J. Coughlin, of Chicago
"Bath House John"

I HAVE been asked to write what I think of Mrs. Carrie Nation, who has recently made herself notorious by smashing Kansas saloons. I have no reason to doubt her sincerity of purpose (her daring enterprises prove it), but the method of accomplishing the end is questionable because it destroys the property of a fellow-citizen of the United States. The laws of Kansas may not recognize saloon property as personal property; they may even say saloons do not exist, and that Mrs. Nation cannot destroy anything which does not exist; and yet every true, broad-minded citizen, be he a sinner or saint, knows that whenever she wields a hatchet she destroys some man's property and brings great loss to both him and his family.

Whether Mrs. Nation will again take up saloon smashing after her recent trip to Chicago, I would not want to risk a wager either way. To be sure, while here she was peaceable enough, and did not offer to engage in any smashing whatever. At the time of writing this the courts of Kansas are considering her case, and upon their decision will depend the future activity of the Hatchet Brigade. If they decide in her favor, then the saloon men of Kansas are face to face with a proposition that requires activity. They must get a "move" on.

But suppose, in this event, that Mrs. Nation drives every saloon out of Kan-

sas; will it stop the drinking of liquor in that state? I do not hesitate to answer, No! People who have an appetite for liquor will get it in some way, and it is an old saying that "smuggled whiskey tastes the best."

And why does Mrs. Nation seek to destroy saloon property when the real

JOHN J. COUGHLIN, "BATH HOUSE JOHN"



beginning of the drink habit is in the home? Why doesn't she visit the homes of some of the wealthy residents of Kansas (of course not all of them, but not a few church members), and start in on her smashing tour by whacking the cut-glass punch bowl, the fancy bottles of sherry, red top, white seal, creme de menthe and ex-

port beer that are to be found on the sideboard or secluded in the ice-chest? I am in a position to know when I say that a great many of our young men travel straight to the saloons via the "cut-glass route."

Thousands of men living in Prohibition states have their favorite liquor (the kind they were taught a fondness for in childhood at home) sent to them from outside towns in any convenient way it might be received without exciting suspicion. This liquor is secretly a part of the festival board. The father and mother sit talking over a glass of wine and their little tot climbs on its father's knee for its share. Is the saloon to be blamed for this? Will Mrs. Nation's smashing remedy this evil, and prevent those parents from the "fun" of getting their little child "tipsy" because he is so cute that way? In a state where saloons are recognized, such a man would have been satisfied to drink his wine away from his family, saving his child from this influence so early in life. It is this early teaching of the child that crops out into full fledged appetite when he becomes a man. The saloon follows the appetite, but the appetite does not follow the saloon.

Drink is drink, whether in the saloon or home, and I am firm in the belief that if Mrs. Nation could see this fostering of appetites in the home she would be disposed to begin operations in the residence districts. There, I dare say, she would find innumerable soap boxes filled with choice export, or sugar barrels containing well-packed jugs of rye. Or if the person does not wish to undergo the excitement of smuggling, he simply obtains the liquor by visiting the local drug store with a doctor's perscription, a method which

is common through all the Prohibition states.

If Mrs. Nation desires to do some really effective work for the cause she represents, she should go into the slums and dens of iniquity and help reform the fallen women. The Salvation Army and like organizations are doing an untold amount of good in this direction, by extending charity, food and clothing to those of wrecked lives. They do this without expecting notoriety, or even appreciation except from the soul saved and their Maker. With her energy and enthusiasm she could accomplish a world of good, and in a more Christ-like manner than by wrecking any man's property.

Let her investigate the drug stores in the Prohibition states and learn of the whiskey traffic that is going on in these places among people who move in good society. Also let her inquire to what extent are those who have acquired the morphine, opium and cocaine habits. There is room for reform there.

Saloon men, for the most part, are supporters of the Salvationists in their work, and contribute a considerable amount of money to forward the cause. If Mrs. Nation would enter into this work and with her little hatchet start in to hew the sin out of degraded lives she would not be hindered in any way by the saloons, but rather aided, because they would be the means of congregating together the class of people with which she would desire to labor. As a woman worker she deserves great credit, and she can advance her cause with success along these lines. As a woman, I have for Mrs. Nation the greatest respect, but draw the line on her wood-chopping methods,



TESTING THE CIRCUIT, MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDING



THE GREAT AMERICAN EXPOSITION AT BUFFALO

By John Vavasour Noel

CHIEF OF LATIN-AMERICAN PRESS SECTION, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

DURING their period of captivity in Egypt the Israelites, under the lash of the task-master, unwillingly devoted their brute force to the building of those wonderful pyramids that perpetuate the memory of the Pharaohs; which were erected amid the groans and sufferings of the wretched captives, whose very blood cemented those ponderous cubes of stone that have remained in their places for centuries, undisturbed by the destructive forces of the elements. With rudest instruments, stones were dragged to the summit and placed one above the other by the combined effort of those hapless Jews, who cursed their masters and prayed to their God for deliverance!

To-day, what a contrast! Intelligent effort, stimulated by freedom and in-

genious mechanical devices, have lightened every task. Steam, the relentless power, and electricity, the dreaded bolt of the ancients, have both since been made the slaves of men. Thousands of free men, proud of their country, their liberty, and their creative work, glory in contributing by their endeavor to the aggrandizement of the nation.

I refer to the city of Buffalo, where the civic pride and the progressive spirit of its citizens have transformed untilled soil and building lots, awaiting the plow of the husbandman and the growth of the city, into a busy seat of activity. Man, beast, and machinery, working in unison, have created out of an incoherent mass of building materials a great Exposition.

In the early spring of the past year

active operations began. Huge machines dug into the soft and loamy soil of the chosen site, excavating the beds of lakes and canals, into which the crystal waters of Lake Erie are now flowing and where gondolas and other pleasure craft will be found. The landscape architects immediately set to task to prepare the soil for the special requirements of their art, planted huge trees, and made the necessary arrangements for a gorgeous horticultural display.

Soon the resonant vibrations of the

To enumerate in detail the special features of the Exposition would be impossible; however, it might be explained that while the site will not be as large as that of the Chicago fair or the recent Paris Exposition, the artistic setting of the buildings and their general arrangement will command the admiration of all visitors. The buildings are modeled, architecturally, in the Spanish Renaissance style, as a delicate compliment to our Latin-American neighbors, somewhat after the fashion of some of the early mis-



carpenter's hammer was heard on all sides and the superstructures of the beautiful buildings rose as if by enchantment. The incessant and kaleidoscopic activity of the place became greater each day. There was something inspiring in the atmosphere, as though new and strange events were to take place or that some fairy god-mother or genius were about to create a Wonderland and had cast a benevolent spell over all things. While Chaos seemed to hold supreme sway and Confusion reigned, a suitable environment was by degrees being formed for the fitting commemoration of the great international event.

sion buildings. Color will play an important part, and, in contrast to the "White City" of Chicago, Buffalo will have a "Rainbow City," the beautiful mezzo-tints of red, blue, green and yellow, the hundreds of streaming flags, the charming horticultural display and the waving palms will combine to form a scene of gorgeous fascination.

The Midway, the amusement feature of the Exposition, will be attractive, clean and instructive. The management has made a careful selection of the best amusements offered and has taken special pains to avoid the presence, at the Exposition, of the

MINES BUILDING



**GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AROUND THE MAIN COURT OF
THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION**



genus "fake." Visitors to the Midway may confidently expect to get an ample return for their admission fee, and the whole world, in its natural or curious phases, will be within reach.

The crowning feature of the Exposition, however, will be the great electric tower, 391 feet high, and electric-

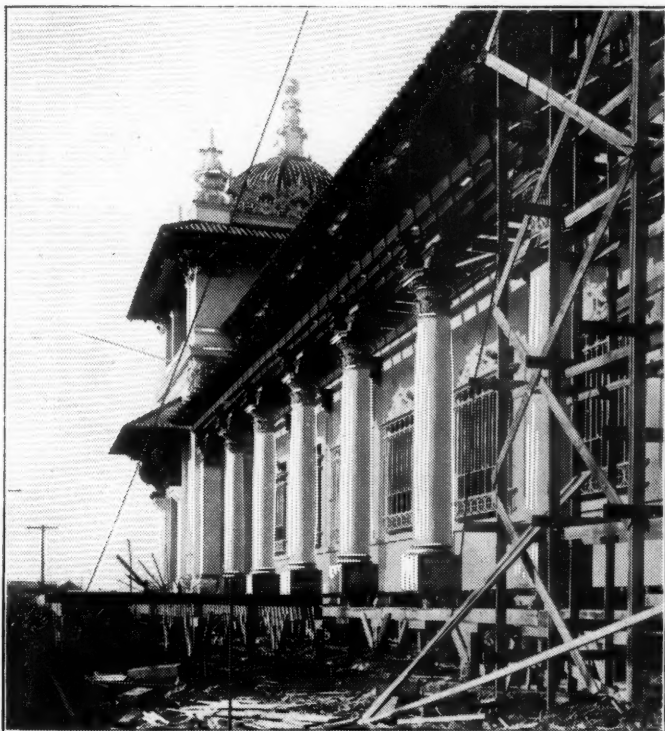
that very little is required to terminate the buildings. No exposition of late years has found itself in such a condition of preparedness three months from its opening. The Machinery and Transportation Building, which is one of the largest on the grounds, the Electricity Building, the Agricultural



ity itself, by courtesy of the Niagara Falls, will play an important part in the illumination and motive power at the grounds.

The actual progress of the Exposition has been marvelous, taking due account of the time employed, and the aspect of the grounds to-day shows

Building and the Graphic Arts, Mines, Forestry and Horticultural Buildings are complete; the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the United States Government Building and the Temple of Music are receiving the last finishing touches. The entrances, respectively, to the Stadium and the



A GLIMPSE OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION
A CORNER OF ELECTRICITY BUILDING SHOWING LOGGIA



Pan-American Exposition — Buffalo — MDCCCXI.
THE PLAZA.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION CO.

Midway, are nearly finished; the electric tower looms grandly in the air, and the Propylaea is completed. The construction of the various State and Foreign Buildings is progressing favorably. At present the interiors are being done and exhibits installed. In

the landscape artists will see to the lawns and flower beds and then, on the first of May, the great Pan-American Exposition will open its doors—on time.

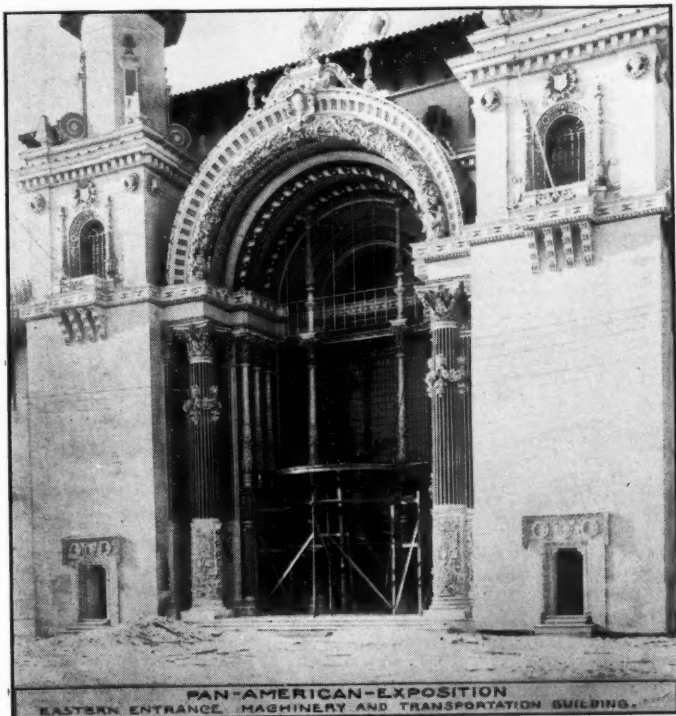
The fundamental basis and the avowed purpose of the Pan-American

W. I. BUCHANAN, DIRECTOR-GENERAL, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION



April the last touches will be given to these beautiful buildings; the artistic statuary, which will form one of the greatest features of the Exposition, and which has been prepared by the most eminent sculptors of the United States, will be placed in position, and

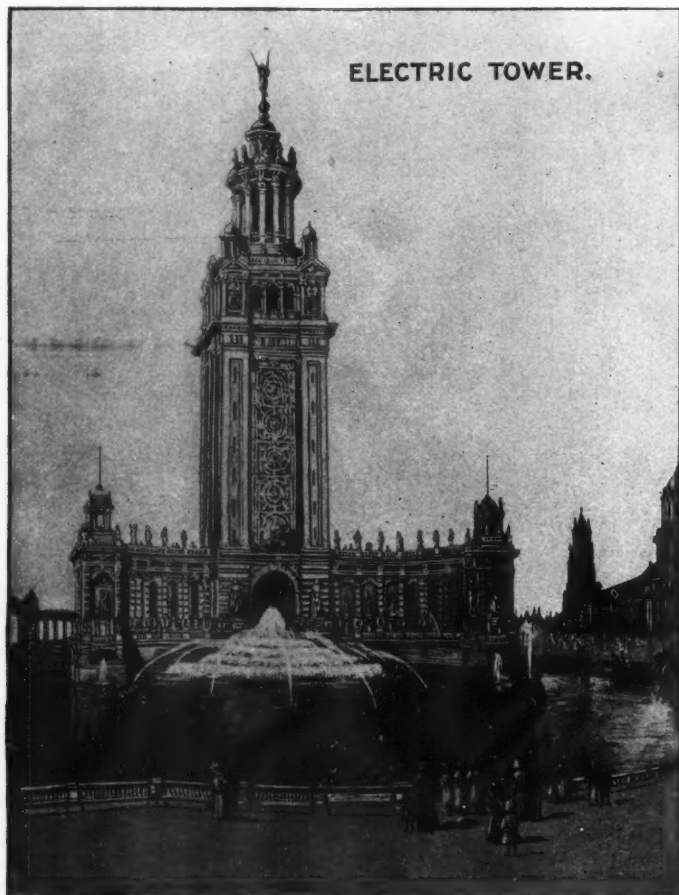
Exposition is to "celebrate the achievements of civilization and the 100 years of development in the Western Hemisphere." It was first suggested after the Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., in 1896, when the success of that enterprise stimulated the idea of holding a



great Pan-American Fair in order not only to carry out the programme, as tersely embodied in the above quoted sentence, but also to cement the friendly understanding between the Pan-American countries and to assist favorable commercial relations.

From its incipency the idea of hold-

and not only have official assurances been received from the respective governments that they will all concur to make the Pan-American Exposition the success that its purpose merits, but cash appropriations have been made and several buildings will be erected. It is impossible here to enumerate



ing this Exposition has been met with
• general hearty acceptance by nearly
all the independent countries and
colonies of the Western Hemisphere,

what each of the different Pan-Ameri-
can countries is going to do. It may,
however, be interesting to note that
the Argentine Republic has applied

PAN-AMERICAN ANTIQUES IN THE STUDIO OF KARL BITTER. VENUS
COMING FROM THE BATH

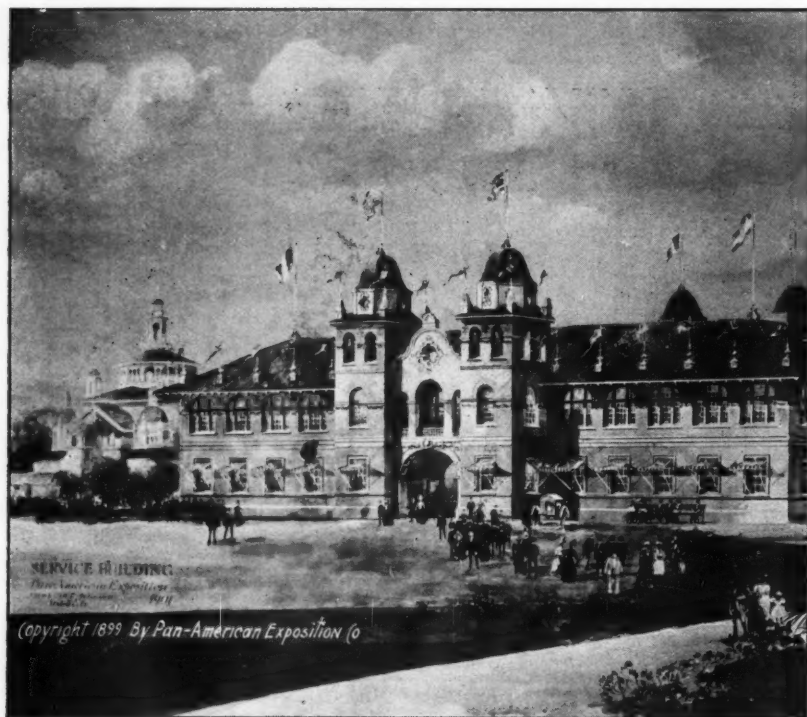


"THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT" FOR EAST ESPLANADE FOUNTAIN



Original Copyrighted, 1900, by the Pan-American Exposition Co.

MACHINERY AND TRANSPORTATION BUILDINGS, FROM THE WEST



SERVICE BUILDING

Plans by the Architectural Committee
 under the direction of the Board of
 Commissioners, 1893

Copyright 1899 By Pan-American Exposition Co

for 1,500 square yards of space with an appropriation of not less than \$25,000; Bolivia asks for 2,400 square feet of space; the Dominion of Canada has lately decided to make a comprehensive official exhibit. Chile will be well represented at the Pan-American Exposition, and has made an appropriation of \$185,000 American gold. Costa Rica will have 1,900 square feet of space. The people of Cuba are greatly interested in the Exposition. Santo Domingo is expected to make a liberal appropriation. The exhibits at the Paris Fair from Mexico, Ecuador and Peru will be transferred to Buffalo. Guatemala will have 1,100 square feet of space. Haiti, Honduras and Salvador will also have suitable representation—in other words, the Exposition will be truly Pan-American and not merely so in name, for the Latin-American republics have at last awakened to the great value which

this international event offers for the proper advertising of their undeveloped resources.

* * *

The approaching intellectual feast is looked forward to with interest by the peoples of this hemisphere. Report has it that humanity is far too prone, in these commercial days, to appreciate but the purely material pleasures and neglect the greater intellectual joys. The Pan-American Exposition will disprove this generally accepted platitude, and the management proposes to encompass within the 350 acres of the Exposition grounds such ocular evidence of the great intellectual strides made by the inhabitants of Pan-America as will appeal to their intellectual appreciation and make this gathering the success of the century and the first great national beacon to guide us in our approaching commercial expansion.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION GROUNDS





THE OUTLOOK FOR THE BOERS

By Peter MacQueen

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE", LATELY RETURNED FROM THE TRANSVAAL

I FOUND the Boers a brave and hardy race. The young boys and girls of Boer families are used to the same set of ideas as the young people of America.

In the public school at Pretoria there are several hundreds of boys and girls even while the English guns are thundering across the Free State. I entered one of their schools and asked if I could take a picture of them in groups. They were ready and eager to have it done, and I would send you the picture, but at the battle of Sand River the British captured the wagon on which the photos were. In this school the boys were bright, frank,

earnest lads full of jest and fun. They kicked around, and smashed books and forms just like American boys. When I told them if they did not quiet down the English would come for them, they replied: "We don't care for the English, if they see us they'll 'funk'." Such children as men and women will be too independent to be colonists of any country.

The young men of the Boer army are nearly all in the artillery branch. These are the only uniformed body in the Burgher forces. At Laing's Nek they had a lot of fine men in the artillery from 17 to 23 years of age. They were the bravest of the brave, and

handled the Armstrong guns captured from the British with wonderful accuracy. They are serious men, too, and one young fellow who said he had a charge of dynamite to blow up his gun if it was ever captured, sat on the muzzle of the gun reading his Bible and his military manual.

At Majuba Hill the Boer boys had long, deep trenches. They had superb positions overlooking the English camp. Unless General Buller had flanked them, by coming through Van Reenan's Pass, the British would never have crossed Laing's Nek. I took great interest in their trenches. Some of

onto the brown veld. But the Boers are farmers and love peace, though now they are aroused they will fight a long time among the hills. Just recently they received 120 Maxim guns and 400 tons of powder. They have plenty of money, and the sympathy of all Europe, including the Portuguese. Botha, in his letter to "The National Magazine," shows no signs of weakening. He told me he never felt so strong.

In the Transvaal women have really a higher standing than among European nations. As a result they are frank, fearless and sprightly, like our

RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT KRUGER



them were dug in 1881. They had not thought of making bomb-proofs as we did at Santiago. When this was suggested to them, they took hold of it eagerly, and were soon burrowing like beavers.

Boer boys are famous riders and sharpshooters. General Delarey's nephew, a lad of fourteen, was one of the best shots in the army. I saw him bring two lancers off their horses one afternoon. It was an exciting sight, not without pathos, to watch this child crack his mauser carbine and the next second see a big English soldier leap from his saddle and tumble headlong

own people. I met a large number of young ladies studying in the various schools; and Americans who were teaching there told me they were the brightest children of any nationality. Altogether the Boers have a very hopeful future; and in nothing is their outlook more hopeful than in the quality of their boys and girls.

The Transvaal has many elegant towns and cities. On entering Pretoria we are impressed by the magnificence of the public buildings, which include the Parliament House, the cost of which was a million dollars, and the Palace of Justice, upon the other

side of the square, which was just finished when the war began.

President Kruger lived in an unpretentious manner in a plain colonial home. Mr. Kruger said to me, "I do not hate the Englishmen, for many of them have become burghers; but I lay the blame of this trouble upon Chamberlain, Milner, and Rhodes. They have broken their treaties and forced us to the wall."

Johannesburg is the largest city of South Africa. In 1886 it consisted of one house; in 1896 it had a population of 200,000 white men and 300,000 blacks, with streets like those of Chicago. There was said to be nearly three hundred million dollars' worth of machinery in the mines, most of which was imported from America. This city was built by British energy

and capital. There were over 10,000 Americans.

The country is very like our west-

GENERALS MEYER, BOTHA AND ERASMUS



GENERAL KOLBE AND COLONEL MAXIMOFF



ern prairies, rolling into little hills. The veld, as the Boers call it, is famous land for grazing, but is of little use for general farming, owing to the fact that for nine months in the year no rain falls. As a rule, the Boer families are very large, the children often numbering from ten to twenty. One Boer had fourteen sons in the present war. The farmers are honest, open, free-hearted folk, like the New England hayseeds who in a hundred years have sown this continent with lordly cities and made New York the money centre of the world.

The city life is like that in America, but the country life is much more isolated. The farms consist of about 6,000 acres each, and the farm-houses are often six miles apart; so that sewing circles are not very popular.

The Boer army is one of the most unique in the

world. Most of the officers, like General Kolbe, of DeWet's staff, are simple farmers, men of great principle and great honor. They are farmers' sons, and have been drilled by European officers. They are admitted by the British officers to be among the most brilliant artillerymen in the world.

There are few orders given, and every one fights as his own general. A perfect guerilla warrior is the Boer; and among his rocks and from behind his kopjes he may fight the plucky British for many a month to come.

If Christian DeWet and President Steyn have offered to surrender on reasonable terms, the British would do well to accept. The latter have lost nearly 60,000 men killed, sick and wounded, and nobody knows how much money—they say \$600,000,000. My brother, who was captured a few days ago fighting in Brabant's Cavalry, had just written me that all of Natal and

Cape Colony are in the throes of revolution, and that the entire population of white men from the Cape to the Zambesi may rise any day as one man and demand the "Republic of the United States of South Africa."

The Afrianders (English and Dutch) have cherished this notion, and but for the agitations over franchise and other questions, the plans for the new republic would have been matured ere this. Now that Oom Paul is away from Africa, Briton and Boer may yet unite, but if ever they do it will be on the basis of a republic, and not of a colony.

At Johannesburg the mines are filling with water, while on the veld all the great leaders, except Cronje, are as free and defiant as ever. Our American trade with the Transvaal was nearly twenty millions a year. The American audiences are still

deeply touched by stories from South Africa. Occasionally a refugee comes to this country. Of late, my friends, Baron de Ginzburg and Commandant Suyman have taken up their abode in New York.

Those Americans who were with the Boer armies, members of the Diplomatic Corps, soldiers and war correspondents, have formed an order to be known as the "Military Order of Pretoria." The insignia are a cross surmounted by an eagle; the ribbons are a bieur-kleur (four-color)—the Transvaal flag. Consul Hay of Pretoria is President, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis is registrar.



*To Rev Peter Mac Lenn
Representative*

*In answer to your question why
I keep on fighting, I reply because I am
fighting only for the holy rights of our
forefathers and of ourselves, which rights
the mighty Great Britain illegally wants
to take from us and so I shall continue
to fight to the end. The enemy may with
their overwhelming force take our country
from us, Confiscate our private prop-
erty and even banish us out of
our country but they can never take
our Character from us and never
crush the spirit of a free though
small people*

14 July 1900

*W. P. Botha
Commander General*

Of late Christian DeWet has towered over all the commanders, and is now regarded by the British as the ablest cavalry leader in the world. Napoleon, and even the American colonies, never put such barriers athwart the path of Imperial Britain as this hardy farmer. He told me he had never read anything on war except the "Life of Washington," by Irving, and that he had never seen an army

GENERAL CHRISTIAN DEWET



until Lord Roberts advanced on Bloemfontain with a hundred thousand men. During the six weeks that Roberts was recruiting his depleted strength at the Orange Free State capital DeWet assembled an army of 10,000 burghers who had been demoralized after the capture of Cronje. It is with these that he has forged a thunderbolt such as has not burst on any nation

during the entire nineteenth century. In three months he is said to have captured 10,000 prisoners and \$10,000,000 worth of booty from his plucky foes. He appears, disappears, and reappears again miles from where he is supposed to be. He has twice invaded Cape Colony and is supposed to be there now.

The latest private advice which I have received from the Transvaal assures me there are now 45,000 burghers under arms. The taking away of the women and the burning of farms has roused all the latent resisting power of the Dutch. My brother, writing me from the English camp, says that the Englishmen with him have given up all hope of ending the war for years to come. My latest trip with DeWet was taken last summer. The following account I have composed from what I saw and from what the English reporters wrote:

On the night of Sunday, July 15, the Boer Commandant, Christian DeWet, accompanied by his brother Piet and by the ex-President Steyn, with some 1,500 men, a dozen guns, and a convoy of over a hundred bullock-wagons and Cape carts, forming a column several miles long, slipped out of the hills to the south of Bethlehem, in the Orange Free State, on the border of Basutoland, got safely through the cordon Sir Archibald Hunter had drawn around him, and started northwards.

A month later, near Rustenberg, in the Transvaal, 250 miles north of his starting-point, with a force doubled in

strength, he joined Commandant Delarey.

With one of the keenest of the British generals on his heels throughout the march, he kept his lead, successfully circumvented several large bodies of troops on the lookout for him, crossed Lord Robert's lines of communications twice, cutting them in both cases, and captured two trainloads of soldiers and supplies.

DeWet, in escaping through Hunter's nearly completed cordon, detached some 500 men to his flank. It was these with whom Paget was engaged that Sunday. They kept the later busy while DeWet's main column, with his convoy, slipped off quietly and unmolested, and, coming into contact with Little a few days later, this same flank guard created another diversion which also met with complete success.

When Hunter heard that his quarry was safely away he sent Broadwood and Ridley, with the Household Cavalry and the mounted infantry, about 1,200 men and a dozen guns in all, off on DeWet's trail. He could not have made a better choice. DeWet, with all his consummate skill, doubled and tried every trick in vain to throw off his pursuers. Each of the Boers had a led horse besides his mount, and as each of the picked bullocks grew tired DeWet's knowledge of the country and the friendliness of the inhabitants provided the best to replace it. Broadwood's force had barely enough mounts to go round, and the strain speedily told on these. And while DeWet with perfect knowledge took his convoy along the best roads, Broadwood's convoy was often on those, which, though parallel, were heavy. But in spite of all, DeWet could never shake Broadwood off. At Palmietfontein, on July 19, Broadwood got in touch with his rear guard and hustled

it along six miles in two hours; and at Vaal river, near Vredefort, he ran DeWet down again.

DeWet reached Palmietfontein by a course in the form of the letter "S," which led him around Lindley from the south-west to the north-east.

The fight at the former place began at about two in the afternoon and ended at sunset, nearly the whole of Broadwood's force being engaged. The Boers, seeing that the British were drawing up to their convoy, posted their rearguard in an excellent position along and below a low range of kopjes, where stone kraals, a few farm-houses, and a donga provided satisfactory cover.

Broadwood called up his guns, and in a few moments the Boers were scuttling from all their advanced positions. Colonels Legge and DeLisle were then sent around either flank, and without much loss succeeded by dusk in clearing away nearly all the ground of the enemy. Their last positions were evacuated during the night, and the trek resumed. Broadwood and Ridley rested on the ground they had won; but DeWet moved on in the dark, as he always does, and by the next morning had regained his lead.

Broadwood, forced to halt at the railway for supplies, did not again catch up with DeWet, until he found him, on July 24, entrenched on the Vaal just outside Vredefort.

DeWet had succeeded in doubling his force, which was now 3,000 strong, more than double that of his pursuers.

Crossing the railway near Roodeval, he cut the line and captured a supply train, with its hospital comforts and escort, which had been conveniently sent to greet him, and then hurried on to Vredefort. Broadwood had tired him out, however, and in the hills to the north-west of that town, on the south bank of the Vaal, he entrenched

himself and sat down to draw breath.

Broadwood was up with him again on the following day.

His persistence and dash were this time rewarded by the capture of six wagons, handsomely made, after an exciting chase, by a portion of Ridley's Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Legge, who snapped them up under the enemy's nose. Colonel Legge, pushing on a bit too far, became heavily engaged with the enemy's strongly-posted right flank, and Broadwood, noting their strength, and finding it unwise to bring on a general action with a force so much larger than his own, ordered a general retirement to a ridge a mile back.

The whole British force then fell back four miles, and encamped in the face of the enemy, prepared to contest any effort he might make to cross the Vaal.

The incidents of the next few days explain in part how it was that DeWet was not captured then and there.

Broadwood, knowing that the enemy was too strong to be attacked by his inferior force, reported the situation to headquarters and asked for reinforcements. Judging that the enemy was sorely in need of rest, he saw that if a force was sent down from the north to block the drifts across the Vaal from that direction, and sufficient troops sent to him from the south, the wily Boer might be cornered yet. But the Intelligence officers at headquarters had received information that DeWet intended to cross the Vaal without delay. Assuming that the Vaal drifts could not be blocked in time, they contented themselves with ordering General Hart and Colonel Little, with two of the 4.7 naval guns, to reinforce Broadwood.

As a matter of fact, De Wet retained this position on the Vaal from July 23 to August 7, thereby amply justify-

ing Broadwood's assumption. DeWet was very active during most of this time, making several attempts to seize positions commanding Broadwood's and Ridley's camps.

By an unceasing watchfulness the Boers were kept at bay. Reinforcements from the south came slowly up, and with the advent of Lord Kitchener, on August 3, Methuen was ordered to move down to the Vaal from Potchefstroom; but for some reason a delay occurred, and this, in the end, gave DeWet his chance.

On Sunday, August 5, Broadwood extended his line, and two days later DeWet's escape to the south was effectively cut off. He found a hole to the north, however, and on August 7 successfully crossed the Vaal and slipped round Methuen's front. He was never in danger after that. The time he had spent in resting and replacing his animals had repaired his forces; whereas Broadwood's transports had suffered seriously owing to the unhealthiness of his camp and to the necessity of sending constant convoys back to the railway.

Lord Methuen hung on to DeWet's left rearguard with a persistence which, if he had found an earlier opportunity of displaying it, might have borne fruit; and Lord Kitchener, relentlessly forcing on his mules and bullocks at a killing pace, crossed the Vaal at Lindique's Drift on August 10, and sought to overcome this latest lead DeWet had gained.

DeWet trekked at night, when bullocks go at their best, and thus gained time during the day to let them feed and rest at will. The result was inevitable. DeWet joined Delarey, and late in January entered Cape Colony, which, according to the latest Boer advices, is in revolt, as well as most of Natal. It looks like 1776 all over again. We shall see.

JENKIN'S BABY

By Addison Clark

"S O, Mrs. Blake, you won't let the child go?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Wade, but my instructions are positive; he is to be given to no one except the person who left him here."

"Not even to his father?" asked Mr. Wade indignantly.

"Not even to his father," the matron replied; "besides, we have no clear evidence that you are the father of the baby. Appearances are against you."

"But Madam, I insist, I am the child's father."

"Perhaps so, sir, but we cannot let you have him."

Mr. Wade argued, plead and threatened, but the matron was firm. At last he went away declaring that he would have his baby, if he had to burn the house down to get it. The matron only smiled.

A few days later Mr. Wade sat in his office reading the paper. As he read he chuckled frequently with evident satisfaction. The occasion of his good humor was this brief personal which he had just discovered:

"Stolen from Mt. Hope Infants' Home, a baby boy, about eight months old. Liberal reward will be paid for information leading to his recovery."

When he had read this advertisement several times, Mr. Wade went across to the Western Union and sent a telegram. It read:

"Nurse and child reach Dallas to-morrow night by Frisco Number Eleven."

After which, with more chuckles and sly winks, he returned to his office.

Train Number Eleven pulled out of the Union Station, St. Louis, at ten o'clock in the morning. In compart-

ment six of the rear sleeper sat a young woman with a baby. The child was fretful, and the young woman exhausted all her resources before she finally got him to sleep.

Across the aisle sat Mr. Adolph Burns, detective, special officer, and shrewd man of the world. His specialty was moonshiners. Just now he was on his way to Arkansas, where in the secluded retreats of the Ozarks he hoped to unearth something worth while.

Toward evening train Number Eleven crossed the Missouri line into Arkansas. The country grew rougher and more mountainous. As darkness fell clouds overcast the heavens and a light rain began to fall. About nine o'clock the train came to a sudden stop. Curious passengers protruded their heads from the windows to discover the cause of their delay. In the pitchy darkness they could see nothing, but they heard loud voices ahead, then oaths and a pistol shot. There was an unceremonious indrawing of heads. "A hold-up!" was the simultaneous thought of the passengers. Mr. Burns, special officer, looked to his pistols; it was his intention to fight. But when two burly outlaws appeared at the front end of the coach he thought better of it—his business was moonshiners.

"Jest be quiet an' nobody'll git hurt," said the larger of the two men. "We ain't robbin' nobody to-night; we're huntin' a baby!" The two outlaws advanced with guns carelessly cocked and pointed at the frightened passengers until they came to berth six.

"Here he is Eph, here's the one,"

said the large man. The young woman threw up her hands and screamed.

"Don't be skeered, lady," said the outlaw, "We do' want you, we want the baby." Saying which, in spite of the woman's struggles and entreaties, he took the child out of her arms. The youngster appeared to have no objection to the change of ownership; he laid his head trustfully on the breast of the rough mountaineer and soon ceased his sobbing. Having secured what they wanted, the bandits left the train without further molesting the passengers.

It was then Mr. Adolph Burns' time to act. "What is your name, Madam?" he asked.

"Lane, sir; Mary Lane," the woman answered.

"And your address?"

"Dallas, Texas."

The man of clews hastily recorded this name and address in his note book, and vouchsafing to his fellow passengers a sly look, which was intended to contain much shrewdness, hurried outside and stepped from the platform, just as the train was starting on again.

When the four masked men had gone a half-mile or more from the scene of the hold-up, the large man called a halt. He removed his mask, revealing a rough, bearded face, the fierceness of which was somewhat redeemed by the mildness of his eyes. He did not appear to be a hardened criminal.

"Well, boys, we got him easy enough, and I'm mighty obliged to yo' fer helpin' me," he said.

"Oh, 'tain't nothin', Sam," answered one of his companions; "you'd a done as much an' more fer us."

"Yes men, I would; you know Sam Jenkins. But I hope you won't need it. Stealin' babies ain't our regular business, and I don't like it much."

"It wuz right hard on the young

woman to lose her baby," said the one called Eph, "but we jes' had to have him."

"Yes, boys, hit wuz a necessity. Sally had to have a baby, an' the' didn't seem no other way to git it."

Again thanking his companions for their assistance, the burly mountaineer bade them good-night, and, carefully holding the stolen baby in his arms, made his way for several miles across the mountain. An abrupt turn in the path brought him to a small clearing upon the far side of which gleamed a light. Crossing this narrow patch he pushed open the door of his cabin. A light burned dimly on the table. Upon the bed a woman slept. Going quietly to the bed Jenkins touched her lightly on the face. She looked up at him with the meaningless stare of one whose mind is deranged by fever.

"Sally, here's yo' baby," he said gently, holding out the child to her; "yo' thought he wuz dead, but he wa'n't a' tall."

With a weak cry she raised up her arms for the child. For two days she did not allow it to be taken out of her sight. But the ravages of the fever had gone too far; it could be checked by no primitive method; so in spite of the baby Sally died.

When the neighbor women had set the house to rights they left Jenkins alone. He sat for a long time in deep thought; he was wondering what he would do with the baby.

"Hit wuz Sally's baby," he said at length, "an' now it's mine, an' I'll keep it."

He did so; and no mother ever cared more tenderly for her own babe than did he for the waif left so strangely on his hands. Every day he became more attached to the child, and the little fellow seemed to return this rough affection as best his baby nature could.

One evening as Jenkins was about



"An abrupt turn in the path brought him to a small clearing upon the far side of which gleamed a light."

to enter his cabin he ran against a man coming out. The intruder bore in his arms a suspicious looking bundle. Jenkin's laid his hand heavily on the stranger's collar.

"Gi' me that," he said in a voice that admitted of no delay.

The young man handed over his burden.

"Now looky here, young feller," continued the mountaineer, "air you the father o' this baby?"

"No," answered the disappointed detective; "but I'm the agent of its mother."

"Ne' mind that," said Jenkins; "sence yo' ain't the father o' the child I say 'at I am. Understand? Now git!"

And Mr. Adolph Burns did as he was bidden. But he had yet one card to play. He went across the mountain and took the sheriff into his confidence. So on a quiet Sunday morning a posse surrounded Jenkin's small clearing. Bursting open the door of the cabin, the sheriff entered only to find it deserted. A fire burned upon the hearth, and upon the bed, sleeping contentedly, was the baby. A bright thought struck the chagrined officer: he would take the child and advertise for its owner. Possibly the robber chief would come or send for it.

The following day circulars were scattered over the county announcing the finding of the baby. This announcement appeared also in the county paper, and by some chance was copied into a St. Louis daily. On the evening of that day the southbound Frisco train bore three people who were looking for a lost child—a motherly woman of doubtful age, a restless, blustery man, and a veiled lady who watched furtively the fussy individual a few seats in front of her. The interest of these people in each other increased when they all descended from

the train at a small village in the Ozarks. The man and the veiled woman hurried at once to the house of the sheriff.

The man spoke first.

"I've come for the baby," said he.

"Yas?" drawled the sheriff quizzically, while he scanned the man from head to foot.

"My name is Wade—Marcellus Wade of St. Louis. I'm the father of the child."

"Could yo' describe him?" asked the officer.

Mr. Wade gave a description that would have suited any male infant between the ages of four months and two years.

"Yas," said the sheriff doubtfully, "that 'pears to fit him right well. Sary," he called to someone in the adjoining room, "bring in the baby."

Mr. Wade attempted to take the baby from the girl who held it, but it set up a vigorous howl.

"Don't 'pear to know his father very well," said the sheriff with a laugh.

Mr. Wade made another attempt.

"Hold on! hold on!" interposed the officer. "Yo' may 'a' lost a baby, but this'n' ain't yourn; he b'longs to a lady in Dallas. But I reckon yo' better come along 'ith me and we'll talk about some'un else."

He laid his hand upon Mr. Wade's arm. The disowned father attempted to jerk away.

"Easy, now, easy," admonished the sheriff; "holdin' up trains and stealin' babies is a mighty oncertain business, as I reckon yo'll find out purty soon."

"Robbing trains! Stealing babies? What do you mean?"

"I mean 'at yo're arrested fer holdin' up the train and takin' the baby from its mother,"

"Me! Hold up the train! Steal the baby! It's—it's a lie!"

"Oh, sir, he didn't do it!" interpolated

the veiled lady; "he is the father of the baby."

Mr. Wade turned eagerly to this unexpected mediator.

"Helen!" he cried.

"Marcellus!" answered she.

The perplexed sheriff waited until the fervor of this sudden greeting had abated.

"I s'pose, ma'm, 'at yo're also some relation o' the baby?"

"Yes," she answered tearfully; "I'm his mother."

"Sho', now; the little feller seems to be purty well fixed for mothers. But I reckon' the father here'll have to come along 'ith me till this hold-up business is settled."

Later in the day the third claimant called upon the sheriff and stated her mission. On the night of November 11 a child had been stolen from Mt. Hope Infant's Home, of which she was matron. She described the child minutely; there was no possible doubt that the baby she had lost was the one in the sheriff's possession. That officer was puzzled; he sought counsel of the judge. After due deliberation they decided that the matter should be settled judicially. So word went out that on the following morning at nine o'clock "Cou't" was to be held over the baby.

Speculation was rife as to how the question of ownership would be settled, and when nine o'clock arrived the court-room was filled with interested spectators. The judge arose to call for order.

"It is the opinion of the cou't," he began, "that the' is no law or precedent to determine who is the owner of a baby. So in deciding this matter we shall have recou'se to an—ah—extra—legal method. The' don't seem to be any way to decide, except to leave it to the baby to say who he b'longs to."

Mr. and Mrs. Wade looked at each other in doubt at this unusual proposition. The audience noisily applauded in expression of its approval. When the room became quiet again the judge turned to the sheriff.

"Wilson, pass around the baby," he said.

Mrs. Marcellus Wade's turn came first. She extended her arms beseechingly toward the child, while her face assumed such a look of motherly pathos and pleading as should have won the heart of the most obdurate infant. But this hard-hearted youngster retreated into the protecting arms of the sheriff with a whimper of distrust. Mr. Wade was even less successful in establishing his parental claims. As soon as he looked at the baby it began to cry. A loud laugh went up from the spectators.

When the baby had somewhat regained its composure it was presented to Mrs. Blake. The gentle look upon her motherly face seemed to reassure him; he smiled through his tears and went to her without a protest. A burst of applause arose from the audience. "That's right!" "That's the one!" "He knows who he b'longs to!"

Mrs. Wade sobbed in despair at the ingratitude of her offspring, while her angry lord scowled by turns at the judge, the sheriff and the baby. When he had rapped loudly for order the judge arose to announce his decision.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "it seems that the baby knows who he b'longs to. I declare Mrs.—Mrs."

"Blake," prompted the sheriff.

"Mrs. Blake the rightful owner of the baby. If anybody knows any reason to the contrary, let him speak now, or—or—ah—forever keep silent."

He paused a moment to wait for objections. The spectators waited in eager silence. Then a buzz of excitement, starting at the rear of the room.

spread rapidly through the whole audience. A large bearded man was making his way to the front of the court-room.

"Jedge," he began with much embarrassment, "I do' want to mix things up more'n they air. Hit looks like the baby's got more fathers an' mothers'n he needs already. But Jedge"—there was a pathetic note in his voice in spite of its harshness—"that's my baby. Somebody stole it out'n my cabin last Sunday."

The judge was perplexed; the spectators listened breathlessly, uncertain what would happen next, while Mr. and Mrs. Wade seemed crushed beyond hope of recovery.

"Hit was my Sally's baby tell she died, an' now it's mine."

Sympathy began to veer over to the newcomer; his uncouth earnestness touched the hearts of his hearers. He drew nearer to the woman who held the baby and touched it upon the face. The little fellow looked up with a smile of recognition, then extending his little arms pathetically toward the rough mountaineer began to cry. Jenkins took the child in his arms, where it nestled down as if at last it had found a haven of refuge. With a single impulse the spectators rose to their feet, vociferously shouting their approval. "It's his'n!" "Co'se it's his'n!" "See how it goes to him!" "Co'se it's his baby!"

In the confusion of this new excitement no one had noticed the entrance of a large woman who pushed her way hurriedly through the noisy crowd to the front of the room where she took her stand directly in front of the judge.

"Where is the baby?" she asked in an imperative voice. The judge's face fell; here was a prospect of new complications.

"Where is that baby?" repeated the

stout lady with increased positiveness.

"Madam," said the judge, helplessly, "May I ask if you also are the mother of this infant?"

"No, I'm not!" gasped she, "I'm his aunt, Mrs. Amanda Curtain. But let me see the baby."

As she mentioned her name, Mr. and Mrs. Wade sprang to their feet with exclamations of surprise. They stared for a moment at the broad-fronted intruder, then simultaneously projected themselves into her capacious arms. The spectators looked on curiously, wondering what would come next.

"So you've made up the quarrel and both come after the baby, have you?" asked Mrs. Curtain at length. "An' to think that no-account nurse girl didn't come till last night to tell me about the robbers takin' the baby from her—said she was afraid to come. Then she showed me a notice she'd clipped from the paper, about a baby bein' found here, an' I just took the train an' come right on. But what's all this fuss about, and where is the baby?"

Mrs. Marcellus Wade was dangerously near another overflow. "Oh Amanda!" said she, "they—won't—let—me—have—my—baby!"

"No, sister," lugubriously reiterated Mr. Marcellus Wade, "they—won't—let—us—have—our—baby!"

"They? Who?" asked Mrs. Curtain desperately.

Mrs. Wade indicated indiscriminately the judge, the sheriff, and Jenkins, who still held the baby. The mountaineer had been growing more and more nervous ever since the entrance of the empathetic Amanda. Now he attempted to retreat behind the judge's chair, as if to crave the protection of the court, but the imperious sister-in-law discovered him. "What do you mean, sir, by takin' this woman's baby!" she exclaimed angrily;

then turning to the court, who was also becoming uneasy, she continued: "Is the' no law or justice in this state? What do you mean by lettin' this man take my sister's baby?"

"Madam," answered the judge apologetically, "we didn't know it was her baby."

"Didn't know! Why of course it's hers; anybody with a mite of sense could see that." Then thinking that a little explanation might make things clearer, she undertook to enlighten the court.

"About three months ago they had a quarrel over namin' the baby. She wanted to call him William, and he was determined it should be named Charles. She paused for a moment and Mrs. Wade took up the narrative.

"And I sent the baby to the Infants' Home to stay until he said I could have my way about the name. But someone took the baby and I didn't know what had become of him."

"I took the baby," explained Mr. Wade. "I intended to send him to my sister to keep till we could agree about the name. I found a nurse for him and started them to Dallas, but they never got there.

A look of relief came over the judge's face as he saw the complications that had puzzled him thus resolving themselves into a reasonable sequence. "Well," he said, turning to Jenkins,

"that seems to dispose of everybody but you."

Jenkins was wavering; he looked alternately at the stern visage of the sheriff and the rueful countenance of Mrs. Marcellus Wade. As the judge addressed him, the mother turned upon him her reproachful eyes. That finished the business for Jenkins. Reaching down he took the baby's little hand in his and pressed it for a moment to his bearded lips; then crossing over he laid the sleeping infant in its mother's arms.

"I guess it is yo' baby," he said. "We had one, wife and me, but it died, an' Sally wuz nigh crazy an' goin' on out of her head with fever, an' callin' all the time fer her baby, till at last I thought I'd have to fin' one. The boys said they'd help me, so me stopped the train and took the little feller—though 'twant no use." His voice for a moment became very soft; he looked down at the floor in an embarrassed manner. Then raising his head defiantly he looked at the sheriff. "But I ain't no train robber, an' I never would ha' stole no baby except—except fer Sally."

A wave of sympathy, half smiles, half tears, swept through the audience. The judge arose and cleared his throat noisily.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he said, if ever 'body is satisfied now who owns the baby, why the cou't'll stand adjourned."

A PRAYER

ACROSS the storm's wild front, thro' deserts pathless,
A seabird safely to his haven steers;
So may my soul, at length, unhurt and scathless,
Outwing its warring fears.

Frank Walcott Hutt

A MAIDEN FORTRESS

By Katharine H. Brown

"It is good to see you again," said Madame Besancon. She settled herself daintily into a piazza chair and leaned her handsome old head against the cushions. "I scarcely dare to tax you with queries."

"And yet I long to tax you with confidences," returned Schuyler.

He answered without turning to her, as though he could not take his eyes from the view before him. Far down, where the last pale green of the terrace melted into the paler blue of the sky, a cluster of tiny sail boats were putting out from shore. Above them burned the evening sky, a glory of rose and amethyst; below them gleamed the lake, a sea of shattered pearl. All the sweet air was full of murmurous sounds and balmy with the odors of the pine woods. It was a restful place for tired souls.

"I await those confidences," ventured Madame after a pause.

"Mackinac is such an improvement on New Orleans at this time of year that I had to enjoy it a moment," said Schuyler, turning with an apologetic bow. "Moreover, the confidences will not be pleasant."

"You did not succeed?"

"I did not; and I cannot see any way out of it for Lucie," he answered, his face clouding. "Look at it any way you will it is a miserable situation. I liked the little thing at first sight, and these four years I've been away I've thought and thought of her, and read her dear little stilted letters, and looked forward to having her with me as poor Victor's child—never dreamed of her as being my wife. You see it

didn't occur to me that she could be growing up. Those semi-annual letters didn't mature a particle; and now—"

He stopped and rose from his chair, bowing with his invariable deliberate courtesy to a young girl who appeared in the hotel doorway.

She returned his greeting with a smile, half-startled, yet very sweet. She paused a moment on the step, then crossed the piazza and leaned over Madame's chair.

"I am going for a walk, godmother, if you permit," she said. "Mrs. Lord and her daughter, and Mr. Stone and Mr. Adams have requested me." She dropped her lovely eyes under Schuyler's steady gaze and her color rose a little; but she went on in her precise, un-English manner: "We go to the town and return in an hour. Do you object?"

Madame forced a little laugh.

"Certainly not, Lucie, as Mrs. Lord is going; but—you ask me—why not beg permission of someone else?"

The girl glanced at Schuyler again; her lips quivered, and the blood flamed in her cheeks.

"Lucie knows that is a matter of jest," he said gently. "Do not tire yourself, my child; that is my request."

The girl gave him a strange glance, half gratitude, half question; then with a shy "I thank you both" she ran down the steps to join the group awaiting her.

Schuyler looked after her wistfully. "Isn't that young Stone with Lucie?" he asked. "On the left side—holding her parasol?"

"And young Adams on the other side, and Frederic Phillips trying to walk backward and talk to her at the same time," murmured Madame; "while you are left on the piazza to spend your weary hours with an ugly old woman! You, the husband—"

"Don't, Madame!" interrupted Schuyler. "I only wondered whether Lucie fancied Stone especially; that was all. He's a fine fellow. To return to what we were saying: Can you think of any means of settling this matter without publicity for—her?"

"Are you sure that she wishes to alter present arrangements?"

It was Schuyler's turn to color.

"She must be free to make her own decision; she is not even free to think for herself now."

"Lucie's property is safe at all events through your efforts," mused Madame.

"Yes, poor child; she has to thank me for that in addition to everything else."

"What is everything else, John Schuyler? You went through the form of marriage with your ward when she was fifteen to save her property. There was nothing else to do, for those Mexican lands would have escaped your best efforts had you not used your influence as an actual property holder to maintain them. You have doubled Lucie's property there and in France by devoting all your time to it. Lucie has repaid you by saying 'I will' upon one occasion, and by giving you her finger tips to kiss when you came up here two months ago to visit us. 'Poor child,' indeed!"

"It was the least I could do; she was Victor's bequest to me."

"And you and Victor Laurel were friends at college. Truly, you are medieval in your honor!"

Schuyler clinched his hands and

began pacing up and down the piazza.

"That is what distresses me," he said, "It seems disloyal for me to have married my charge; but her mother implored me to do it in her dying moments. She thought as I did—that it would be the merest form. We tried to arrange it so that as soon as the property was secured the marriage records could be disposed of; and Madame Laurel was the last of the race, and Lucie was so alone!"

"Lucie is grateful to you," said Madame slowly; "yet she is afraid of you and avoids you whenever she can. She does not understand men, and she cares for none of them—unless, perhaps, for young Stone. I fancy that I see a preference now and then. He and Phillips are both hopeless captives, as you have surely seen. But how is it with you? There is one more fair than Lucie?"

Schuyler frowned. "Nobody. But for Lucie, there must be someone else beside John Schuyler. That is the sticking place."

Madame arose, shaking out her white skirts.

"I must dress for dinner now. You were good to confide in me," she said, giving Schuyler her long, creole glance. "Do not take so much thought for the morrow. You should have left that odious habit in Mexico."

"I came back to it—and to more charming things—here," said Schuyler, bowing deeply as the stately old lady walked away. Left alone, he settled back into his chair and fell to thinking. Many a man, he reflected, with grim amusement, would be only too delighted with the position in which he found himself. He had at his command all the good genii that waited on health and riches; he was still a young man; and he had returned from four years of travel to be greeted by innumerable friends, and by—his wife.

His wife! Not the convent child in pinafore and ribboned braids, who had stood at his side and made her tremulous promises in order to comfort her dying mother and to secure her little property; but a deep-eyed young goddess, who looked at him as she might have looked at an ogre in her childish dreams; who would scarcely let him touch her hand in greeting, and who begged him in a piteous little note "to please arrange things so that I may be just Lucie Laurel, as I ought to be."

He had tried his best to grant her wish. He had but just returned from New Orleans, where he had examined the records and had interviewed the priest who had performed the ceremony. Yes, the records were there. Might the marriage be annulled? Never! did he not know the rules of the Holy Church? Not even if the annulling thereof meant the erection of a chapel—two chapels—and the maintenance of various missions? Schuyler's hereditary Presbyterian conscience squirmed at that, but the priest's eye remained unclouded. Or might there be a—ah—dispensation? For cause, yes. But only under certain circumstances—. And the end was that Schuyler turned away from the stuffy chapel, and came back to Lucie and the Grand Hotel with a hopeless report for her, and a great unreasoning hope tugging at his heart.

"I have done my best to have our—that ceremony annulled," he said, meeting her alone in the corridor that morning. "The priest down there has promised to open communication with Rome about it. Until he reports to me, there is nothing else to be done. No one here knows of the matter; we are supposed to be as we really are, only friends stopping at the same hotel. So you will continue to be known by your maiden name, which you will soon bear in truth, if I can

manage it. I want you to be perfectly free, my little ward."

"And you?" she said looking up at him.

"I shall continue to be your devoted admirer, as well as your guardian," he answered, kissing her hand.

"I ought to go away," he thought to himself, as he sat watching the shadows lengthen over the terrace. "I knew it would come sometime. Here I am, nearly forty, and—but I don't know how to do it. As her guardian, I have a right to stay; as the man whom she fears and dislikes, can I remain to make Victor's child unhappy?"

There was no comfort to be found in meditation. He flung himself out of his chair at last and hurried down the terrace, where he met Lucie and young Stone returning from their walk. Lucie's eyes were dilated and full of light; the sunset glow, touching her ruffled hair, brought pale golden sparkles into it; she looked up at Schuyler with an exquisite shy glance of greeting that brought the blood to his heart. Behind her towered Dick Stone, tall as her guardian, vigorous and handsome. At sight of him, Schuyler realized why he had recently come to abhor prepossessing young athletes with black hair.

"He will be asking my consent to speak to her in a day or so, I suppose," thought Schuyler, as he watched Dick at Lucie's elbow. "And what can I make myself tell him? It will be unjust to Lucie if I tell him of this document marriage of ours; it will be unfair to him if I keep silence."

A few days later, Schuyler, yielding to a sudden impulse, asked Lucie to walk with him. She went with him willingly enough, as simply as she would have gone with any other acquaintance; but when they were out of sight of the hotel, deep in the spicy woods, the pine boughs gossiping above

their heads, the water whispering to the pebbles far below, their own conversation languished. Schuyler looked at Lucie now and then; a mother looks so at her child, when some haunting dread for it oppresses her heart. Lucie stopped occasionally to pick a fern or a daisy. She held her beautiful head high, the blue of her eyes sparkled like the blue of the lake below, she walked as hope herself might do. To the man she was the incarnation of spring.

Finally Schuyler spoke. He had a heavy duty before him; manlike, he performed it as clumsily as possible. "Lucie," he said, "I want to talk to you about young Stone."

Lucie paled, then flushed, then paled again. He saw the hand that held the flowers tremble.

"You are my ward, so I have to say this," he went on, groping for his words. "He's very much in love with you, anyone can see. I don't want you to encourage him, unless—unless you want to," he finished, helplessly.

Lucie looked at him steadily. "And then—"

"And then, in such a case, we must hurry that separation. It cannot be brought about, though, for some months. And he ought to know the circumstances."

"You need not tell him yet," said Lucie. The color was coming back to her face. She walked on very slowly at his side, but there was that in her manner which forbade further speech. Presently she stopped, and signalled with her parasol to a little boat creeping up to the shore below.

"It's Fred Phillips with my gloves; he went over to St. Ignace to get a pair for me to wear to-night," she explained. "I wish he'd leave the skiff and come up here."

"We might go down to him instead, and go back to the hotel by the beach walk," suggested Schuyler. "Then—

but that isn't Phillips. That is Dick Stone."

It was Dick Stone. He leaped from the boat and began waving his arms in wild invitation. Around the bend came another boat; Schuyler easily made out Mrs. Lord and her daughter with young Adams.

"They want me to come down and row over to St. Ignace," cried Lucie. "Oh, may I please go? I so love to go there." She waved a gracious hand to Stone, who was already scrambling up the narrow path to meet her.

It was a cruelly direct answer to his query of a moment before. Schuyler's face did not change. "Surely I will excuse you," he said; and he led her down the hill till they reached young Stone's eager aid. Then he retraced his steps to the woods, and walked home beside a sea that had suddenly turned from gold to gray.

"We're going to circumnavigate the island," said Stone, in answer to Lucie's eager questions. "You and I are the flag-ship; you can be admiral and I'll be head stoker. Those people are the merchant marine," and he waved his hand toward the heavier boat behind them.

Lucie settled herself in the stern and watched the line of foam behind the boat. She was very still.

Presently the boat grated on shore, and she turned about with a little cry. "Why, M'sieu Stone, what's the matter? Where are we?"

Dick beamed back at her. "A mile below St. Ignace," he returned. "Didn't you see my little scheme? The others have gone ashore, and we'll wait here and watch them start back, and then cross over and beat them. It will be no end of fun."

Lucie was a little shocked. "But it's growing late and cool, and just see those clouds! We should not have come."

Dick's face fell. "I thought it would be a joke," he said dismally. "And you were so busy day dreaming! Besides it's good enough for the others, for not watching us."

"But we must go back now," urged Lucie. "Change seats and let me row. Then, when we are half-way over, we can change again."

Stone consented, and in a few moments they were well out from shore, Lucie rowing with long, practiced strokes. Half way across a cloud swept over the sun, and Lucie, glancing up, felt a drop of rain on her cheek.

"It's going to storm," she said. "We'd better change seats."

They did so, hastily and clumsily. As Dick regained his place, the left oar, balanced on the side of the boat, slid over the edge and floated away.

"Oh the oar!" cried Lucie, and she sprang to catch it. It slipped beyond her reach just as the boat began to rock under a suddenly rising sea. Dick clutched the remaining oar.

"Do what you can with the rudder," he commanded. "I'll paddle with this, and maybe—"

He did not finish the sentence. A wave lifted the boat and tossed it far to one side, then before he could right it, another and yet another swept it out of its course. Lucie tugged at the rudder with all her strength; Dick, with rising veins and tense muscles, fought his way through the swiftly roughening water till they were within a few rods of the island beach. Then, as he struggled with a still larger wave, there was a snap, the oar broke in two; a moment later the boat had pitched over, and Dick was swimming for dear life, helping Lucie with one arm as he went.

Lucie was a good swimmer and was little strain upon him; but when they finally reached shallow water and knew

that they were safe, she was so exhausted that she could scarcely hold herself erect. But her inborn pluck did not desert her; she wrung the water from her skirts and started with wavering steps down the beach toward the hotel.

The rain drove in icy sheets against their faces, the thunder crashed around them. Between the darkness and the rain they could scarcely see a yard ahead. Dick urged Lucie to let him aid her, but she stubbornly refused and stumbled along beside him, her lips set tight together, her eyes filled with tears. She was nearly fainting with fright and chill.

At last she dropped down beside the road and bade Dick look ahead and see if they were near the hotel.

"I couldn't see it if I'd run into it," he said gently. "Won't you try to go a little further?"

Lucie rose and staggered on. She did not notice his offered arm.

"The rain is changing to sleet," said Dick presently. "No, it's hail; we've got to get out of this."

He helped her up a little slope and they sat down under a low fir tree which shielded them in part from the storm.

Dick felt himself growing strangely tired. His heart beat in long, uncertain strokes, his head whirled and ached. Presently Lucie gave a little moan. He leaned toward her and took one little cold hand.

"We'll be home pretty soon," he said dully. "Do you want anything?"

Lucie tore her hand away and broke into long, terrible sobs. Dick roused himself at last and dragged himself to his feet.

"I must get you home some way," he gasped. "I'll find the way, I think; I'll do anything you say, Lucie."

"Oh, I don't want you, I don't want you," wailed poor Lucie. "I don't

want anybody but John! I want—my husband!"

Dick sat down again beside her. The darkness about him flamed with circling lights and throbbed with sound. He did not try to speak again. He was dimly conscious of another sound—the rattle of wheels on the pebbles below. Then he saw Phillips lift Lucie into a carriage, and felt someone supporting him. After that everything sank into darkness again.

It was late the next afternoon when Dick awoke to full consciousness. It took him some minutes to connect himself with outside affairs.

The room was cool and shaded, full of flowers and gratefully quiet. John Schuyler sat at the bedside, watching him. There was an infinite kindness in his deep eyes. Dick recognized the glance, and smiled back at him weakly.

"You have rested well," said Schuyler. "I've been with you most of the afternoon, and you have scarcely moved during that time. Lucie is all right," answering Dick's unspoken question. "I am here for her as well as for myself."

Dick felt that something more was coming. He braced himself mentally.

"I am going to ask you a question," Schuyler went on. "As you probably know, I am Lucie's guardian. As her guardian, I ask you, do you want to marry her?"

Dick winced. "I'm afraid I do."

Schuyler looked away. "I thought so," he said, drawing a long breath. "Have you spoken to her?"

"No."

"I have something to tell you then. Lucie and I—"

Dick interrupted him. "You needn't. I know. Madame Besancon told me. She thought she ought to. And she said it would be all right. And I—I couldn't love her any more than I do now."

His voice broke piteously, but Schuyler did not look up. "Now, though, I can't."

"What do you mean?"

Dick turned his head away on the pillow. His next words came with a cruel effort. "Because she likes some one else, she told me so herself. You ought to know who."

Schuyler put his hand over Dick's shaking fingers and gave them a hard grip. Then he went quietly out of the room.

It was a little brutal of fate to give this last turn to the screw. He had nerved himself to give Lucie up to Stone; now he would have to force himself to give her up to someone else, Phillips probably, or else young Adams; neither of them worthy of comparison with Stone. He would better go away and let Madame Besancon manage these things. There must be no blunder about this matter, for Lucie's happiness was at stake. Lucie's happiness! Why must it ever be his misery?

At the head of the stairs he met Madame Besancon.

"Have you seen a ghost, John Schuyler?" she cried. "What a ghost you are yourself! Go to the sitting-room, and see Lucie. She has been asking for you all the afternoon."

She pushed him inside the sitting-room door, and ran lightly away down the stairs.

Lucie sat in a great chair by the window. She was very white, and there were pathetic shadows under her dark eyes. She did not move when Schuyler leaned over her and took her hand.

"You are not well yet, my little girl," he said. "We must get you down for a drive this afternoon, if Madame permits."

"Mr. Phillips asked Madame if I might go this evening, and she said

no," returned Lucie. "I should like to though."

She looked away from him, but he could see the tears rising in her eyes.

So it was Phillips! Schuyler looked at her keenly. "I have just been to see Stone," he said. "Lucie, do you remember what we were talking of yesterday?"

"Oh, I wish you would leave me alone," gasped Lucie. She hid her face in her hands and lay back trembling in her chair.

"I don't want to distress you; but I want you to tell me if I can do anything, Lucie. I'm doing my best to get the ceremony annulled—I wrote them again to-day—and though you must be patient for a little, you will surely have happiness then. Won't you tell me who it is you care for, my little girl? Surely I may know."

Lucie controlled herself with a breathless effort. "I shall never tell you."

"Lucie, if you would only let me help and comfort you! When you know—you must know—that I love you better than my life!"

Lucie looked up at him. "But you do not."

"But I do!" cried Schuyler. He caught her hands in his. He was no longer the collected, quiet gentleman. "I love you as I've loved you always.

I'm losing my own hopes of life in trying to give you happiness. I—"

Lucie pulled her hands away and stood up, looking him straight in the eyes. "Then," she said, "why need you ask whom I love?"

"Lucie!" gasped Schuyler. He put his arms about her, then lifted her face to look at it. "That you could care for me!" he whispered. "Why, Lucie, it can't be!"

"You were so stupid," she whispered back. "I always did—since I was just a little girl. I kept your letters; I wore them to rags reading them. I have your photograph; I loved it, too. And then when you came this summer and didn't want me—"

"But I did—the moment I saw you!" he cried. "You see, a man can't make love—"

"Not to his own wife?"

"Oh, Lucie! To think of it! Well, I did—as much as I dared. You would have thought I was trying to intimidate you into pretending you liked me."

Lucie hid her face on his arm. "That is what I wanted—to be intimidated," she whispered. "Can't you be a little ferocious now—ride your horse over the drawbridge, and wave your sword, and so on?"

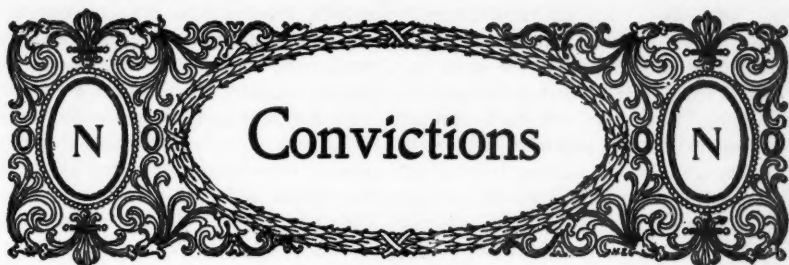
Schuyler drew her closer to him.

"Not when the castle has surrendered," he said.

THE CHIEFEST GIFT

LOVE, Fame, or Wealth—were either mine for choosing:
Think you that I would long debate?
Possessing Love, I'd laugh at Fate confusing—
And tread Life's thorn-strewn path with soul elate.

O. S. Borne



Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE QUEEN'S ARGUMENT

THE strongest argument to be advanced in favor of women's political rights is found in the life of the English queens, Victoria and Elizabeth. If two women can place their terms of monarchial and constitutional government at the head and front of all other ruling periods in England, by reason of superior advancement in most branches of prosperity and progress, it would seem reasonable to suppose the female sex not limited in political capability as much as in political opportunity.

A just and beneficent ruler must, in the first place, be wise, not with the wisdom of ages, but with that wisdom gathered into a strong, just nature by hands stretched out, one in the direction of God, the other toward humanity. The Elizabethan and Victorian ages mark periods indicative of these rulers' leading characteristics. Both queens sought and encouraged mental development; both aspired towards an ideal of womanhood; each chose wise counsel at those points where she felt her own weakness; in short, each was wise. If two women can be so constituted why not more? All kings have not ornamented their sex in the capacity of rulers, and still the male genius for authority goes undoubted. The

new king of England will, if he shows himself equal to his responsibilities, rule ably, partially at least, by reason of his inheritance from a woman. It is a current belief that, with a few exceptions, great men have been born of particularly wise and capable women. Would not these mothers of heroes have been heroines given exactly similar opportunities as their sons?

The higher the development of the human soul the less differentiation of sex is apparent in it. The better qualities of both male and female are required in the modeling of a perfected humanity.

Many of the admirable characteristics of the average man are acquired more by way of his hereditary experience, through the liberal education of his father and grandfathers, than by his personal powers. Very little can be said in praise of Queen Victoria's physical or spiritual inheritance; and still it would seem that in her creation there was struck the perfect balance of sexes calculated to produce an inestimable power for good, once given the reins of government. Conscience was ever a strong factor in her personal administration.

It is a curious fact, in view of the prevailing sentiment, that in nearly every family it is the mother who

rears and governs the children. Seldom does the male parent exercise more than momentary authority over his offspring. All mothers are not equal to the task set them, but an astonishing proportion of women are equal, considering their total lack of previous education for such duties.

Queen Victoria, again I urge, was and is a silent pleader at the bar for women's rights politically. No proposition is worthy attention unless it can be conclusively demonstrated. The western enthusiast in the temperance cause fails utterly to convince anyone either of a necessity for sobriety, when she follows out the principle of mob law by demolishing saloons forcibly, or of woman's right to public control; but a woman ruler, who, after fifty years of sovereignty, dies, leaving a world inhabited by millions of souls lamenting her loss politically and privately, hands down to all women a noble assurance of their own possibilities.

A PLEA FOR THE LION

THE roar of a lion and the bray of an ass are not always easily detected one from another in a drawing room. These sounds bear similar traces of the vowel, I! I! I! and Hear me! I! I! I! In both calls there may be heard the tiresome insistence upon personal attention native to the ass; generally acquired in the lion. There is a law of acoustics demonstrating that we never hear our own voices exactly as they sound to the listener. One way there is of fairly estimating our own vocal qualities; by placing our hands behind our ears, and so receive the sound back again with at least moderate correctness. The ass was provided with sufficient ear to admit of a satisfactory performance of this experiment, but his brains are dyed in self-satisfaction, and although

the size of his ears fully warrant a belief in their original admonitory purpose, he outgrows them day by day.

Now for the lion, who is generally endowed with more brains than ears, and who, in the first steps toward greatness, seldom fails to use his sounding boards more or less effectively. His plea for forgiveness later is based upon initiatory unwillingness to sound like an ass; it was not voluntarily he changed his voice. When he accidentally hears himself his soul blushes. The greater the man the less tragedy or farce does he make of his own greatness; but it is scarcely in human nature not to turn ones head at the sound of ones own name. The actually great turns his head once, then fastens his gaze upon some object in front of him. It is looking back that makes men stumble. At the first call he is not blameworthy, but at the second or third rattle of empty voices he is entirely responsible for the position of his own head and ears. It is no unworthy sign among people, this running after the society of lions; calling them back from their legitimate employment by every device of the flesh and the devil; indeed, chasing celebrities is by far a more worthy object in life than chasing bargains, although in the long run one may be mistaken for the other. Often times the celebrity is weighed down by the yawns he carries up his sleeve, and needs must keep there for professional reasons. I once heard a celebrity say: "If my profession merely implied work I should find Paradise in it—but, worse luck! success means an unending pull-on social strings, and therein lies humiliation."

A man who writes a successful book or play is no enviable lion. Perchance, sitting pen in hand with time at his command, he has produced clever or valuable ideas; then when he

goes to dine, sup or take tea with his admirers, every one hangs upon his words, expecting book talks from him something akin to the Dolly Dialogues. This verges upon a suicidal position, because, feeling the demand upon his wit, he tries to fill it—to his downfall.

But the lion is not to blame for inability at repartee; a man might girdle the earth, or rule a country wisely, or evolve a Darwinian theory and still experience no great flash of wit. Friends, you expect too much from your lions! Ask them to come and sit enthroned in a corner where worshippers may pass by affectionately, each being presented by the author with an autograph copy of an original taking bit of persiflage—just to show his possibilities, and thus ensure less braying in your drawing rooms.

THE CRITIC

THE critic is the most Indispensable factor known to progress. Without him complacency would bring the world into a state of lamentable indigestion. But the province of the critic is not in our time so high as it once was, for the reason that every man and woman aspires, with modern assurance, to be one, having no conception of the training necessary in this profession of criticism. It was Thomas Carlisle who repeatedly and intelligently assured his readers how easy it is to pick out flaws, how difficult to find perfections. The amateur critic fancies himself professional and competent when he can detect very palpable faults in a play, a book or a musical performance; whereas the vital faults underlying the productions—faults that deprive it of actual merit or promise for the creator's future—entirely escape his superficial criticism, which hits small nails on the head, leaving great nails untouched.

No professional critic is infallible; not even the most experienced of them, conscience well in hand, can invariably rise above his own human prejudices. In this feeling of prejudice lies the weakness of all critical judgment, amateur or professional. Verily, only a god among men should properly sit in judgment; but it is fair for me to suppose that a man or woman who has devoted a lifetime to any given subject knows more about the subject than I do; and setting aside his and her personal prejudices, which always obtrude themselves warningly, their opinions are worth my fairest-minded attention, if only that I may learn something thereby. In any country where the professional critic is a considerable personage good taste is very generally noticeable. Discrimination has there been cultivated by listening to experienced minds express themselves from beneath a high standard. What we need in America is an increase of capable criticism born within the bosom of the family, so to speak.

This you call patronizing, which brings you to stamp your feet and snort, but does not for one moment urge you to investigate the assertion that the higher your taste aspires the greater degree of pleasure you will enjoy. You reply, "We go to be amused." That is all very well if you wish to limit yourself thus; but at the same time if you would insist that a comedian amuse you decently and in order, that he tickle your better senses instead of your worst, the after-taste in your mouth will be sweeter, and the stage stand for more wholesome joy than it does at present in America. The stage and literature of every country constitute an historical mirror reflecting the taste and manners of its people. We must look to our own reflection lest it write us down peacocks.



ON BOSTON COMMON

ON Boston Common they met one day:

The maid was young and fair—
With the blue of violets in her eyes,
A glint of gold in her hair.

She wore a jacket of costly fur—

A hat with plumes on the crown:
She looked very dainty and debonair
In her stylish, clinging gown.

And he? I knew he was far too free—
I knew he was rough and bold.

Across the Common I saw him come,
And shivered with dread and cold.

He caught the girl in his rough embrace,

And he tossed her here and there.
She lost her breath, her hat, and the pins

That fastened her golden hair.

Then on he sped; but I'll not forget
The meeting I chanced to see

On Boston Common between that maid
And the wind so wild and free.

Jaen Flower

STREET-CAR AMENITIES

"**A**H," said Perky, as we entered the car, homeward bound, "umbrella in my hand, umbrella rack above my head. Here's where I act."

He spoke to me, but so loudly and breezily as to attract the attention of

every one in the car. I did not guess his meaning, nor did the other passengers, until we saw him carefully and seriously thrust the ends of his umbrella through two of the leather loops that hung down from a rod in the top of the car. Several mouths were compressed to hide a smile at his foolery, while others opened widely with astonishment. This was what he wanted, so he was prepared when the conductor advanced upon him.

"Say, young fellow, what are you tryin' to make—a trapeze? That aint' no umbrella rack."

"It isn't? Hear that, would you! This isn't an umbrella rack? Why, my dear uniformed sir, you are uninformed. By the holly mit in winter time, if it isn't it ought to be. We'll leave it there, anyway. Every car should have an umbrella rack."

"Can't leave it there," insisted the conductor, whose suspicion that he was being made a fool of was allayed by Perky's good acting. "This car will soon be crowded, and every strap will be needed to—"

"To hold up the passengers," Perky interrupted. "Say it, say it! That's what you were going to say. Whoever heard of a street car company that didn't have some good way of holding up their passengers. No, sir:



E

ACH year the mad March hare
must show

Some reason why he's feeling so.

This year he's filled with mad despair

Because he's not a Belgian hare.

I refuse to be an accomplice in a hold-up."

The conductor was about to forcibly eject Perky from the car for his brass and gall when I played my little part in the regular evening program.

"Don't mind him; he's a little off," I whispered, and made Perky take a seat beside me. But as the conductor

passed on Perky called out: "We'll argue the matter further when you have more time."

I told him to shut up, which he did for a very few moments; then he began again to me.

"No umbrella racks; think of it! Why, the principal revenue from some transportation companies comes from

the sale of uncalled-for umbrellas. How can they expect me to leave an umbrella if I have to hold it in my hand, with no place to leave it?"

With practised seriousness I said I didn't know, and asked him again to keep still.

As we progressed the car steadily filled until every strap but the two occupied by Perky's umbrella was creaking under the weight of a man. More people entered, and the conductor came once more to Perky.

"Say, you'll have to pay two extra fares for the straps or take the umbrella down."

"Not on your life; that umbrella is under the age limit—it's only one week old—it rides free. It's a dead open and shut."

What might have been a serious argument was cut short by a bad lurch in the car, which sent a pretty young lady, who had just entered, "shooting the chutes" for Perky's lap.

"B—beg your pardon," said Perky, disentangling her arms from his coat pockets, and trying to keep her fingers from carrying away his eyes as souvenirs; "you're probably after this seat. It's yours; I'll get up and perform a little on this trapeze above us."

Of course she thanked him, and blushed, and looked at his shoes because they were so far removed from his eyes. It seemed to me that Perky was tempted to give up his joking and act decently because of her, but he soon began again in the same old strain.

"It was a great pleasure to yield my seat to you; in fact, the seat nearly yielded itself when we came in contact. If it had, my coat tails would now be acting as m d-guards for the trucks beneath us. But that is purely a fault of the car-builders, I assure you. Any good seat ought to be built to hold two people; don't you think

so? I—I mean don't you think any two people ought to be able to — That is, don't you think it's nice the way they heat these cars in winter time?"

Every one in the car was looking at Perkyswaying back and forth with the motion of the car, his two hands grasping firmly the umbrella above his head, and wondering what sort of a jabbering idiot he was.

The young lady gave him a cautious look and smiled to herself. She knew his case to be no worse than a severe attack of the "jollies," and she didn't say anything. Perky took in the glance she gave him, and decided to make me bear the brunt of his conversation, knowing full well that she would be a willing listener, as were all the people in the car.

Perky has discovered that some girls are only to be interested in that manner, so he released one hand and run it over his brow in thought. Then he turned to me.

"Have you got my copy of Shakespeare? You know who I mean—that fellow who first discovered how to swear successfully in print."



We got out of that car safely, but Perky will meet the fool-killer some day, or some man who will attend to the extra business of that utterly overworked discourager of abnormal smartness.

Flynn Wayne

FIRELIGHT FANCIES

WHILE the flickering firelight dances
On my lonely hearth to-night
Comes a flood of memory-fancies,
Setting care and pain to flight;
And I dream with tender musing
Of my childhood on the farm—
Of that rainbow-hued and joyous
Time of childhood on the farm.

Now the shining eyes of loved ones
Smile back at me from the flames,
While the echo of their laughter
Wakens memories of the games
That we played in happy childhood
As we roamed about the farm—
In that distance-dimmed and joyous
Time of childhood on the farm.

And the air seems heavy laden
With the scented breath of flowers
Growing wild upon the hillside
Where I dreamed away the hours
Of the drowsy, happy summers
Of my childhood on the farm—
In that heaven-sent and peaceful
Time of childhood on the farm.

Maitland LeRoy Osborne

THE JOKE ON JONES

BY vocation "Reggie" Jones is a drummer; by avocation he used to be a practical joker; but since Fate took a hand and played on him a freakish trick Jones has resigned the role of humorist.

In explanation of his mistake it may be said that Reginald had been on the road almost continuously since the advent of Reginald Jones, Jr., and had

caught but few and fleeting glances at that young man. Still, every father ought to have at least a cursory acquaintance with his first-born; enough at least for purposes of identification.

The way of it was this: Jones reached home one night after a six weeks' absence, and arranged with his wife to spend the next day at the State Fair. Unfortunately, Bridget's mother chose that day to fall sick and send for Bridget. Jones, man-like, stamped around a bit while his wife thought of a way out of the difficulty.

"I have it, Reggie: we'll take baby to that nice place on the Fair grounds where they keep children for the day. It's just as clean and lovely as it can be," she said with decision.

"All right; the baby farm goes, young man," cried Jones, light-heartedly, and never guessed as he picked his heir up that he was rushing on Fate.

"Reggie" checked the baby as he would have done a valise, and promptly forgot about him for the rest of the day. Toward evening Mrs. Jones became tired and suggested they go home. Jones volunteered rashly to bring the baby while she rested where she was.

Note how steadily Nemesis pursued the unhappy man.

Arrived at the "baby farm" he discovered, after a vain search through all his pockets, that he had lost his check. Naturally, the woman refused to deliver the valise—the baby, I mean. Jones explained, blustered and pleaded in vain. Finally, in a rage he went off to find the manager of the Fair to identify him. The identification completed, Jones was admitted to the sacred precincts to pick his baby from among a hundred others.

With light-hearted jauntiness and sundry pointed sarcasms at the matron Jones picked his way through "Young

America" in a search for the very finest baby on earth. There were

*Babies to right of him,
Babies to left of him,
Babies in front of him!*

In fact, there were babies galore. It seemed to him that this must be the day they gave babies away with a half a pound of tea. He was beginning to realize that all babies looked alike to him when he caught sight of a baby with a blue ribbon round its neck. Reginald, Jr., wore a blue ribbon somewhere. This baby wore a blue ribbon; therefore this baby was Reginald, Jr. There is a fallacy in the deduction, but Jones in his haste did not note it. The glad parent swooped down on the young one and tossed it high in air.

"Well, Reggie, old man, do you know your dad?" he asked.

"But this is a girl."

The words fell chilly on his exultation, and he detected rising suspicion in the even voice of the matron. It dawned on him that he was lost—lost in a sea of babies—and that he did not have the slightest notion which was his. Manifestly the sane thing to do would have been to return to his wife and humbly admit that he was at fault. But Jones felt he would have died rather than confess himself defeated to that intolerably calm woman at his side; besides, his wife would joke him about it for the term of his natural life. No; at all costs he must not return without the baby.

At this moment his evil genius again interfered. A gurgling youngster with a blue ribbon round his neck stretched forth little hands to him and cried, "Da-da-da."

Eureka! Jones mopped his brow and heaved a deep sigh of relief. Reginald, Jr., had identified himself!

"Are you sure this one is yours?" asked the sarcastic voice at his side.

"Oh, I guess so; I ought to know my own boy," returned Jones haughtily.

He did not feel so sure as he might, but he was not going to let her know it.

"Yes, you ought to know," she returned. "But I have my doubts whether you do. A drunken man ought not to have a son."

Once outside the house Jones began to harass himself with doubts. Mostly he had seen the baby when it was asleep; and everybody knows that a baby asleep and the same baby awake are two very different animals. But whatever doubts Jones might have had were lulled to rest by the familiar manner in which the infant made himself at home with Jones' whiskers. He tore them with an air of proprietorship that surely no alien baby would assume.

"Hey there, where yer goin'?"

Jones found himself abruptly brought up by the crook of a walking stick wound around his neck. When he recovered from the jar Jones noticed that at the other end of the stick was a horny fist, which he recognized as belonging to Teddy O'Brien, champion light-weight pugilist of the state.

"Wot t'ell yer doin' with my kid?" inquired that gentleman ferociously, while Mrs. O'Brien indignantly snatched the youngster from among the whiskers.

"I—I thought it was mine," explained Jones with an attempt at a smile.

"Aw! What yer givin' us?" cried Mr. O'Brien contemptuously.

"It looked like mine," replied the unhappy man.

"You makin' a collection of kids that look like yours?" asked the incensed light-weight sarcastically.

A crowd had gathered to hear the matter settled, and it applauded Teddy's shot with vehemence.

"Guess he's lunny," continued the professional man.

The crowd grew larger and larger. Some gamin struck up,

*"O tell me, Horace Greeley,
Does yer mother know yer out?"*

Jones was not enjoying himself. He would have given fifty dollars to be away by himself, alone with nature, where babies and light-weight pugilists were an unknown quantity. Solitude and peace seemed at that moment the two things most to be coveted on earth. Unfortunately he lost his head at this point. Instead of facing the music, he endeavored to break away in the crowd.

Then Teddy O'Brien, light-weight pugilist, followed the natural bent of his nature. He made one step forward, shot out a straight left, and caught Jones on the jaw.

For a time Jones did not take any particular interest in life. When he came to himself Teddy O'Brien was explaining the situation with labored politeness to Mrs. Jones, who was embracing her unfortunate husband.

"It's on me, ma'am. I took him for one o' these here kid stealers, kid-nappers they call 'em. I didn't suppose any man was such a flat as not to know his own kid. But it takes all kinds to make a world. Sorry it happened, 'm sure, ma'am."

"O go away, you horrid brute," screamed Mrs. Jones.

"Cer'nly, ma'am. Just goin'. Don't blame yer a bit for feelin' that way about it. But don't yer worry over him. He's all right. Lord, I've knocked out dozens that way. I know

when they're hurt," said Teddy good naturedly.

Only on rare occasions does Mrs. Jones refer to this episode in her husband's life, and then he hangs out the danger signal so promptly that Mrs. Jones immediately desists. But the drummers on the road are not so considerate. When Jones boards a train now his friends feel it their duty to warn ladies to keep a careful eye on their children.

"He is quite harmless," they explain, "but he has a mania for collecting children

that look like his."

Then Jones uses profanity. He says he does not see the joke. Perhaps it is not to be expected that he would.

William MacLeod Raine



THE IGNORING OF DOLLY

VERY like twins those two old houses are, each standing on the edge of its own domain with only the road between, for their occupants have long been friends, and years ago they built

these houses beneath the great old oaks to shelter themselves and their descendants, and to grow old and gray under the hot touch of the Southern sunshine and the drip of the Southern rain. It angered me this morning that they looked so much alike, for Dolly lives in that other house, and we had quarreled the evening before.

It was not our first quarrel. In fact, we have been quarreling, more or less, ever since we were tiny children. But we vowed—both of us—that it should be our last; for we were resolved after this to ignore each other henceforward forever. So that was what I was doing there—I was waiting for Dolly to come out so that I might ignore her.

She came in a little while into her garden, just as I knew she would, for the June roses were in bloom, and Dolly delights in roses. Her new gown, of some flimsy, clinging stuff, became her well, and it was a pretty picture that she made as she stood there amid the opening blossoms, listening to the bird songs and the monotonous droning of the industrious bees. Once she stooped to pluck a flower, and as she arose she cast a roguish glance in my direction. She was trying to tantalize me, I thought, so I went out into the road—just to show her how little I cared. When I reached her garden fence I stopped, for a bluejay that I had been watching had alighted on a trellis in the garden to see if the grapes were ripening, and I wished to obtain his opinion. Quite incidentally this brought me into Dolly's immediate neighborhood. While standing there I remembered that once when we were children I had kissed Dolly through the cracks of this fence, and it made me feel uncomfortable to think how extremely unlikely it was that I should ever kiss Dolly again.

When she looked at me again and I

had bowed coldly, she pretended that she had not seen me before in all this time, and laughed and said innocently:

"Won't you come in, Dick, and see my new gown? And you'd better stay for breakfast. We've strawberries, and you *know* you like 'em."

Now, I do like strawberries but I like Dolly better, and was resolved to ignore her according to agreement. So I refused flatly, and told her to come down to the fence. She took her own time about it, but she did come after a while, holding up the skirts of her gown and pushing aside the morning glory vines that obstructed her path.

"What do you want, Dick?" she asked, as sweetly as if she had never been angry in all her life.

It occurred to me that just then I wanted Dolly more than anything else in the whole world, and I told her so. She caught her breath rather quickly, I thought, and seemed a little confused, but she rallied in a moment.

"I'd be a lot of trouble, Dick," she remarked, laughing mischievously, "and a wife is an expensive luxury."

"Not at all," I answered quickly. "Brides are *given* away!"

She reflected a moment. "That's true;" she said demurely, "but are you sure that the men are not *sold*?"

I could have answered the question, but I preferred to kiss her, and I did so—over the fence this time, instead of between the pickets. Then some one laughed, and, looking behind me, I saw her father, there where Dolly had known him to be all the while.

Dolly says I stammered fearfully, but I managed finally to tell him that I wished to marry Dolly if he would allow it.

He bit his lips, I think to keep from laughing again. "Tut, tut, tut," he said severely. "Come in to breakfast, both of you!"

E. Crayton McCants



"Musket and Sword"

All literature that pertains to our Civil War is of vital interest to us as a people, but in "Musket and Sword," by Edwin C. Bennett, we have a unique work, for it is a story with careful and minute detail of important events, written in a pleasing and direct style, and from the point of view of a man who served his country as private and through bravery and faithfulness advanced to the proud position and rank of brevetted lieutenant colonel. Mr. Bennett traces the course of events with a singularly calm, wise judgment, and pays a generous tribute to the Southern soldier that is very agreeable to the Northern reader. One realizes the truth of the oft-repeated saying that the bitter sectional feeling was not among the men at the front, but rather among those at home. Another strong point in the book is the bringing out of the fact that the volunteer army is the strong one, because men think and go into action with intelligent ideas of the justice of the cause for which they do battle. Loyal, fearless, honest and with the highest patriotic sentiments, Mr. Bennett is not led away by false ideas of duty, and war has for him the

horrors that it must ever have for the brave, right-minded man. His book is the strongest possible plea for the blessing of peace if it can be maintained with national honor. There are particularly interesting estimates of the great field officers on both sides; clear, concise accounts of important battles; records of wonderful deeds of dash and courage; and valuable detailed narratives as to how our troops were moved and cared for, with occasional graphic sketches of President Lincoln's visits to the army. Mr. Bennett's book is bound to win a place for itself with the great reading public. (Coburn Publishing Co., Boston.)

"Oliver Cromwell"

Whose biography will Theodore Roosevelt write next? Will he spend the dull hours which are supposed to be the Vice-President's lot in adding to the pleasure of the reading public? If so, we recommend him to take Napoleon for a subject. Such a biography by his hand would be novel and decidedly interesting. Colonel Roosevelt's "Cromwell" is written in a bluff, unconventional fashion that gives you the meat of the great Oliver's career, with some very diverting comments

and parallels drawn in the author's most original fashion. He seems to have written with one eye on his subject and one eye on certain modern events in which Colonel Roosevelt is warmly interested; and the combination makes a highly entertaining as well as instructive mixture. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

❖ ❖
"Dr. North and His Friends"

Any one who wishes a fund of information on nearly every subject under the sun, and a good many interesting anecdotes of famous persons, will find both in Dr. Weir Mitchell's latest story. Properly speaking, it is more a sketch than a story—an episodic account of the life of a circle of friends who met and chatted together in an extremely clever fashion. There is just enough suggestion of the tender passion to give the book an additional charm to those already mentioned. (The Century Company, N. Y.)

❖ ❖
"Mr. Dooley's Philosophy"

Martin Dooley has become one of the sages of the American people. Like Poor Richard, his maxims and opinions are handed about as of pure gold. One can only wonder afresh at Mr. Dunne's marvellous wit and penetration when one considers the versatility which gives to the public each week this quaint Irishman's thoughts on current topics. In this latest volume the famous barkeeper discourses on all sorts and conditions of subjects, and it contains perhaps the best work he has yet done. The South African War, The Chinese Situation, Marriage and Politics, The American Stage, The President's Message, Public Fickleness, and Polygamy are a few of the topics discoursed on by the popular Martin. The book is cleverly dedicated "To the Hennesseys of this

world who suffer and are silent," and is capably illustrated by Messrs. Oppen, Kemble, and Nicholson. By F. P. Dunne. (R. H. Russell, N. Y.)

❖ ❖
"The Queen Versus Billy"

Some one tells us that Lloyd Osbourne, in speaking of the work he produced in collaboration with his step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, remarks that the disadvantage of working with a genius lies in the fact that the latter gets all the praise and his pen-partner all the blame for their joint endeavor. In his collection of short stories just published, however, Mr. Osbourne stands wholly on his own merits. That his style and choice of subjects resembles Stevenson's is not to be wondered at, and that he has a pretty talent of his own in writing cannot be denied. Mr. Osbourne's range is very great, "The Dust of Defeat" being intensely pathetic, "Frenchy's Last Job" intensely tragical, and "The Beautiful Man of Pingalap" intensely funny. More stories from his pen will be welcome. (Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.)

❖ ❖
"Penelope's Experiences"

The adventures of Mrs. Wiggins' charming heroine and her two no less attractive companions, have been given to the public in holiday dress: the two volumes covering their travels in England and Scotland. Everyone who has met these delightful specimens of American woman-kind will hasten to greet them in their new attire; and to those who have hitherto failed of introduction our advice is, "Do not delay." Mr. Brock has displayed unusual insight in embodying the author's clever conceptions; and the books are indeed a delight to the reader's eye. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Membership in this class is free to all our readers. Send two-cent stamp for certificate of membership

All answers to questions must be received before the fifteenth of the month

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazier

TO THE CLASS

The most cordial, encouraging letters still come to Mrs. Frazier from class members, and hundreds of bright, wide-awake persons have been added to membership in the last two months. It is yet too early to decide what the Question Class wishes in regard to changing the department for Art study to Science, for letters are still being received. Mrs. Frazier again begs to thank the class members for their kindly interest and cordial letters.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR JANUARY

First Prize: Mrs. Sara S. Abbott, 704 Congress St., Portland, Maine.

Second Prize: Fidelia P. Wollenmann, Ferdinand, Ind.

Third Prize: Alva S. Tobin, Office of Workhouse, Columbus, Ohio.

Fourth Prize: Mrs. Emma V. Heskell, N. Sullivan, Me.

ANSWERS FOR JANUARY

Literature

1. In the poem, "A Vision of Judgment," written by Robert Southey, George III. and George Washington are mentioned.

2. "Paul and Virginia," written by Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint Pierre, is an exquisite idyll of love, growing up unconsciously in two rational hearts.

3. Samuel William Henry Ireland, the author of the notorious Shakespeare forgeries, was born in London in 1777. He was the son of a dull and credulous dealer in old books and prints. At seventeen years of age, the boy was tempted by his father's unintelligent enthusiasm for Shakespeare, to forge an autograph of the poet. His audacity grew with the growing credulity of his dupes until later he produced locks of Shakespeare's hair, then a play. It is pleasing to know that he confessed the forgeries, abandoned the profession and spent the remainder of his life in more reputable pursuits.

4. The Book of Mormon appeared in 1830. It contained the "revealed" history of America from its first settlement by a colony, dispersed at the confusion of tongues, to the fifth century of the Christian era. Joseph Smith professed that this information was obtained by him in Sept., 1827, in a volume of metal plates engraved in reformed Egyptian, and discovered revelation "on the west side of a hill not far from the top, about four miles from Palmyra in the county of Ontario." As Smith could not decipher the writing, a pair of magic spectacles which he called his Urim and Thummim were given to him, and one Oliver Cowdrey wrote down on paper what Smith professed to translate. It is said that the "Book" is a mere plagiarism of a manuscript romance by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding in 1816. Certainly the plates and spectacles have disappeared.

5. Alexandria was called the "Mother of Books" from its library, which was the largest ever collected before the invention of printing.

History

1. The city of London bears a cross of St. George upon its shield, with a little sword or dagger filling the upper right hand corner. This little sword or dagger as it first appeared upon the city's coat of arms, represented that of St. Paul, who is the patron saint of the city; but when Walworth, the mayor of London, slew Wat Tyler, it was changed to the mayor's rapier—a memorial of his gallant defense of the King. This was during the reign of Richard II.

2. The Alabama Claims were claims of the United States government against that of Great Britain, growing out of the depredations of the "Alabama" and other similar cruisers. The Queen had issued a proclamation of neutrality in the American Civil War, forbidding her subjects to take part with either combatant, and granting belligerent rights to both. Great Britain's Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819, also forbids the equipment of any land or naval forces within British dominions to operate against any friendly nation. Nevertheless, the "Florida," "Alabama" and other vessels built in Great Britain were allowed to escape, and as Confederate cruisers inflicted enormous damage on American commerce, nearly driving it from the seas. The demands for injury were submitted to a board of commissioners from five friendly nations. This board met at Geneva, Switzerland, and decreed that Great Britain should pay to the United States \$15,500,000.

3. The "Liberty Tree," on which a Boston mob hanged the effigy of Andrew Oliver in 1765, and under whose spreading boughs the "Sons of Liberty" were organized, used to stand in front of a grocery store on the southeast corner of Washington and Essex streets. A tablet on the present building marks the spot.

4. President Jackson was called "Old Hickory," because in his contest with the Creek Indians in 1813, on one occasion he was so destitute of provisions that he and his men fed on hickory nuts. I find also the following, given as a reason for the nickname: It is said that in consequence of his courage and endurance in the war of 1812, his men gave him the sobriquet of "Hickory," which was the origin of "Old Hickory" of later years.

5. Louis XV. granted to John Law, a Scotch banker, a great tract of prairie land on the Arkansas, where he spent a fortune forming a city and villages. Though his plan was not fulfilled a new state was thus begun. John Law, the founder of New Orleans, was born in Edinburgh in 1671. He received a careful education, but preferred gambling to business. His "Mississippi Scheme" for a time seemed successful. Rich and poor hastened to exchange their gold for Law's paper money, and the public debt of France disappeared as if by magic. Soon, however, the bubble burst, leaving France in deeper poverty and misery than before.

General

1. "The Arabian Nights Entertainments" were first made known to Europe by Antony Galland in 1704.

2. The Inns of Court, London, are the four voluntary societies which have the exclusive right of calling to the bar. They are the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. Each is governed by a board of benchers.

3. The legal year in England was ordered to begin on January 1st, in the year 1852; previously it was held to begin on the 25th of March.

4. Museum was originally the name given by the ancients to a temple of the Muses, and afterward to a building devoted to science, learning and the fine arts.

5. Rhode Island, so named in 1853, from the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. There seems no special reason for this name, but is so called in the charter of Charles II.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR MARCH

Literature

1. To whom does Tennyson refer in these lines:

"Her, who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head."

2. What is the idea expressed in Goldsmith's "Traveler"?

3. What was the crime of the "Ancient Mariner"?

4. What axiom of peripatetic philosophy did Galileo repeat to explain a fact regarding the rise of water in wells?

5. Who was the Knight of La Mancha?

Art

1. What honor did the Emperor Maximilian pay Albrecht Durer?

2. In what particular treatment of a subject did Correggio excel?

3. For what building was Paul Veronese's "Marriage of Cana" painted?

4. What splendid tribute did Guido pay to the coloring of Rubens?

5. Who was the original of Ruben's celebrated picture, called the "Lady in the Straw Hat," and where is the painting?

General

1. What was the "Sancy Diamond"?

2. Who created the title of "Cæsar" for the heir presumptive of the Roman throne?

3. What is the origin of the phrase to "shell out," as regards money?

4. Who wrote "Hall Columbia," and upon what occasion?

5. What were "Napier's Bones"?

PRIZES FOR MARCH

First prize: "David Harum"; second prize: Bound copy of Vol. XII, "National Magazine"; third prize: Original drawing; fourth prize: "So Runs the World."



By Havre Sacque

The Late Maurice Thompson It will not be unwillingly that Maurice Thompson's high place in American literature will be accorded him. The subtle charm of his descriptive works, of which "My Winter Garden" was a fair sample, is of a kind that will "wear" and "take" for years to come. Born in Fairfield, Ind., Sept. 9, 1844, brought up in the balmy atmosphere of Georgia, a Confederate soldier, a lawyer in the same Crawfordsville that was so long the home of Gen. Lew Wallace, many years literary editor on the "New York Independent," State Geologist of Indiana (1885-89), and member of the Indiana Legislature in 1878, his experience afforded him opportunities for writing, of which he made wise and delightful use. His wife was Miss Alice Lee, whom he married in 1868.

✂ ✂ ✂

A Few Crotherisms Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge is an extremely entertaining speaker. His newest lecture, on "Quixotism and Sancho Panzaism," is a delightful satire to read or to listen to. Mr. Crothers wears his hair somewhat long, and facially bears a singular resemblance to the late Prof. David Swing of Chicago. He will look extremely solemn as he says, "Talk about

'fact!' Why, a fact is a mere *babe-in-the-woods* compared to a theory!" And again: "Satire must shoot folly as it flies; but to keep shooting at folly after folly lies dead is most unsportsmanlike." . . . "We *know* comparatively nothing; perhaps Hercules was a mild-mannered gentleman of sedentary habits." . . . "You can (or think you can) nail a lie; but you can't nail a myth for the simple reason that there is nothing to nail it to. . . . Happy thoughts travel incognito. . . . Strange how this superabundant courage seems to demand a certain amount of publicity! . . . Fixed ideas! even the best ideas become dangerous when they get stuck in the mind!"

✂ ✂ ✂

A Sermonette on Shorter Skirts From the newest number of the Barrie "Chefs D'Oeuvre" may be gained a new illustration of the disadvantages of long skirts. Apostles of the short-skirt movement will do well to secure and frame as a strong object lesson the Lucien Davis canvas, "Ladies Playing Hockey," showing a rosebud garden of summer girls in the most violent outdoor exercise. It has a suggestion about it of what views of the Olympian games would be if the contestants had their knees tied loosely together, or as Joan of Arc might look ascend-

the defence of Orleans sword in one hand and holding up a long dress train in the other! This is not a tirade against Art; merely against Custom.

§ § §

Barrett It may interest the reading public to learn that Prof. **Wendell** **Mariner** Barrett Wendell, of Harvard's English department, who hasn't found the smoothest sailing that could be desired in authorship, has a decidedly nautical coat of arms. He is descended, it seems, from Evert Jansen Wendell, of Albany, N. Y., (1615-5702). His crest is "a ship in full sail proper," to use herald-talk. The shield below bears a trifle smaller duplicate of the same three-masted barque, and below that (hear the herald again) "two anchors in saltire, rings downwards"—and he doesn't even belong to a yacht club say his fellow clubmen of the Tavern, the Somerset and the Cambridge Colonial. The seals of Pennsylvania, Oregon, New York, New Hampshire, Tennessee, California, Delaware and Alaska, and the arms of Ecuador, Costa Rica, the Bahamas, Trinidad and Hong Kong all bear striking devices of a maritime, not to say salty, nature; but not one of these is anything like as dashing and clipper-built as Barrett Wendell's spanking fleet of two.

§ § §

Friendly "London Daily Mail's" 1901 **British** "Year Book," (Percy L. Parker, editor), is filled with all sorts of entertaining Britishisms. All details about the royalty and the peerage are of course included. The reader is enlightened about various portions of earth and brought face to face with this at last: "The United States have many able men—no one of conspicuous merit! Most noticeable are President McKinley, tariff expert, just elected for a second term; ex-President Cleveland, who was swayed by

Mr. Richard Olney, his Anglophobe secretary of state and Mr. William Bryan, man of sincerity, ability and self consciousness. Mr. Roosevelt, new vice-president, representing the best type, is the hero of young America. Colonel John Hay is an able foreign minister, well-known as friendly to England." Mr. Parker's definition of a "Tommy-Dodd," is "the odd man who loses in a toss-up," and so on.

§ § §

Riches With Dr. Daniel Kimball Pearson, of Chicago, adding to **Gentle** the happiness of thousands **Wings** through his benefactions to smaller colleges throughout the land, and Ironmaster Carnegie endowing libraries all over the United States, it's a pretty good country to live in after all. America should put the names of the Bedford Vermonter and the Dumfries Scotchman high in her roll of honor for their generosity. Andrew was born in 1837 and Daniel was born in 1820. Both seem possessed with the idea that a great deal of pleasure is to be gained from seeing money fly—in the right directions. Millionaires like these are none too common. Miss Helen Miller Gould, born New Yorker, (we haven't the lady's permission to say how young she is) belongs to the same class.

§ § §

Denman Ever popular "Old Homestead" just closed its fifteenth season and fiftieth week at the Boston Theatre. Up to the beginning of this particular Boston engagement, this homelike domestic masterpiece had received for its forty-eight weeks in this playhouse alone—to say nothing of the country at large—\$455,005, averaging \$9,479.27 for each week's receipts. The heaviest receipts for any one day at the Boston was "Old Homestead's" \$5,179 for matinee and evening of September 7, 1891.

—"Stratford-on-Avon, where Religion's spire,
Like the Bard's genius, points the upward way."



ACTORS' CHURCH ALLIANCE OF AMERICA

Happily for us there are respectable theatres, clean plays and reputable reformers, and there is the steady growth of better ideals among the dramatic fraternity, a disposition to make the stage a helpful agent in securing the welfare of society. The Alliance recognizes the vocation of the actor as a legitimate one, and does not think it necessary to apologize for a calling which has been held in contempt by so many. It believes that a man or woman may maintain integrity of character in this calling, and that in it God may be truly served by being useful to one's fellow men. It is not founded to patronize this calling as if it would give respectability to an otherwise obnoxious thing. There is not a trace of any descending attitude permitted, but it meets actors and actresses as people who are engaged in a work just as respectable as that of a painter and a musician. It regards the presentation of a play as a work of art, just as the rendering of a symphony by an orchestra may be.—REV. GEORGE W. SHINN, D. D., Newton, Mass., honorary vice-president Actors' Church Alliance.

Boston organized its chapter of the Actors' Church Alliance in St. Stephen's parish house, January 28, 1901, with 129 members, twenty of these clergymen. Rev. W. E. Bentley, guardian angel, if we may be allowed to so express it, of the American A. C. A. interests, was the presiding genius at the birth of Boston chapter, which was launched with these officers:

President, Rev. Henry M. Torbert, St. Stephen's church; vice-president, Lindsay Morison of the Castle Square Stock Company and Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, Warren Avenue Baptist church; secretary, Miss Anna S. Prout; treasurer, Rev. H. Russell Talbot; executive committee, Miss Lillian Lawrence, and J. L. Seeley, of the Castle Square company, Mrs. Charles Inches, Mrs. Arthur Cheney, Mrs. A.

H. Spaulding, Miss Kate Ryan, Lewis C. Strang, the dramatic critic and author, F. D. Frisbie, Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson, and Ernest N. Bagg of the Boston Globe.

The dean of its board of chaplains is Rev. Dr. John S. Lindsey, of St. Paul's church, and an active campaign of public meetings in its interest, addresses by able speakers, testimony by prominent thinkers, lay and clerical, special church services in which members of the dramatic profession as well as clergymen will be listened to, and all efforts tending to growth is being planned for the coming summer and fall. Since organization the membership has grown to nearly 200, with daily accessions.

"Its success is due to the absolute honesty and sincerity of the movement."—REV. W. E. BENTLEY, Brooklyn.

The Lord Bishop of Rochester is the "patron" of the English Actors' Church Union, mentioned in last month's "National Magazine," its president being Rev. E. Underhill of Liverpool. The movement "beyond seas" is growing in power, and getting its proper recognition, too, as a practical and a most praiseworthy influence for good.



AS one recalls the "White City by the Lake" where American enterprise was so resplendent in its achievements, there is a thrill of pleasant anticipation concerning the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. These expositions are more than exhibitions; they are both educations and inspirations on the broad gauge plan. Who can measure the influence of such splendid and inspiring gatherings of the common people meeting and mingling together from all the parts of the country in mutual pleasure and interest. If an exposition brought no other results, it would be worth all its costs for the understanding it brings about when the people—the masses—mingle together from every section. The spirit of co-operation among the American people is a notable factor in the forward march of world events.

WE believe that every reader of "The National Magazine," would like to visit the great Pan-American Exposition, which opens at Buffalo, N. Y., in May of the present year. With that idea in mind, we have made arrangements to hold a grand "National Magazine" convention, composed of one subscriber from every state in

the Union and four territories. Here is our plan. In the April, May and June numbers of "The National Magazine" a coupon will be printed entitling the holder (providing their name appears on our subscription list) to one chance to estimate the number of people who will attend the Exposition on July Fourth. Every subscriber will be entitled to as many estimates as they have coupons, and all coupons must be filled out and forwarded to reach our office before July 1, and the successful delegates are to be announced in the August number of "The National Magazine."

The convention, held at Buffalo during the Exposition, will celebrate the seventh anniversary of "The National Magazine." Plans have been carefully made so as to have a representative from each state in the Union and the territories of Arizona, New Mexico, Indian and Oklahoma. The delegates will be given a cordial reception and their travelling expenses paid by "The National Magazine." The opening session will be a meeting of unusual significance, and addressed by thinkers of national literary and public prominence. This will be the first time in the history of the nation that such a

gathering has been planned by a periodical, and it is peculiarly appropriate that this national conference should be given by "The National Magazine." The plan for bringing this about is simple and within the reach of all. Each subscriber to "The National Magazine," will be given a chance to fill out coupon guesses on the total attendance at the Pan-American Exposition on July 4th. For two yearly subscriptions sent in, three additional coupon certificates will be furnished beside the ten per cent commission allowed. The person making the nearest estimate from all sent in from his state or territory will become the delegate and receive his tickets and credentials.

The grand prize of \$120 for ten years is a snug annuity and the second prize of \$100 in gold, as well as the \$10 to be given to those securing the largest number of new subscriptions in each state, make an exceedingly attractive proposition, and the sooner you begin the better. Every one will have a fair and equitable chance to secure the great prize of \$120 per year for ten years, and some of the other 137 prizes offered. In any and all cases commission is allowed on subscriptions sent in.

Remember that in every instance the subscribers to "The National Magazine" are receiving the best and most progressive American periodical published; over 100 pages of handsomely illustrated and timely articles and stories of the keenest national interest.

Will you be one to join in the convention at Buffalo and enjoy a vacation that will be a pleasant memory? Then send in your subscriptions at once, and be sure to send in coupons from the April, May and June issues. No subscriptions will be accepted for

less than one year during this contest. Read over the proposition carefully on another page and act at once!

EVERY month scores of requests pour in upon me from subscribers in distant states to write about some theatrical or musical production in Boston. The requests are so kindly and courteous that I regret that each cannot be specifically complied with, but it would require an attendance upon 350 performances every month to carry this out. At the palatial new Symphony Hall I heard Melba and was disappointed. An operatic setting is necessary to sustain the illusions connected with her vocal embroidery. The Symphony Orchestra—well, that would require an article by itself.

A few evenings later I chanced to hear for the first time a church choir quartette rendering Liza Lehman's song cycle, "In a Persian Garden," which draws its *motif* from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. I was entranced from the dash and verve of the opening quartette—

"Wake! for the sun has scattered into flight
The stars before him in the field of night."

to the closing refrain of that appealing and plaintive tenor solo:

"Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close;
The nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flower again, who knows?"

There was so much in the poet's thoughts, and the music seemed a supernallanguage of the soul. The soul-reflection of the recitative, "I myself am Heaven and Hell," and the mystical thrill of the melody portrayed the fall of Lucifer and the loss of the earthly paradise.

The solemn admonition and impressive minor chords of "Waste not your hour" was a sermon in a few bars of music. Then that closing bass solo appears to touch the rim of the cycle

of life for centuries past and for centuries to come:

"So when the angel of the Darker Drink
At last shall find you on the river brink,
And, offering you his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff—you shall not drink."

How queer, you say, to be entertained and pleased with such sentiments! Yet one wearies of the ceaseless tinkle of the jester's cap and bell, and delights to look inwardly, as in a magic mirror, to see if we are making the most of this great mystery of life. Music—deep-souled music—seems to me to be the language of some planet or sphere not yet invaded by the sordid cares and warring passions, sins and meannesses of earth.

A THEATRICAL troupe took the early Sunday morning train for a "long jump," each having stowed away his bundle prepared for the dreary day with a plaintive yawn. The first flush of interest had subsided in the red, yellow and blue Sunday papers, strewn about the seats, rent and torn. A bright eyed young soubrette, with curly hair and an air of languor and carelessness; the tall lady wearing her lately adapted Prince Albert coat and stunning cuffs; the dapper and clever comedian was ready with the latest jokes and slang "stunts"; all betrayed something of the carelessness in attire which marks the traveling Thespian. The little soubrette was cross and peevish; on the stage she was doubtless fascinating, bewitching, but with the glamour of the footlights gone, there was a sharp contrast between her and the sunny-faced country school-girl behind her.

It was approaching the time of church worship when the train stopped at a village. One of the company looked eagerly out of the window. Her bleached hair, wrinkled face and heavy shadows under the eyes indicated a hard struggle of life. Her eyes

brightened, as she raised the window.

"There, girls; see where I was born! There we used to skate on that pond. There is the old church and—"

The peals of the church bell broke in upon us through the roar of the hissing steam guage on the ponderous engine.

"Yes, the old bell sounds just as it did when father died," she continued as her eyes grew soft and sad, and the hard lines faded for a moment. Then the train started.

"Girls, I wish I could go to that old church again. I believe these Sunday jumps take the good ambitions out of us." In a moment the scene vanished, but the sad-faced woman still sat looking out of the window. The big round-faced manager came in from the smoking car with blazing diamond and striped shirt: the smooth, classic features of the "heavy," and the jaunty air of the juvenile tragedian interested the spectators in turn; each specialist of the troupe was in time identified—an interesting study for one lonely passenger on that Sunday train.

A little boy in a knit toboggan cap, with big, bright, blue eyes stood on the seat and rehearsed his "monologue." How winsome and touching these humorous sketches appeared when gushing from the pure childish lips. The whole car was in an uproar as this six-year-old *raconteur*, with never a smile, told smoking-room yarns in all mock gravity. The applause pleased the little fellow, and he eagerly continued. Up to this time it was difficult to decide who was his mother, but when he started to tell a *risque* story a little lady, evidently a foreigner, rushed to him and put her hand over his mouth. It was his mother; the child understood. How little appreciated the real day of rest with church and Sunday school seemed, as one watched these

people, leading this roving, nomadic life, that many others who worshipped in their pews to-day may be amused in the orchestra stalls on the morrow.

. . .

THERE were three other passengers, young boys of sixteen, just sent out from the barge office, foreigners it was plain to see, as they were duly tagged for their several destinations. One was a rough-faced but manly fellow; another a stubby lad with a small hat and fancy waiscoat; the third a delicate, fair-eyed lad who looked as if he might be the son of some blue-blooded Polish count. In open-eyed wonder they watched the conductor and brakeman and humbly bowed in deference to their official insignias. The kindly way in which the people in that car treated those three lonely lads in a strange land made me proud of our American big-heartedness. In no other country would these humble emigrants receive such a kindly welcome. When these boys parted they kissed each other affectionately, and tears stood in many eyes when the young, delicate-faced lad sobbed out something about home and mother, for though the words were in a foreign tongue the language of the heart requires no lexicon. Who can tell what the future years of these lucky emigrant lads have in store for them.

— — —

YOUNG man, look about you! Lift up your head and maintain pure, wholesome, lofty purposes in life. Be willing to make sacrifices for others as well as for yourself. Don't expect, or strive to live like a millionaire on eight dollars per week. If you have the right stuff in you let the right man know it at the right time, and you will be discovered. Reliable, loyal, enthusiastic and original young men were never in more demand than they

are to-day. We may not all be able to wear the tinsel of generals, majors or captains, but there is plenty of room in the ranks from which presidents are made.

— — —

WE want more regular subscribers, who not only like and pay for "The National," but will study its purposes and help us to attain them. Patriotism is something more than the attempt to secure personal prosperity and to exult in the national development and grandeur which make this possible. Heart and mind and purpose should also be bent upon the attainment of a literature and art distinctively American, which in the years to come, shall be recognized by scholar and historian as vividly perpetuating the life, thoughts and aspirations of the masses of the American people.

— — —

THERE is always something fascinating in growth, especially if you are the grower, so to speak. Steadily the subscription list of "The National Magazine" continues to expand, and each new reader, we feel, has taken a life endowment policy in a distinctly American magazine. It is interesting to note how the periodical habit fastens upon one. Where, a few years ago, the periodical field was limited to a "select few," who chose to label themselves "ultra high-class literary" in their tastes, the prey of the volatile and flattering book salesman selling "editions de luxe," now the plain people have plain, popular, progressive periodicals, to keep their natural love of literature alive. "The National Magazine" has been cited by an English periodical as one of the most distinctively American periodicals published. It was right in this characterization and it costs just one American dollar to test it for a year at least.

AN INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

By David Brant

ON the west bank of the mighty Mississippi river, where the great Chicago & North-Western Railway system on its famous overland route to California finds a gateway to the magnificent agricultural state of Iowa, stands the splendid city of Clinton. It is 131 miles due west from Chicago, and the United States census of 1900 gives it a population of 22,698.

Clinton is beautifully situated on a level plateau, just above high water mark, flanked with high bluffs running from the river on the north down to the lower limits. It is distinctly a railway town and manufacturing center. While industry is observed on every hand there is present everything that is taken into account when home interests are considered. The streets are broad, clean and well shaded. The residences, ranging from the cottages of the working men to the mansions of the wealthy, all indicate that love of home and pride in surroundings that have always been observed and admired by visitors. Culture and industry have gone forward hand in

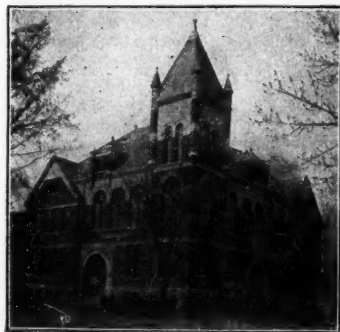
hand, and as the city has reared its extensive manufacturing institutions, it has ever had in mind the better things of life.

Clinton ranks high in educational opportunities, having numerous graded schools, a grammar and two high schools, with ample facilities for the accommodation of the pupils in attendance. Wartburg College is under control of the German Lutheran church. Our Lady of Angels and Mount Clare seminaries, under the direction of the Sisters of Charity and St. Francis respectively, with parochial schools connected with the churches, supplement the other educational institutions, giving the citizens excellent educational advantages. All the religious denominations are represented and church edifices are numerous and imposing.

Water works, with mains extending to all parts of the city, and water from four great artesian wells supply excellent water and fire protection. Illumination is furnished by well equipped gas making and electric light plants, while a system of electric street cars furnish quick transit to all points.

The bluffs on every side are sites for

THE HIGH SCHOOL



CLINTON COUNTY COURT HOUSE



AN INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

beautiful residences, while here and there are parks, some public, others controlled by societies. There are two parks near the business center and another on the river front which attracts much attention. A part of this park has been improved by building a wall to the water's edge, giving the people nearly fifty acres of frontage where they can engage in boating and otherwise enjoy the river.

But Clinton is especially favored as a commercial center. It has every advantage asked by those looking for manufacturing or business locations. It has splendid railway facilities, low

but a trifle more than at the mines. But it is of its railway facilities

ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER



that Clinton especially boasts. It is distinctively a Chicago and North-Western town, for the company that

built that road west from Chicago located and started the city. The company maintains large shops here, with the largest round-house in the world, together with extensive stock yards and other railway industries. Clinton is a division point for the North-Western line, and over 800 of its employees reside here. Three divisions of the North-Western begin and end here: the Galena, the Iowa and Mid-

land. The pay-rolls of the company amount to about \$80,000 a month, bringing a sum of money that has



rates with Mississippi river basing, cheap coal in abundance and plenty of money to invest in manufacturing or to furnish to manufacturers as working capital. The banks of Clinton are seven in number, with deposits of over seven million dollars, a much larger amount per capita than any other town in the west. One bank has deposits aggregating over \$3,500,000. Real estate is reasonable and is offered to new enterprises on the most favorable terms. Clinton is but forty miles north of the great Illinois coal district with three lines of railway leading to the deposits. Coal costs

A RAILROAD BRIDGE

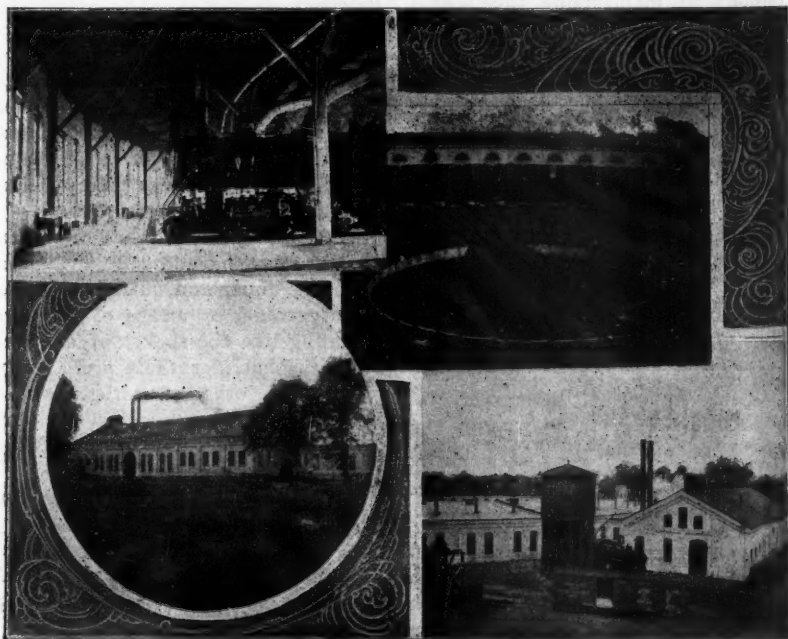


AN INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

much to do with the prosperity of retail and other trade. All trains of the company from Iowa, western Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska and Wyoming, with the vast freight and passenger business of the Union and Central Pacific roads, come and go from the Clinton railway yards, crossing the river over the company's bridge at this point. In addition to the North-Western the city has the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad with two lines, one running from St. Louis to St. Paul and the other to Chicago. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has extensive yards, and reaches Clinton from Chicago, Omaha and Minneapolis. The Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway has a line from Cedar Rapids, and through it Clinton has direct connection with the "Great Rock-Island Route." The

Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway is essentially an Iowa road, and is ever at work in advancing the interests of that state. The Davenport, Rock-Island & North-Western Railway runs from Clinton to Davenport, Rock Island and Moline, and an extension is graded and track is being laid to Peoria. This is part of the Port Arthur route, and Clinton is its northern terminus. The latest acquisition to Clinton's railways is the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa Railroad, a line extending from that city to South Bend, Ind., and St. Joseph, Mich. This is distinctively a belt line for Chicago, and gives to Clinton direct connection with each of the many roads running into that city, as well as to the more eastern of the Illinois coal mines. These roads give Clinton railway lines covering more than 24,000 miles, over

VIEWS OF THE LARGEST ROUND-HOUSE IN THE WORLD AT CLINTON



AN INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

which shippers can send goods without a joint rate or having their goods re-billed.

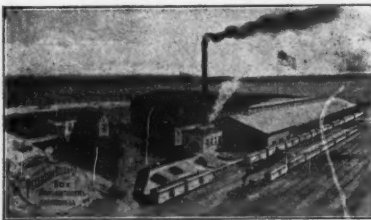
Clinton has a progressive city government. A well organized paid fire department affords adequate protection. Taxes are reasonable, and the city indebtedness is not large. Clinton is the county seat of Clinton county. The Court House is a handsome structure, nearly new, costing \$150,000.

Clinton has three daily newspapers of wide circulation and influence. "The Daily Age" is printed every morning, and the "Herald" and "Journal" furnish the people of Clinton with the news every evening. A number of other publications cover the local field in a thorough and satisfactory manner.

Although the Mississippi river is paralleled on either side by one or more lines of railways, it still forms an important function in shipping and travel, inasmuch as it is the potential element in maintaining the lowest basis of freight rates. In the summer many boats ply the stream, some freighting, others rafting, and still others being devoted to passenger business.

The advantages of Clinton as an industrial location are amply demonstrated by the magnificent success attained by all of the manufacturers

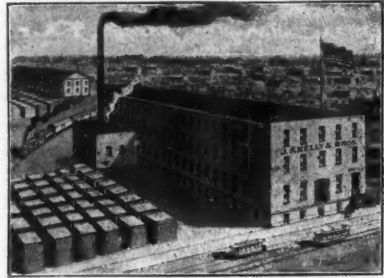
A BOX MANUFACTORY



here. The great sash, door and blind factories of Curtis Bros. & Co., C. Lamb & Sons and M. A. Disbrow & Co.; the enormous output of farm

wagons of the Fish Manufacturing Co., makers of the original famous "Fish" wagons; the making of locks, hitherto

WHERE FURNITURE IS MADE



untried in the West, now successfully carried on in the great plant of the United States Steel Lock Co., the only establishment of the kind west of Reading, Pa.; the large output of household furniture specialties from the big factory of J. A. Kelly & Bros.; the immense box making plants of Peterson, Bell & Co., all attest the desirability of Clinton as a manufacturing location in the most eloquent way.

Either or all of these establishments will cheerfully answer enquiries of those who are looking toward Clinton as a manufacturing location. Dunham & Barker will also promptly answer such correspondence.

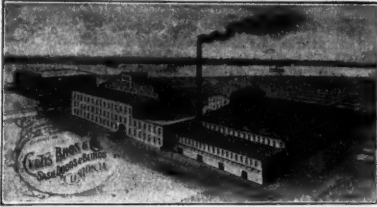
These are by no means all of the industries that have found in Clinton fine sites, cheap and quick access to a mighty trade, by means of railways radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the hub, for there are a large number of other factories, whose busy machinery is turning out day by day varied commodities covering many human necessities.

The Commercial League is a live body of business men whose secretary will give detailed information about Clinton, and the League will substantially aid any enterprise desiring to locate here.

LYONS

By T. T. Ashton

AN IMMENSE SASH AND DOOR PLANT

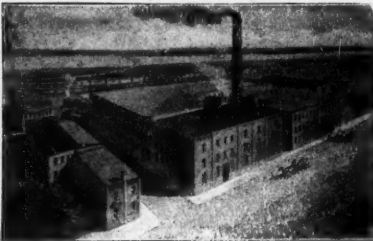


IN order to effect a more economical administration of municipal affairs and join two municipalities having identically the same commercial and manufacturing interests, the city of Lyons, lying two miles north, with its 6,000 population, was annexed to Clinton in 1895 by popular vote. By this change, Lyons became the sixth and seventh wards of what is destined to become in the near future one of the greatest manufacturing centers in the West.

Lyons is one of the oldest towns in the state of Iowa, as it was founded in the year 1835. Its connection, under municipal government, with Clinton has in no way destroyed its identity, for it is known by its original name and is designated in the United States Post Office Directory as a post office of the second class.

Lyons is surrounded by beautiful scenery, and has a healthful and

A GREAT SASH AND DOOR FACTORY AT LYONS

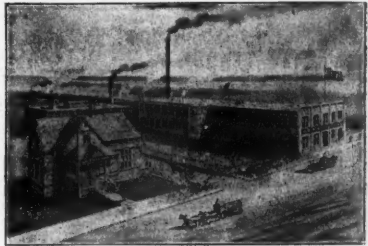


splendid situation on the west banks of the Mississippi river. It has paved streets, its own electric light plant, gas, and an electric street railway connecting with Clinton. It has a good water works system, a fully equipped, paid fire station and a volunteer fire department in reserve.

Joyce's Park, the finest natural park on the Mississippi bluffs, lies one and a half miles north and is reached by an electric street car line.

Lyons has a magnificent public school system, founded in 1846. Five massive brick structures give accommodation to the 1,200 pupils of the

A STEEL LOCK INDUSTRY AT LYONS



Lyons independent school district. It is well provided with newspapers. Here are published the "Clinton County Advertiser" and "Iowa State Advertiser," both tri-weeklies (Democratic), with a combined circulation reaching nearly all of the towns of the State of Iowa, the "Lyons Weekly Mirror" (Republican), and the "Tri-City Labor Voice," published in the interests of union labor. Lyons has seven churches—Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, German Lutheran, and two Roman Catholic. Among the institutions to which Lyons people point with pride is the library of the Lyons' Young Men's Association.

AN INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM JOYCE'S PARK, NEAR LYONS

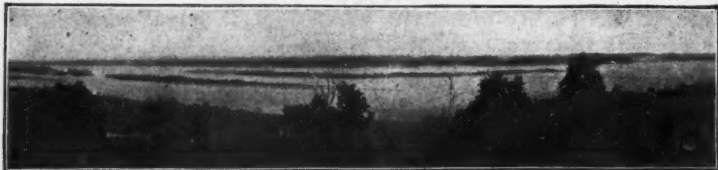


Photo by C. E. Armstrong & Co.

founded in 1864, and recently re-incorporated for fifty years. The library comprises nearly 6,000 volumes.

The famous independent organization is the C. L. Root Firemen's Drill Corps, winners of Iowa's championship four times and still undefeated escort at the World's Fair, September after thirteen years. They had the honor of being Governor Boyce's 20-21, 1893, where they gave exhibitions each day.

All the leading secret orders are represented in Lyons, the Masonic orders having a fine temple, a four story brick structure, and the Odd Fellows have recently erected a \$7,000 temple. Here, in a modest frame structure, the Modern Woodmen of America had its inception in 1883, and it was here that was practically the starting point of

the Woodmen of the World, in 1892. The former order now has a membership of nearly 6,000, and the latter reaches close to 200,000.

The First National Bank of Lyons furnishes ample facilities for the business interests of this end of the town. Lyons having the same railway advantages, practically, as Clinton, is admirably situated for the purposes of manufacturing. It now has a number of splendid industries, which are transacting an immense business.

The principal industries of Lyons embrace sash, door and blind factories, lumber, steel locks, gasoline engines, flour and paper mills and other lines of manufacture. A striking feature of Lyons is the Lyon and Fulton high steel wagon and foot bridge, of which a picture is printed on this page.

THE LYONS AND FULTON BRIDGE

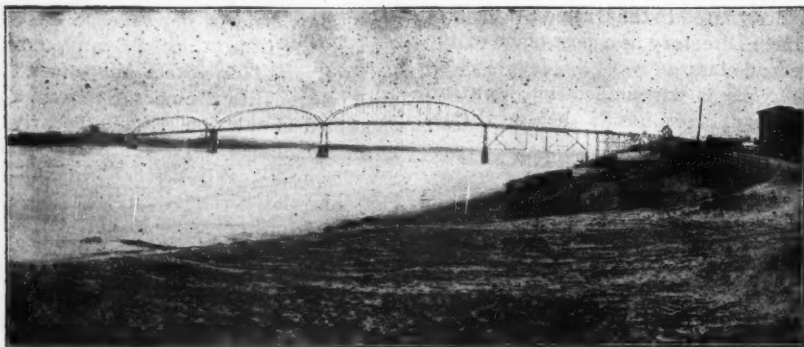
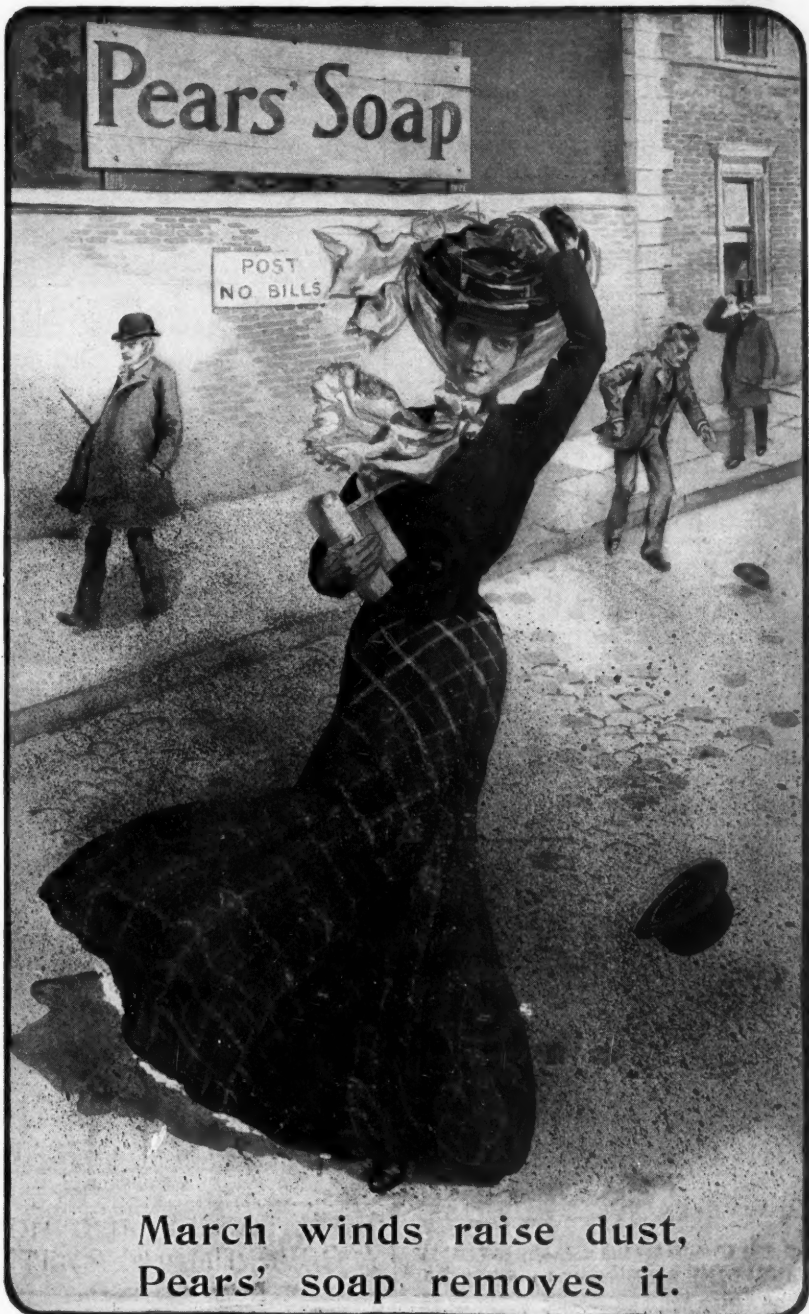


Photo loaned by C. D. Clough



March winds raise dust,
Pears' soap removes it.

All sorts of stores sell it - all sorts of people use it.

All rights secured.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

EDUCATIONAL

CONNECTICUT

..THE RECTORY SCHOOL..

New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.

Address Head-Master HARVEY E. TAYLOR, formerly of Pomfret, Conn., or Mr. CHARLES S. EVEREST, M. A. Reference by permission: Mrs. Wm. D. Black, Patroness of Ingleside.

Connecticut, Litchfield Co., New Milford.

Ingleside A School for Girls

Second half year begins February 4th, 1901.

MRS. WM. D. BLACK, Patroness.

Miss Baird's Institute for Girls

NORWALK, CONN.

29th year. Primary, Academic, and College preparatory courses. Music, Art and the Languages. Careful attention to morals and manners. New buildings, steam heat, gymnasium.

Boxwood School

FOR GIRLS

OLD LYME, CONN.

MRS. RICHARD SILL GRISWOLD.

ILLINOIS

STUDY LAW AT HOME.

Able professors; latest and best text books; prepare for bar in any State. One student writes: "Have learned more law in three weeks under your instruction than I learned in four months in a law office." Ninth year. Write for full particulars. CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW REAPER BLOCK, CHICAGO.



MASSACHUSETTS

EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY BOSTON, MASS.

Largest School of Oratory in the World

Write for Catalogue.

CHAS. WESLEY EMERSON, President.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS

TO A LIMITED NUMBER
IN Electrical, Mechanical, Marine
Stationary, or Locomotive ENGINEERING
and Mechanical Drawing.

Application blank on request.

American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.
(Chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.)

COMER'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

Day and Evening Instruction in
**Bookkeeping, Shorthand
and all Business Studies**

best of modern methods and teachers; positions for graduates; special 3-months' course; new students admitted daily; terms for evening session \$5 per month. Send for prospectus.

666 Washington Street, cor. Beach, Boston

NEW JERSEY

Kingsley School for Young Boys

Residence new, roomy, homelike. Steam heat, electric light, all improvements. We aim to get the best out of the boy—body, mind, spirit. No over-pressure. Class and individual teachings. Enter any time. Summer session, June 15—Sept. 15. Best of care, study and all out-door sports.
J. R. CAMPBELL, Headmaster. Essex Fells, Caldwell, N. J.

NEW YORK

THE LADY JANE GREY SCHOOL

Mrs. HYDE and DAUGHTERS' School for Girls. Special and regular courses. Mrs. JANE GREY HYDE, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Bennett School

Will receive for 1900-1901, a limited number of girls wishing fine work in Science, Music, Art, Literature, History, Psychology, Ethics, and the Languages. Preparation for Foreign Travel. For catalogue address Miss MAY F. BENNETT, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. (45 min. from N. Y.)

NEW YORK, Sing-Sing-on-the-Hudson

OSSINING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

ON THE HUDSON, Miss C. C. FULLER, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA

MISS BALDWIN'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College.

Miss FLORENCE BALDWIN, Principal. Within 10 years more than 120 pupils have entered Bryn Mawr College from this school. Diploma given in both General and College-Preparatory courses. Fine, fireproof stone building. 25 acres beautiful grounds. For circular, address the Secretary, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA, BRYN MAWR

THE MISSES SHIPLEY'S

.....SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Preparatory to Bryn Mawr College

Boarding and Day. Number strictly limited. Specialists in all departments. Tennis and basket-ball. Write for circular.

PENNSYLVANIA, Germantown, Philadelphia

WALNUT LANE SCHOOL

and Wellesley Preparatory. Prepares for all Colleges. Academic and special courses. Address Mrs. THEODORA B. RICHARDS, Principal, Miss SARA LOUISE TRACY, Associate.

Ogontz School ...For Young Ladies

Twenty minutes from Philadelphia, two hours from New York. Mr. Jay Cooke's fine property. For circulars, address Miss SYLVIA J. EASTMAN, Principal, Ogontz School P. O., Pa.

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT HOSPITAL SCHOOL FOR NURSES

19th Year. A three years' course of thorough training for women. L. V. PICKETT, Superintendent, Newport, R. I.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOW TO GET AND HOLD A GOVERNMENT POSITION

For free and full particulars
write at once to

Government Office Training School,
Washington, D. C.



BAILEY'S Pneumatic Whalebone Road Wagons
Are extreme only in refined Excellence
 Send for Free Steel Engraving and book. S.R. Bailey & Co. Amesbury, Mass.



Boston

A DELICATE
 CONFECTION AND FOOD
 FOR LUNCHEES



Chocolate

REGISTERED

Crackers

MADE BY

Winthrop M. Baker

10 and 25 cent packages.
 By mail or from dealers.

542 ATLANTIC AVENUE., BOSTON.
 MAKER OF BOSTON CHOCOLATES.

"THE MAGAZINE THAT'S DIFFERENT"

Broadway
 Magazine

The MARCH Number, now for sale by
 all newsdealers, contains over 1,000 square inches of
 half-tones, which is more than the illustrations of
 Harper's, Frank Leslie's and Pearson's combined.

"THE MAGAZINE OF BRAINS AND BEAUTY"

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.,

1123 Broadway, NEW YORK

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1901

NO. 6

Affairs at Washington	Joe Mitchell Chapple	425
With portraits of men and women of the hour		
Inaugural Balls of the Past	Jennie S. Campbell	441
With photographs		
The Gleaner. Old Testament Romance	Dallas Lore Sharp	447
With reproductions of famous paintings		
The By-Way. Poem	Aloysius Coll	463
The Reckoning. Serial. Chaps. I-II.	Mark Lee Luther	464
With drawings by W. Herbert Dunton		
Helen Burroughs' Knight. Story	Johnson Brigham	473
With Drawing by C. Fosmire		
My Mission	Mrs. Carrie Nation	478
With photographs		
Mrs. Nation and Her Crusade	Alderman John J. Coughlin	481
With photograph		
The Great American Exposition	John Vavasour Noel	483
With illustrations		
The Outlook for the Boers	Peter MacQueen	494
With photographs		
Jenkin's Baby. Story	Addison Clark	501
With drawing by R. Emmett Owen		
A Prayer. Poem	Frank Walcott Hutt	507
A Maiden Fortress. Story	Katherine H. Brown	508
The Chiefest Gift. Verse	O. S. Borne	514
Convictions	Anna Farquhar	515
'Twixt Smiles and Tears	Conducted by Maitland LeRoy Osborne	
On Boston Common	Jaen Flower	518
Street Car Amenities	Flynn Wayne	518
"The Mad March Hare"	Ralph Bergengren	519
Firelight Fancies	Maitland LeRoy Osborne	521
The Joke on Jones	William MacLeod Raines	521
The Ignoring of Dolly	E. Crayton McCants	523
The Rambler in Literature		525
The National Question Class	Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazar	527
From the Crow's Nest	Havre Sacque	528
Actors' Church Alliance of America		530
Let's Talk It Over	Publisher's Department	531

Subscription, \$1.00 per Year (in advance) 10 Cents a Number

THE W. W. POTTER CO., Ltd., 91 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

W. W. POTTER, President.
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer.

Copyright 1901. Entered at Boston Post
Office as second-class matter.

It's so handy



FAIRY SOAP

THE NEW OVAL CAKE OF FAIRY SOAP is the most practical and economical cake of soap made. No soap could be made purer, more delicate, or in any way better suited to toilet and bath uses, and yet **the price is only five cents a cake**. One trial of the Oval Fairy will convince you of its excellence, convenience and economy over all other white soaps.

ADMIRAL DEWEY SAYS:

The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago, Ill.

January 7, 1901.

"Gentlemen: I have used Fairbank's Fairy Soap for a month and shall never willingly use any other kind."

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

ST. LOUIS

BOSTON

PHILADELPHIA

PITTSBURGH

Manufacturers also of **GOLD DUST** Washing Powder.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

\$1000.00 FREE!
To Amateur Photographers in Cash Prizes.

The CAMERA & DARK ROOM

JANUARY 1901.

THE MAGAZINE FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Published Monthly by The CAMERA & DARK ROOM CO.
TRADE AGENTS, THE AMERICAN NEWS CO. PRICE 10 CENTS 20 CORTLAND ST. NEW YORK CITY

Get a copy from your dealer, or send us **ONE DOLLAR** for one year's subscription, and you will be entitled to enter the competition.



\$1.00 Buys this dainty Flemish plate-shelf. Is a handsome piece of furniture and decorates the whole dining room. Shelf is 40 inches long by 16 inches high, made of best Flemish oak, and holds 15 to 20 pieces of china. (Polished antique oak at 25 cents extra.) We offer it at this low price, which is practically the cost of the lumber and labor, to make your acquaintance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mention "The National Magazine".

THE COUFFIELD-TAYLOR CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.
"The Furniture Centre of the World."

LAUGHLIN

FOUNTAIN PEN

The Best at Any Price.

Sent on approval to responsible people.

A companion of never-ending usefulness, a source of constant pleasure and comfort. Your choice of these popular styles, superior to the

\$3.00 Styles

of other makes, for only

\$1.00

TRY IT A WEEK.

If not suited we buy it back, and offer you \$1.10 for it. We are willing to take chances on you wanting to sell, we know pen values, you will when you own one of these.

Finest quality hard rubber holder, 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub, and the only perfect ink feed known to the science of fountain pen making.

Sent postpaid on receipt of One Dollar, (registration 8c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you this pen, if he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation, on which he can make more profit) send his name and your order to us, and receive free of charge one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Remember—There is no "just as good" as the Laughlin insist on it, take no chances.

State whether Ladies' or Gentlemen's Style is desired. Address—

LAUGHLIN MFG. CO.

216 Laughlin Block,
DETROIT, MICH.

MORPHINE

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT Most remarkable home remedy ever discovered for **OPIMUM, MORPHINE, LAUDANUM** and other drug habits. Harmless; painless. Contains Great Vital Principle heretofore unknown. Refractory Cases solicited. Confidential correspondence invited from all, especially physicians. We ask closest investigation.

ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 181 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Looking Ahead



*JUST A HINT AT THE MANY GOOD THINGS
TO APPEAR IN "THE NATIONAL" FOR 1901*

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By the Editor, JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

This striking feature of "The National Magazine" has met with such widespread appreciation and commendation during 1900 that it will be continued during the coming year. As the caption indicates, it comprises a monthly resume of political and social events at the National Capital, with bright, chatty gossip of the lives and doings of the men and women of the day most prominently in the public eye.

CURRENT EVENTS, Illustrated

While "The National Magazine" gives to its readers the best that the literary market affords in the matter of Biography, History, Fiction, etc., it also presents each month many of the most timely articles on Current Events. The department has the services of a special staff of trained writers, and is in itself well worth the price asked for a year's subscription, to those men and women who are too busy to keep in close touch with passing events through the daily press. It gives a brief but comprehensive summary of all the principal happenings of the month, with well-timed suggestions.

"OLD TESTAMENT ROMANCES"

From the pen of DALLAS LORE SHARP

Now running in "The National Magazine," have made a deserved hit. These stories treat in a new and fresh way many of the most romantic stories of holy writ, based upon newly discovered historical facts and have a very general interest. The entire series are superbly illustrated from photographs and rare paintings.

"THE RECKONING"

The greatest serial of the year, appears in "The National," a story of Maximilian's reign in Mexico.

FICTION OFFERING

There will appear in "The National Magazine," during the year 1901, fresh and original short stories, serials, sketches and poems of exceptional literary merit by the following and other American authors:

Octave Thanet
Hayden Carruth
William MacLeod Raine
Joseph Dana Miller
C. B. Lewis (M. Quad)
Jack London
Frank Putnam
Clarence Ousley
Winthrop Packard
Charles W. Reamer
Gertrude Menard

Anna Farquhar
Joe Lincoln
Eben E. Rexford
Frank B. Tracy
Sam Walter Foss
Joe Cone
Elmore Elliott Peake
Ellis Parker Butler
Lillian True Bryant
W. J. Lampton
Theodosia Pickering Garrison

Henry Holcomb Bennett
Annie T. Colcock
Helen T. George
Emelie Blackmore Stapp
Will M. Clemens
Francis Lynde
Clinton Scollard
Maitland LeRoy Osborne
Hezekiah Butterworth
Charles Winslow Hall
Helen Ray Kent

The National Magazine,

W. W. POTTER CO., Ltd., Publishers, 91 Bedford St., Boston

The National Magazine's Great Prize Offer

Read Every Word—and Read it Again

The whole country is now becoming interested in the Pan-American Exposition, which will open its doors in May next at Buffalo, N. Y.

To those who were so fortunate as to see the splendors of the World's Columbian Exposition, at Chicago, the vast progress in science and art and especially the wonders of applied electricity will here be made manifest, while, to all who failed to see that greatest fair of the nineteenth century, this first exhibition of the twentieth century will leave little to regret. It is peculiarly fitting that "The National Magazine" should do its part to make successful this national and international enterprise.

With this end in view, and with a further purpose of offering encouragement to our friends throughout the nation, we have determined to make a grand prize offer, which in its scope and fairness shall as far surpass all former offers of the kind as "The National Magazine" surpasses all its competitors in its features and interesting contents.

We shall absolutely give away in the aggregate \$10,000 in cash or its equivalent as follows:

First—

To one person in each of the forty-nine states and organized territories of the United States a free trip to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y., in August, 1901, such person to be chosen from subscribers to "The National Magazine" in the manner following:—In the April, May and June numbers of "The National Magazine" will be published a certificate, each of which shall entitle the holder (if a subscriber) to one estimate in the contest. This contest will be in answer to the following question:—"How many paid admissions will there be to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, on July 4, 1901?" The person in each state or territory who shall come nearest to computing the correct number shall be declared the winner for such state or territory, provided he or she is a subscriber enrolled prior to June 15, 1901. To such one person in each state or territory we will present a free ticket to and from Buffalo and all necessary expenses, for one week, while guests of "The National Magazine" at Buffalo.

This gathering of our friends will celebrate the eighth anniversary of the establishment of this magazine, and will be entirely unique in the history of periodical enterprise.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE 

Second—

As a further incentive to our friends and as an inducement which will lead them to ask their friends to join our family circle, we will send three extra official certificates to each person who will send us **two subscriptions** for one year at ninety cents net each. Every contestant may enter as many estimates as he or she has certificates. All certificates must be mailed to us by June 15. You can send in at once for the three certificates for every two new subscriptions you obtain and save time.

Third—

GRAND SUBSCRIPTION PRIZES

\$120 Per Year for Ten Years

It may happen, and doubtless will in some cases, that some of our friends will work hard and secure many subscribers, yet fail to secure one of the trips to Buffalo, and in order that no injustice may be done to such, we offer the following list of prizes for subscriptions:—To the person sending the largest list of subscribers for one year with ninety cents each in cash, we will present an annual income of \$120 per year for ten years. To the person sending the next largest list of subscribers we will present \$100 in gold.

To the person sending the largest list from each state or territory (winners of the above two prizes excepted) we will present a \$10 gold piece or eagle. To the person sending the second largest list from each state or territory (not considering winners of first two prizes) we will present a three-year paid up subscription to "The National Magazine."

Fourth—

A commission of ten per cent will be allowed on all subscriptions secured during this contest at \$1.00 each, and may be deducted when making remittance.

Fifth—

Roll up your sleeves and go to work! YOU can secure one of these prizes and your chances are as good as any one's to succeed in this grand competition.


Sixth—

In event of a tie estimate, we will take the first two names that are received by us with the nearest estimate and award both of them credentials and tickets for the Exposition. In all other cases of a tie estimate we will send "The National Magazine" for three years. This relates to the Pan-American offer only.

In all other ties we will take the first estimate received. An accurate account will be kept as the estimates arrive, so that each contestant may be sure of receiving his or her just dues, to be determined by the date when the letter was mailed. Great care must be taken in the dating of estimates, also the name, address, city, town and state of the contestant.

The National Magazine

W. W. POTTER CO. Ltd., Publishers, 91 Bedford St., Boston

 SEE OPPOSITE PAGE

What We Have Done

The following letter is from a member of "The National Magazine" Continental Tour Party of 1900, that visited among other points of interest the Paris Exposition. Mr. Fleith's letter is of interest as showing that "The National Magazine" carries out its agreements to the satisfaction of its patrons.

Editor "The National Magazine:"

As a member of "The National Magazine" European party, which I joined after securing 500 annual subscriptions for "The National Magazine," I take pleasure in saying that the European trip was all and more than was promised in the itinerary. Not only were all the conditions fulfilled, but everything possible was done for our comfort and enjoyment. Our party is unanimous in saying that it was a most enjoyable and instructive tour. In fact, it was to me an education, and you may be sure that we have all returned staunch friends of "The National Magazine," which I believe to be the most progressive and distinctively American magazine published, and we will always be ready to advocate its honesty and fair dealings. It has done more to stimulate and encourage young men in the right ideals and purposes of life than any other periodical I know of, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying that my life will be influenced by the generous and helpful influence of my connection with the magazine. It has made the securing of 500 subscriptions for "The National Magazine" the proudest achievement of my life, and one of the most eventful portions of my education.

The trip was so arranged as not to afford mere pleasure alone, but has given me a broader idea of the world's history, and a keener love and appreciation of our American institutions than I ever hoped to secure. It was one succession of revelations to me.

In closing I wish to again thank "The National Magazine" for the opportunity which has been opened to me as a young man for "seeing the world" and making the best of it.

With best regards, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

WALTER H. FLEITH.

Wausau, Wis.

Send two subscriptions for three estimate blanks at once as time counts—every day counts.

W. W. POTTER CO. Ltd., 91 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

ADORN YOUR HOMES WITH Beautiful Works of Art ...In Sepia or Platinum...

"EASTER OFFERING"



J. SANT. Born in London in 1820. R. A. 1871. 1872 appointed principal painter in ordinary to the Queen. Among his sitters have been the Queen, Prince Albert, children of Prince of Wales, etc.

"TOUCH ME NOT"



K. G. SCHONHERR. Born in Lengefeld, Saxony, in 1824. History painter. Pupil of Dresden Academy, then studied in Rome. Professor at Dresden Academy.

These are not "Half Tones," but Works of Art, worthy a place in any home.

Very Appropriate and Attractive Easter Offerings

The magnificent reproductions of famous paintings shown above, finished in Sepia and Platinum, size 9 x 12 inches, are offered to readers of "The National Magazine" for a limited time only at the special rate of

50 cents each

or either one will be given with one year's subscription for \$1.00; for \$2.00 both reproductions and two years' subscription will be given. When ordering state whether Sepia or Platinum finish is wanted.

W. W. POTTER CO. (Ltd.)

91 Bedford Street,
Boston, Mass.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Medallions with Gold Lacquered Frames

Finished in imitation of Porcelain and Satin, are sold strictly on their merits. The phenomenal growth of the trade in them has never been equalled in any branch of art photographic novelties; they have already found a permanent place in the world of art. They are warranted not to fade and will last forever.

They are dust and waterproof, cannot warp or crack; being at once a permanent and highly artistic mount, they afford universal satisfaction; and the remarkably low price at which they are sold accounts in a measure for their unparalleled popularity, combining as they do the charm of the photographic art and the ingenuity of the artisan. Our

new easel permits of the standing or hanging of our medallions—a recognized valuable advantage.

These medallions are rich in beauty and very attractive, possess merit and are popular with all classes. They are regarded by persons of taste everywhere as the most important adjunct of the photographer's art.

This cut represents the front view of our 4 1/4 inch gold lacquered framed Medallion. They are solid and indestructible, firmly interlocked and cannot be taken apart. They are dust and waterproof, supported by our adjustable reversible easel back, which can be used as a hanger or stand.

Send one subscription for "The National Magazine," with one dollar for the same, together with any photograph, and we will send you **FREE** the photograph reproduced on one of these beautiful Medallions exact size of cut, and "The National Magazine" for 1 year

Just the Thing for Christmas.



Don't Fail to take Advantage of This.

Price \$1.25

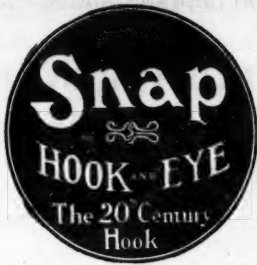
Manufactured by The G. A. Shuler Co., 7 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Send your photograph to "The National Magazine," who guarantee to return it in as good order as received, together with a beautiful reproduction as described above by The G. A. Shuler Company. Address,

THE W. W. POTTER CO. (Ltd.,)

91 Bedford Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers



SNAP

Hook & Eye



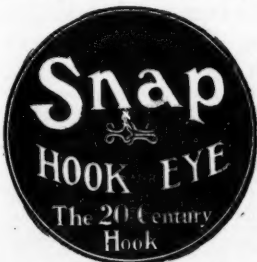
It closes by a touch, and you hear it close These are two strong points—bear them in mind.

With the old-fashioned hook you grope about vainly for a while and finally catch something, you don't know exactly what; it may by some good fortune be the eye, but it is just as likely to be the dress, or the trimming, through which it will tear, leaving your garment both unfastened and marred. With the SNAP HOOK AND EYE there is nothing of this kind; all that is needed is a touch in the right place—and you know it is the right place because you hear the click of the tiny steel spring.

The SNAP HOOKS save gowns because they all work equally well. If a fastener here and there gives way, or opens, the extra strain on those remaining closed will destroy the shape of the garment. SNAP HOOKS are reliable—they all stay closed till a sharp pull on the hook side of the garment releases them.

It is surprising that up-to-date dressmakers should use such a behind-the-times article as the old-fashioned hook. There is not one single particular in which the SNAP HOOK does not excel all other hooks. Any woman who does not use it is doing an injustice to her gowns.

If your dealer does not keep them, send 10 cts. for a sample card. Say whether white or black.



Made in Sizes 3 and 4

SNAP HOOK & EYE CO.,

377 Broadway,

New York City



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

OX-BLOOD TABLETS

Are Pleasant To Take

and harmless to the system. They cure Nervousness, Rheumatism, indigestion and female trouble. Blood Purifier and Tonic. A great flesh producer. Patients derive all the benefit and nourishment from these tablets that they will from the pure blood of a healthy bullock.

The greatest cure of the age for a broken down system. We refer you to Mrs. J. C. Warren of Racine, Wis., and Mrs. Lydia Graves of Philadelphia, N. Y., who gained 6 lbs each on our three-weeks' treatment that we give free, also Mrs. Julia House of Council Bluffs, and Mrs. R. Tilton of Temple, Me., who gained 7 lbs each in four weeks.



FREE To convince you that our remedy will do all we claim we will give a three-week treatment at our office or will send it to any address on receipt of ten cents for postage.
FREE
W. A. HENDERSON CO., Clarinda, Iowa.

Women Made Beautiful

by VESTRO. Develops the Best Complexion, fills all hollow places, adds grace, curve and beauty to the neck; softens and clears the skin. Beautiful women everywhere owe their superb figure and matchless loveliness to VESTRO. Harmless, permanent. NEVER FAILS. Every lady should have this unrivaled developer. Adds charm and attraction to plainest women. Full particulars, testimonials, etc., sealed for 2 cent stamp.



ABRUM MEDICINE CO., DEPT. K. S., STATE ST., CHICAGO

MORPHINE and all drug habits cured safely, painlessly by our great remedy, which contains essential principles necessary to success. Our physicians are skillful, safe, competent. TRIAL TREATMENT SENT FREE to demonstrate this truth. All communications sacredly confidential. Send at once to
FLOWER MEDICINE CO., 151 W. 34th St., N. Y.

GOING TO BE MARRIED

Then you want it. "The best book out. 'THE TRIPLE WEDDING OR SECRETS REVEALED.' (Illustrated.) Over 300 pages of rich and interesting reading; it will tell you lots of things you want to know. Price 50c — send money order or stamps. THE PUBLISHING CO., 190 N. Dear Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

A TRIAL FREE!

Mme. A. Ruppert's "LIFE TO HAIR"



New Discovery is a Guarantee Against Baldness.

Absolute Cure for Dandruff, Scaly and Diseased Scalps.

Growth of Hair Guaranteed.

It is well known that hair tonics are not sufficient in themselves for a perfect treatment of the hair; with this fact in view Madame A. Ruppert, New York's leading Complexion and Hair Specialist, has for years been giving a large portion of her time to the discovery of a treatment that would actually stop falling hair, and produce a growth of hair in any instance where the root of the hair was not entirely dead. She has accomplished this and can conscientiously state that her new treatment for the preservation and growth of hair, which she has named "Life to Hair" treatment, is far superior to anything yet known.

Madame Ruppert guarantees that the treatment is not only harmless, containing no poisonous ingredients, but is a most pleasant, agreeable and safe treatment. In order to convince the many thousands who are suffering from thin hair and diseased scalps, she voluntarily offers to send to any reader of this magazine on receipt of four cents in stamps a trial of the Life to Hair treatment; which will be sufficient to show you its great merits. Send in your request with two 2-cent stamps promptly for a free trial and you will be well repaid. Address,

MME. A. RUPPERT,
6 and 8 East 14th St., New York.

Advertise Successfully

For Mail-Order Business

Send for my ADVERTISER'S POCKET GUIDE of money-making lists of leading dailies, weeklies and monthlies. The key to the best known mediums. Valuable and interesting to beginners; Best Free. RUDOLPH GUENTHER, Newspaper and Magazine advertising 106 Fulton Street, New York.

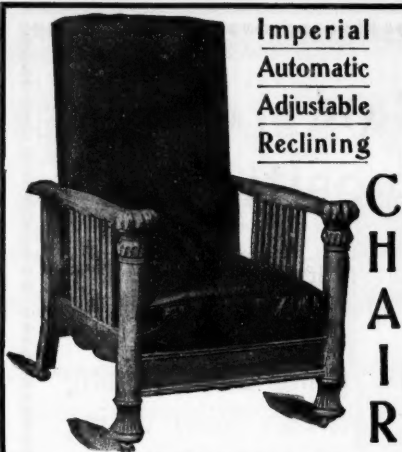
FOR 3 two-cent stamps, the P. Graham Co., 714-716 East 66th St., Chicago, will send you sample tube of the most exquisite, pleasingly satisfying Tooth Paste ever brought to your notice.

"Supreme" is the name of the preparation and it is supreme. It's made for discerning people. PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

PIMPLES

CURED BY DERMOKURO

Eczema, Acne, all chronic skin, scalp and facial eruptions positively permanently cured in 10 to 30 days. Others claim to, but Dermokuro is the only remedy that cures. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. Discovered and used exclusively by New York's most successful skin specialist. Hundreds cured. All praise Dermokuro. Mailed in wrapper 6c. DERMOKURO CO., 415 W. 34th St., New York.



**Imperial
Automatic
Adjustable
Reclining**

CHAIR

Don't fail to see the 20th Century wonder; instantly adjusted automatically to any position without moving from the chair. A slight pressure of the body will incline it to any angle. The spring and air device under the seat allows it to slide back easily and without any jar or noise when not in use. It is the Chair triumph of this inventive age.

Richly upholstered in various shades and qualities of velours, tapestry, plush, pantasote and leather. The frames are made of first quality of quarter-sawn oak or imitation mahogany, handsomely polished. Ask your furniture dealer to show you the "Imperial." If he does not carry it in stock send us his name and address and we will write him or give you the name of the dealer in your city who handles it. An illustrated book of designs of this late invention sent free to any address. Write to

J. A. KELLY & BROS.,
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers,
CLINTON, IOWA.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

One in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1901 Bicycle. **BEST MAKES 1901 Models, \$10 to \$18.**

'99 & '00 Models, high grade, \$7 to \$12.

500 Second-hand Wheels

all makes and models, good as new, \$5 to \$8. Great Factory Clearing Sale at half factory cost. We ship anywhere on approval and ten days trial without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing Catalogues for us. We have a wonderful proposition to Agents for 1901. Write at once for our Bargain List and Special Offer. Address Dept. 188 G

MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago

FLOWER Garden VEGETABLE
for 25c.

To introduce our Seeds to new homes we offer

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1 pkt. fragrant carnations, | 1 pkt. German pansies, |
| 1 pkt. sweet peas, our new white beauty, | 1 pkt. poppy, mixed, |
| 1 pkt. fox glove, mixed, | 1 pkt. new giant hollyhocks, mixed, |
| 1 pkt. nasturtiums, mixed, | 1 pkt. asters, mixed, |
| 1 pkt. prize wax bean, | 1 pkt. cucumber, mixed, |
| 1 pkt. June 21 sweet corn, | 1 pkt. new scarlet radish, |
| 1 pkt. Edgewater tomato, | 1 pkt. best summer squash, |
| 1 pkt. best winter squash, | 1 pkt. Edgewater beet, |
| 1 pkt. long keeping celery, | 1 pkt. Edgewater parsnip. |

All the above full packages for 25c. and a 10c. DUE BILL. FREE if you name this magazine.

Cash prizes for our splendid novelties, nameless wax bean and the Lawrence pop corn. Particulars in catalog. Write for it. Address

C. M. GOODSPEED, Skaneateles, N. Y.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

SUCCESS SEEDS

In order to introduce our seeds to new homes we offer the following superb collections at the bare cost of postage and packing: **Fragrant Marguerite Carnations (mixed colors), Our New Beauty White Sweet Pea, Imported German Pansies (all colors), New Brilliant Nasturtiums (all colors) Mixed, Victoria Perfection and Comet Asters (all colors).** Above Five Packages, nearly 100 distinct flowers for **TEN CENTS.**

Success Vegetable Seed Collection.

Our Two { **NAMELESS WAX BEANS**
Great Novelties. { **NEW POP CORN "THE LAWRENCE."**
With chance to compete for Cash Prizes on both. **June 21, Sweet Corn, Edgewater Tomato, New Climbing and Everbearing Cucumbers.** All the above Vegetable Collection in full-sized packages for **15 cents.**

10c. DUE BILL FREE with every order. Also extras and complete catalogue of bargains and prize offers if you mention this magazine. We are well known to the Publishers, sending them hundreds of subscriptions to their magazine. See our advertisement in December "National." We are offering you no Cheap John or Catchpenny scheme, but the very best seeds that can be produced. Try us. If both collections are taken the **Home Magazine** will be sent free for one year. Address

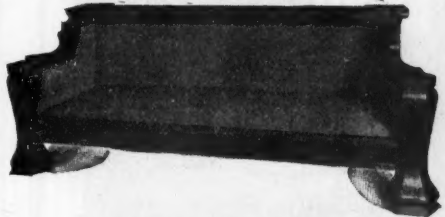
C. M. GOODSPEED, Seedman, Skaneateles, N. Y., Box 791.

**Rescued
From Drink**

by a new discovery, odorless and tasteless, which any lady can give in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 3320 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform anyone addicted to **COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM**, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address **MRS. MARY B. BALDWIN, P.O. Box 1212, Chicago, Illa.**

ANTIQUES!



Colonial Furniture

Mahogany Sofas, Chairs, Tables and Wardrobes. All veritable antiques and in good condition, no reproductions. A very handsome Chippendale Sideboard, also China Closet.

Copper Brass and Pewter Lamps in very great variety —some with beautiful opalescent glass shades. Jewish Candlesticks, five and seven branches. Jardinieres and other old Russian Coppers.

Rare old China, Historical Plates, Pitchers, etc. Lowestoft, Tortoise Shell, Minton, Mulberry, etc.

A very large collection of Pewter, Brass and Copper Candlesticks and other Antiques, at the sign of

The Copper Kettle, 2501 Michigan Ave., Chicago

MRS. ADA M. ROBERTS

Catalogue and price list on request. Photographs sent after correspondence.

Pan-American Exposition!

Tickets of all kinds, sleeping car reservations and full information, also

Personally Conducted Tours, going and returning direct or returning via the *St. Lawrence River* during the Exposition season.

Circulars in Preparation.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.

296 Washington Street, opposite School Street, Boston
25 Union Square, New York
1005 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



\$28.75 Buys this luxurious Turkish rocker, direct from the factory, to be returned at our expense, if not positively the best Turkish rocker ever sold at so low a price.

Covered with the best hand buffed leather (any color). Cushions are filled throughout with the finest quality curled horse hair drawings. Back, seat front, arms and head rests on either side are all tufted. Base has a beautiful mahogany finish and rests on ball-bearing casters. At retail this rocker would cost \$45 to \$60. We prepay freight to all points east of Mississippi river and north of Tennessee. (Points beyond on an equal basis). Address, mentioning "National Magazine."

THE COUFFIELD-TAYLOR CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.
"The Furniture Centre of the World"

OPIUM

Cocaine and Alcohol Habits Speedily Cured without injury, pain, or even much discomfort. Ask your doctor about the BLUE HILLS SANITARIUM, Milton, Mass., or write to

DR. J. FRANK PERRY, 2 Park Sq., Boston

DEAFNESS

Cured OR NO PAY.
C. H. Rowan, Milwaukee, Wis.

Correct Attire

Booklet is Free for 2c. Stamp to pay postage. Tells all about how, when and what to wear. Also how to keep your clothes neat and clean. Save your clothes. Ralph & Wilson Co., Springfield, Ohio

Ladies! WHEN IN NEED TRY MY PILLS.
BOX FREE. MRS. B. ROWAN,
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.



Patented Jan. 28, 1900.

THE IDEAL Steam Cooker

Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.

Reduces Fuel Bills One-half.

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits.

Whistle blows when Cooker needs more water. Dinner Sets, Bicycles, Watches, and other

Valuable Premiums given with order for Cooker. Send for illus. catalogue. We pay express. Agents Wanted. TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 62, Toledo, O.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. M. 9, Lebanon, Ohio.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

HE KNOWS WHICH IS THE BEST

Newly Patented Process

OATNUTS --FOOD--

Is the result of Twenty Years
experience in the manufac-
ture of Oat Products

The New Oat Food ^{Is} Perfection

All the Life of the Grain

Made by new machinery.
NOT the same machinery
that has been in use for the
past fifty years.

Liberty Pure Food Co.
BOSTON, MASS.

Cost no more than other oats.
Ask for the Red Package.



Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Free Trial

Death to Hair—
Root and Branch

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL



A TRIAL
TREATMENT
FREE
TO ANY ONE
AFFLICTED
WITH HAIR
ON FACE
NECK OR ARMS.

We have at last made the discovery which has baffled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a moustache or a growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of "KILL-ALL-HAIR," shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent free of charge, to any lady who will write for it and say she saw the offer in this magazine. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your senses will then convince you that the treatment, "KILL-ALL-HAIR," will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two stamps for mailing.

The Misses Bell

78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

Pets of all Kinds Free

If you wish any of the animals below, prompt action is necessary on your part: Angora Cats, Belgian Hares, Monkeys, Parrots, Canary Birds, Mocking Birds, Goldfinches, Japanese Robins, Larks together with fancy cages. Rabbits, Squirrels, Shetland Ponies, Guinea Pigs, Ferrets, Dogs of all kinds, Aquariums and Fancy Gold Fish.

We have reserved a stock of animals of the finest quality and breeding, which we are about to distribute FREE for the benefit of our business and every person answering this advertisement promptly may secure any of the many animals in which we deal, some of which we mention above for your selection. The stock raised from these animals is to be offered to us, at your lowest cash price, before they are sold. This is a condition of our offer.

We Start you in a Profitable Business

This is a great opportunity if taken advantage of at once to start in a paying business without investing a single penny for the animals.

As an illustration of the money to be made in raising animals: Genuine Angora Cats are worth from \$25.00 to \$100.00 each and are easy to raise. Belgian Hares may be raised in an attic or cellar, or small city backyard without difficulty. They breed from ten to twelve at a time, six times a year, and sell for seemingly fabulous prices, and service alone from a good buck is worth \$25.00. Large profits are easily and quickly made by those who begin now. We want no money with your reply to this advertisement. Simply write us and say what you desire—a pair of animals, birds or aquarium. Give your full address, together with the name of the Express Company to ship by, and say when wanted.

We pay express charges.

Address, Animal World, Dept. 166

248 W. 23d St., New York

Nature's Grandest Monuments

The Big Trees of Calaveras and Mariposa Groves are but one of the THOUSAND ATTRACTIONS along the line of the three routes of the magnificent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

The most alluring trips that imagination can conceive.

SUNSET LIMITED

(The Famous Hotel on Wheels)

is operated tri-weekly, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays from New Orleans to San Francisco.

Through Pullman ten-section drawing-room, buffet service between New Orleans and Mexico City via San Antonio and Eagle Pass, thus affording the most comfortable and attractive service between the United States and the capital of our sister republic. For full information, free illustrated pamphlets, maps and time-tables, lowest rates, sleeping-car and steamer reservations, baggage checked, etc., apply to

E. E. CURRIER, N. E. A., 170 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



to \$20.00. Order two Edgemeres at once, you can sell the extra profit enough to get yours free. Write for Free Bicycle Catalogue.

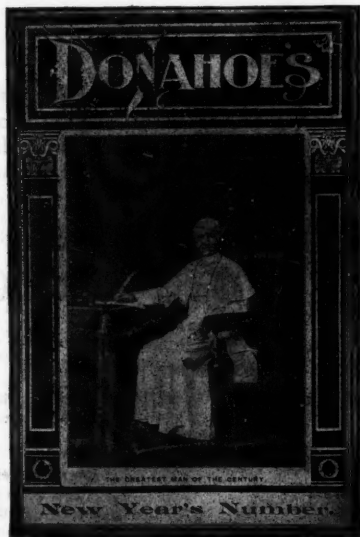
SEND NO MONEY

EDGEMORE **EDGEMORE** by express C. O. D., subject to examination by you. We will examine it at your nearest express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, the equal of bicycles that sell everywhere at \$39.00. We will refund you the express charges, and we will give you a special price of \$31.75 (or \$13.25 for ladies), and express charges. **OUR SPECIAL PRICE \$31.75**—Express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for 500 miles. **THE NEW 1901 MODEL EDGEMORE** is covered by our written patent. Built on the very latest lines, made from genuine seamless steel tubing, 28, 24 or 26-inch frame, finest two-piece hanger, finest full ball bearings, handsome arch crown. Enamelled in black, green or maroon, neatly striped, highly nickel-plated, beautifully finished throughout. Turned handle bars, highest grade genuine Clipper pneumatic tires, with quick repair kit, best of everything. **Order today.** \$31.75 is the lowest price ever known for a strictly High Grade Bicycle. A saving of \$16.00.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE GREAT CATHOLIC MONTHLY



Fine Topics of the Day.
Illustrations, beautiful and numerous.
Intensely interesting and wholesome stories.
 Send for sample copy to
DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, . . BOSTON

DO YOU SCRATCH? ECZEMA,

ALL SKIN DISEASE CURED. I discovered a method that permanently cured me of eczema. I do what no physician can do. Send 6 cents for trial treatment.

W. A. Bullard, 309 Theodore St., Detroit, Mich.

Latest Popular Songs FREE

To increase the circulation of our magazine, we will for a limited time send any one of the following latest popular songs with music post paid for a three months' subscription at 25c to our magazine; any two songs for six months' subscription at 50c; any five songs for one year's subscription at \$1.00.

at 25c; any live songs for one year at \$2.50; *Chopin's No. 1* (1900) at 25c; *Coon, Coon, Coon: Beyond the Gates* (sacred); *It's Just Because I Love You So* (a great ballad); *The Way to Win a Woman's Heart* (beautiful parlor song); *My Girl From Dixie*; *I'd Like to Hear That Song Again*; *It's the Man Behind the Gun Who Does the Work*; *In His Steps* (sacred); also Sousa's great march (instrumental) entitled *Fox Hunter's March*. The above songs retail at music stores at 25c and 50c each.

Any person in business or who contemplates a business career, should subscribe for our magazine. Address, The Review, Box A203, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Return to Nature

**And become stronger, healthier, happier, clearer headed and—
save money; follow the simple laws of nature.**

THE KNEIPP WATER-CURE MONTHLY
and Herald of Health

Will tell you all about them.

The Kneipp Water Cure Monthly, devoted to Kneipp's method and kindred national Systems, stands for a cleaner body, a nobler mentality, and a higher morality, hygienic living, and natural methods of obtaining health. Able contributors. Has a free correspondence department to subscribers, which tells all about the natural treatment of diseases. Full of hints on prevention and cure of disease. A magazine for the whole family.

**The only magazine of Kneipp's
Hydrotherapy in the English Language.**

Edited by **BENEDICT LUST,**
Hydropathic Physician

**Director of the "Jungborn, Sanitarium,
Bellevue, Butler, N. J.**

Subscription price per annum, United States, Canada and Mexico, \$1.00. Foreign countries \$1.25. Payable in advance. Sample copies free.

Kneipp's World Renown Books.

"My Water Cure," (The Kneipp Cure), 500 pages, 200 illustrations of the different treatments, as Water Applications, Baths, Wet Sheets, Vapors, Gushes, etc. This book is originally written by the famous Hydropathist, the Rev. Father Kneipp, is translated in fifteen languages and sold in over one million copies, alone in the German language. Price, elegantly bound, \$1.00, paper cover, 60c.

The Care of Children. By Seb. Kneipp, paper 50c., bound, 75c., postpaid.

The Kneipp Brochure and a complete catalogue of books on Nature Cure. Health Underwear, Health Food and Hygienic Supplies free.

KNEIPP MAGAZINE PUB. CO., 111 E. 59th St., N. Y.

CAMERA EXCHANGE

For Professional and Amateur Photographers.



we deal only in first-class goods at lowest cash prices. Our developing and finishing department conducted by experts is second to none. Mail orders promptly filled. **Graves & Co.,**
We solicit your patronage. 35 E. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

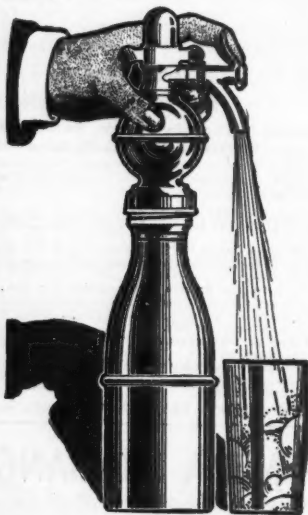
A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDEA

A Soda Fountain IN EVERY HOME.....

COUNTRY life misses many enjoyments of the city. If you can't come to them they can go to you. One of the city's latest novelties is the possibility of having a complete Soda Fountain in your home at trifling expense. It consists of filling small steel capsules with the purest carbonic acid gas and supplying with them a

SPARKLETS

apparatus for making all drinks sparkling. It isn't a big, cumbersome affair, but a neat, attractive silver bottle, as shown in illustration, with capacity for carbonating all kinds of drinks as effectually as though you owned a \$1,000 soda fountain. In order to introduce this into 100,000 country homes we make this special offer of



A Complete Soda Water Outfit for \$3.00

- 1 all-metal bottle, with syphon, complete
- 2 boxes of SPARKLETS, 10 in a box
- 1 bottle of Root Beer Extract, pure syrup
- 1 " Ginger Ale " "
- 1 " Vanilla " "
- 1 " Sarsaparilla " "
- 1 " Raspberry " "
- 1 " Strawberry " "
- 1 " Vichy Tablets (40 in bottle)
- 1 " Citrate Magnesia Tablets (40 in bottle)

Regular price

\$5.00

Introductory price to the first 100,000

\$3.00

Delivered, expressage, prepaid, to all points East of the Rocky Mountains. West of these add 50 cents for additional expressage.

This gives you choice of eight different kinds of soda, flavored exactly to your taste at average cost of one cent a glass.

In addition to making the finest soda in the world, SPARKLETS will carbonate in this syphon, milk, iced tea, cider or any liquid, and by its own life and force destroy all germs and clear impurities from unhealthy water.

From thousands of letters of commendation we have space only for a few:

"SPARKLETS goes beyond my expectations. Mrs. Howe has used it with various liquids and now she cannot get along without it. I have used the extracts of various varieties and the charging of them was perfect as to taste, etc."
J. L. HOWE, 94 Fulton St., New York.

"I thank you for introducing SPARKLETS to my notice. I have been ill quite a while and could not retain milk or anything else in any form until I used the SPARKLETS. I am now able to drink a gallon of milk charged with

SPARKLETS daily. Enclosed is a letter from my physician, Dr. Lober, verifying the same."

MARIE LENORA MARKS,
2387 Magazine Ave., New Orleans, La.

"SPARKLETS reached me in good order and I am greatly pleased with the same."

M. C. MERRIMAN, JR.
Syracuse, N. Y.

"My friends and myself are delighted with the operation of SPARKLETS."

JAMES HICKS, Piqua, O.

You can't afford to be without one. Remit \$3.00 by postal order, check, registered mail, or any convenient way and get a Soda Fountain in your home.

THE COMPRESSED GAS CAPSULE COMPANY
Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway, New York City

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO'S NEW BOOKS

The New Epoch for Faith

By **GEORGE A. GORDON, D. D.**, author of "The Christ of To-Day," "The Witness to Immortality," etc. 12mo., \$1.50.

Dr. Gordon here offers an interpretation of the religious conditions of to-day from the point of view of an advanced religious thinker. He assumes, as manifestly true, that the direction of religious development for the past twenty years has been toward a freer and fuller faith. His work, while carefully discriminating, is thoroughly optimistic, and is written with uncommon literary power and charm.

The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews

By **LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.**, author of "The Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle," "The Evolution of Christianity," etc. Crown 8vo., gilt top, \$2.00.

Dr. Abbott's object in this book is to trace in the Bible the origin and development of the religious, political and literary life of the ancient Hebrews, on the theory that this life was a gradual development like that of other nations. His treatment of the Bible is free yet wholly reverent, and his book is of uncommon interest and value.

The Turn of the Road

A Romance. By **EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM**. 12mo., \$1.50.

A very readable romance of a singer. The hero is a loyal, high minded American and a very strong character; the heroine is an ambitious, self-reliant American girl. She studies in Paris and becomes a very accomplished singer, and, after the experience of devotion and self-denial of the hero, becomes a superb woman. The story is effectively told and merits a wide popularity.

A Pillar of Salt

By **JENNETTE LEE**. 12mo., \$1.25.

A story of an inventor's genius and the opposition to his ambition and enthusiasm by the inventor's wife. The invention succeeds; the story of its success, after much disquiet, is powerfully told, and the emotional interest of the story is very strong.

The Light of the World

An Easter Story, by **HERBERT D. WARD**. With a frontispiece illustration. Square 12mo., \$1.00. [March 9.]

A man who has doubts concerning Christianity dies and goes off among the stars so far that light reaches him which had left earth long before. So he sees past history being enacted, and at length views the resurrection of Jesus, by which his doubts are removed. A striking, original, dramatic story for Easter.

Sam Lovel's Boy

By **ROWLAND E. ROBINSON**, author of "Uncle 'Lisha's Outing," "A Danvis Pioneer," etc. 16mo., \$1.25.

Readers are greatly indebted to the late Mr. Robinson for the photographic accuracy of his stories of Vermont life. The present story tells of Sam Lovel's son from the time when Gran'ther Hill assisted at naming him until he entered the Union Army. It describes how Uncle 'Lisha initiated him into the mysteries of Nature-lore and trained him to fish and hunt. The story is well told and is full of humor, Nature and interesting types of human nature.

Sold by all dealers, sent postpaid by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

You can restore the original
bright beautiful color of youth
to your piano if you use

3 in One

It is a sweet smelling water white oil, that will remove the soil of time and the scratches of wear, and do it quickly, easily and cheaply. "Three in one" is a

PERFECT PIANO POLISH

because it has none of the disagreeable varnish odors of other polishes and leaves no grease or gum to rub off on the clothes. It restores the beauty to the wood and produces a smooth, glistening, shiny finish that is not easily dimmed.

"3-in-1" works equally well on any veneered or varnished surfaces.

FREE A large sample bottle sent to any address for two-cent stamp to pay the postage. Try it at our expense, then buy a big bottle for a little price of your dealer.

G. W. COLE CO.
145 BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

CLUBBING OFFERS

National Magazine and Leslie's Popular Monthly	\$1.40
National Magazine and Cosmopolitan	1.35
National Magazine, Success and Cosmopolitan	1.99
National Magazine, Home Magazine, Cosmopolitan and Ladies' World	1.50
National Magazine, Home Magazine and McClure's	1.50
Any dollar magazine may be put in place of McClure's in above offer except Ladies' Home Journal.	
National Magazine and Home Magazine	1.00
National Magazine and Youths' Companion	2.25
The National Magazine we offer is this one in which this ad. appears. If you are afraid of strangers just ask the publishers of this magazine about us.	
In the following, Review of Reviews must be new subscription:	
Review of Reviews, Success, McClure's, Home Magazine, Cosmopolitan	3.05
Review of Reviews, Success, Home Magazine, McClure's and Leslie's	3.60
Review of Reviews, Success, Home Magazine and Leslie's	2.50
Review of Reviews, Success, Home Magazine and National	2.70
Review of Reviews, Success, Home Magazine and Munsey's	2.95
Household, Home Magazine and Leslie's	1.30
Household, Delineator or Designer and Leslie's	2.25
National, Leslie's and Home Magazine	1.50

In some of the above offers, Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly is abbreviated to Leslie's. Sample copy of the Home Magazine sent for 5 cents. Combinations sent to different addresses if wanted.

ESTIMATES.—If you will send a list of the periodicals you wish, we will give you by return mail our pen and ink price which you will find to be below any catalogue price.

5 TONS of fresh, clean samples of magazines and periodicals of all kinds—Literary, News, Illustrated, Scientific, Art, Music, Sport, Agriculture, Poultry, or any general class. Before selecting your reading matter send us 10 cents for one pound or 25 cents for 5 pounds of these samples. We have all the new ones. By subscribing through us, you can save from 10 to 50 per cent on all your reading matter. Our 40-page catalogue will help you. Reference: any Publisher, Dunn's or the First National Bank of Skaneateles, N. Y. Address,

AMERICAN CLUB LIST, C. M. Goodspeed, Mgr.,
Box 791, Skaneateles, N. Y.

GRAND TRUNK AT BUFFALO

An official of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has been at Buffalo for the last few days, has returned to Montreal, after having secured space for the railway's exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition. The space secured is one of the most prominent on the grounds, covering nearly 4,000 feet of the walls and 600 square feet on the floor of the machinery and transportation building, which is said to be one of the finest architectural creations on the grounds, and is completed and ready for the installation of exhibits. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to make a display such as the company has not yet installed in any exhibition, and this will comprise a large selection of its choicest photographic gems, including a number that were awarded the gold medal at the Paris International exposition of 1900. Canada will be represented by numerous typical scenes of the resorts which are reached by the Grand Trunk, and it is expected that as a result of this the influx of tourists during the season of 1901 into Canada will be something phenomenal. The building in which the Grand Trunk exhibit is to be placed is situated in a central location on what is known as "the Mall," reached by the Amherst street gate. While at Buffalo the Grand Trunk representative made a careful inspection of the entire grounds, and reports that the management of the exposition is making favorable progress with the buildings. May 1, he said, will see the opening of one of the finest expositions that has ever been held in America, which, though not quite so extensive as the World's fair, will exceed in quality anything that has ever been held on the western hemisphere.

THOS. WYNNE, N. E. Agt. Grand Trunk.
306 Washington St., Boston.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Written for Children

But
Read by
All!

10th Thousand Published, and
3d Edition in Preparation.
It should be in every Home.

The Childhood of Ji-shib; The Ojibwa



ALBERT ERNEST JENKS.

Send for late reviews of this popular little book.

The truest, purest and most charming little book on Indian Childlife ever published. Unanimously endorsed by the press everywhere, by readers young and old, by scientists and superintendents of public instruction in many states. The author, Albert Ernest Jenks, Ph. D., wrote "Ji-shib" while among the Ojibwa or Chippewa Indians; and the introduction is from the authoritative pen of Professor McGee, Ethnologist-in-Charge of The Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C. The book contains sixty-six pen sketches and full-page half-tones, is handsomely bound in buckram vellum and sells for \$1.00. Ask your dealer or order from the publishers, The American Three-man, Madison, Wisconsin.

I have read it with exceeding gratification. You have caught with exceptional success those elusive characteristics of Indian thought expressed in oblation, fasting, preparation for warfare, and other peculiar customs. I congratulate you on your success in grasping the aboriginal character.—PROF. W. J. MCGEE, Ethnologist-in-Charge, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington.

Dr. Jenks has written a story of life among the aboriginal Indians and their animal companions that will command, as its merits, attention. He has drunk deeply from the fountains of nature and tradition, and tells the story in a fashion that claims the attention from the first page to the last. The narrative is really a psychological study of Indian childhood of fascinating interest.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"The sweetest story ever told," is all I could think of when I read "Ji-shib."—Miss MARGARET JOYS, Bergen, Norway.

It is a story showing unusual knowledge of Indian life and unusual insight into its thought and tradition and kinship with nature. All children will enjoy making the acquaintance of this little Indian boy from the time when, as a baby, he is wrapped in a beaver-skin to the day, when, in the forest, he chooses A-mi-kons, the beaver, to be his totem or guardian spirit.—The Outlook.

Belgian Hares

FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

Belgian Hare Guide, 25c



The most beautiful and affectionate of all domestic pet stock; the finest of meat for the table; cleanly in habits; cost but little to keep; require small amount of attention and space to live in; and are **THE MOST WONDERFUL LITTLE MONEY-MAKERS IN THE WORLD.**

We can tell you how to earn \$500 A YEAR from an investment of \$25. If you have a small back yard, a shed, barn, or an empty attic, and will devote one hour night and morning we can start you in an **EASY, FASCINATING AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS.** The finest home employment for boys or women. We ship healthy, fine pedigreed stock by express to any point and guarantee safe delivery. Write for particulars.

The Osborne Rabbitry, 6 Spring St., Everett, Mass.
Breeders of Belgian Hares from Imported Stock

BUY KITCHEN UTENSILS



As You'd GATHER MUSHROOMS.

Insure yourself against **POISON.**

You turn over a mushroom
and look for the pink gills.
You turn over a piece of enameled
ware to look for this **TRADE-
MARK.**

**Agate Nickel-Steel Ware
IS SAFE.**

Send for our booklet show-
ing why only "Agate Nickel-Steel Ware"
IS SAFE and why either **ARSENIC, ANTI-
MONY or LEAD** is found in the goods of the
seventeen other manufacturers of enameled ware.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.,

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON



Carpets and Oriental....

RUGS

Our stock of **FLOOR COVERINGS** is large and attractive.
We carry the most desirable productions of Foreign and
American looms.
Our assortment of **ORIENTAL RUGS** is a superb one.
These beautiful goods are choice in colors, fine in quality,
moderate in price.

JOEL GOLDTHWAIT & COMPANY

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS

169 Washington Street, near Cornhill,

BOSTON

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



FERN BALL

Our Banner Collection of SEEDS

15 pkgs. Flower Seeds, 15 pkgs. of Vegetable Seeds, 8 Flowering Bulbs with seed for ONE HANGING FERN BALL Free. This is a beautiful decorative plant for Piazza, Summer House or Living Room.

One Package Each of: *Tiered Arms, Giant Poppy, Baby's Breath, Cherry Bells, White Camellia, French Marigolds, Scarlet Begonia, Lemon Verbena, Double Larkspur, Foxglove, No-Noy, Christy's Primrose, Blue Bell, Fox Glove, Passion Flower.*

Also One Package Each of: *Seeds, Lettuce, Radish, Beet, Cucumbers, Onions, Turnips, Cress, Parsnips, Carrots, Cauliflower, Broccoli, Asparagus, Beans, Peas, Potatoes, Corn, Cabbage, Cucumber, Tomato, Eggplant, Melon, Pumpkin.*

With the following bulbs: 1 Golden Lily (as illustrated), 1 Tiger Lily, 1 Iris Japonica, 1 Cup Tulip, 1 Mountain Lily, 1 Bleeding Heart, 1 Hyacinth, 1 Lily of the Valley. All of the above sent post-paid, for 25 cts. in Silver or Thirteen 2-Ct. Stamps. Money refunded if not as represented. ADDRESS:

GLENDALE NURSERY CO., Everett, Mass.

25c. POSTPAID.




GOLDEN LILY







\$11.95

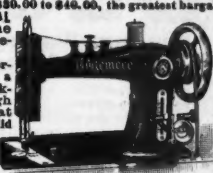
This illustration shows the machine closed to be used as a center table, stand or desk.

SEND NO MONEY

can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to the highest grade sewing machines advertised by other houses at \$20.00 to \$30.00, you ever saw or heard of, pay your railroad agent our \$11.95 OFFER PRICE \$11.95 and freight charges. Give the machine three months' trial in your own home, and we will return your \$11.95 any day you are not satisfied.


OUR \$11.95 EDMERE SEWING MACHINE

is covered by a blading 10-year guarantee, is made by one of the best sewing machine makers in America, has every new and up-to-date improvement, very high arm, positive four-motion feed, is very light running, does any work that can be done on any sewing machine made. It comes in a beautiful solid saved antique oak, drop head cabinet, as illustrated. Cabinet is beautifully finished, highly polished and decorated with a complete set of the finest colored floral marquetry designs. AT \$11.95 we furnish this sewing machine complete with the following accessories: 1 quilter, 2 screw-down drivers, 6 bobbins, 1 package of needles, 1 oil can filled with oil and a complete instruction book, which makes everything so plain that a child can operate the machine. For 75 cents extra (or \$19.70) we furnish in addition to these regular accessories a complete set of highest grade foot attachments in metal box including: 1 foot hemmer, 1 ruffler, 1 shirring plate, 1 tucker, 1 underbracer, 1 binder, 1 short foot and set of hemmers, different widths up to 1/2 of an inch. In ordering say if you want these extra foot attachments at 75 cents additional. ORDER TODAY. DON'T DELAY. Such a beautiful sewing machine was never offered before at anything like the price. Write for Free Sewing Machine Catalogue or send 15 cents for our 1100-page Catalogue of Everything. Address:



This illustration gives you an idea of the appearance of the High Grade, High Arm Edgemere Sewing Machine, which we furnish at \$11.95 in the handsome 8-drawer drop head oak cabinet illustrated.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York

The handiest and best way to handle a pan is by the handle. The handiest and best route between the Pan-American Exposition and New York is the

Lackawanna Railroad

T.E. CLARKE
GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT

T.W. LEE
GEN'L PASSENGER AGT.


B.D. CALDWELL
TRAFFIC MANAGER

FOR INFORMATION, RATES ETC. ADDRESS:
429 Broadway N.Y. 103 Adams St. Chi.
289 Main Street, Broadway & Olive St. St. Louis.
26 Exchange Pl. New York.



MARSHALL'S CATARRH SNUFF CURES CATARRH


It has never been equalled for the instant relief of Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Croup. Cures Deafness, restores lost sense of smell. Sixty yrs. on the market. Price 35 cts. at all Druggists or by mail postpaid. F. C. Keith, Mfr., Cleveland, O.



A Syringe

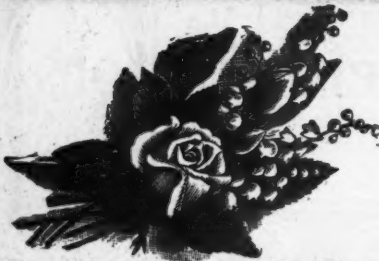
Such as physicians use is now offered direct. It consists of two nickel cylinders, with air pumps between to create compressed air in one cylinder and vacuum suction in other. Open valve and compressed air forces liquid from one cylinder in six streams through top of nozzle. The vacuum sucks it back to other cylinder. All done without a drop of leakage. This is the only effective syringe—the only one that any woman will use when its value is known. Send today for our booklet. Sent in plain sealed wrapper, free on request. Agents wanted.

Sipho Manufacturing Co.
840 CHATHAM ST. . RACINE, WISCONSIN.



Easy money made selling Oseola.
Takes the kink out of kinky, knotty, negro hair. Absolute guarantee. **Every negro buys.** Can't resist it. Sample etc. Catalogue free. Boston Chem. Co., Richmond, Va.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



Fresh, Fragrant VIOLETS

Picked Twice a Day

J. NEWMAN & SONS

51 Tremont St., Boston

We have no branch stores

BLUINE

The Great Bleaching
Bluing and Purifier.

It will not settle,
It will not streak,
Nor injure the clothes.
Cannot freeze or be spilled.

A 10-cent package
will blue the
laundry of the
average fam-
ily for four
months.



THE MOST EXTENSIVELY AD-
VERTISED BLUINE IN THE WORLD.

Sold everywhere or sent by mail from
factory for 10 cts. in stamps or silver.

BLUINE COMPANY, Concord Junction, Mass.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Royal Mail Steamship Line

JAPAN, CHINA, PHILLIPINES

uprb Empress Steamships. Every three weeks.

197 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES



Why pay DOUBLE price for Rem-
ington, Smith Premiers, Caligraphs,
etc., when you can save 40 to 60
per cent. on manufacturers prices.
Machines shipped with privilege of
trial and SOLD or RENTED
anywhere. Full manufacturers guar-
antee on all machines. Send for

Illustrated Catalogue. Mention this medium.

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM,

292 La Salle Street. CHICAGO.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund
the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on
each box. 25 cents.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

FAT REDUCTION

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She protests against the "Free Trial Treatment" Fraud, so often advertised. Here's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the Colleges of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first-class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

FROM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS

The patients of Mrs. Dumar are legion, and all of them are her friends.—Weekly Tribune and Star.

Twenty-odd years she has spent in serving her sister-sufferers and all have benefitted by her treatment.—Family Physician Magazine, N. Y.

For many years this successful specialist has been curing excessive fat, and we (acknowledged to be the highest American authority on all matters pertaining to health, sanitation and hygiene) feel authorized to recommend this treatment.—United States Health Report.

If you find this treatment not based on common sense, and find it doesn't work, she will send your \$1 back. If you question the value of this treatment, ask any proprietor of a first-class newspaper. They all know Mrs. Dumar and what she has done. She has not published a testimonial in years. She does not need to. Her work is too well known.

If you are interested in reducing flesh, and believe that a sure, guaranteed reduction (as promised above) is worth \$1 to you, mail that sum in bill, stamps or Money Order to

MRS. M. DUMAR, 15 West 28th St., New York.

ONLY \$2.95 FOR THIS REGULAR \$6.00 WATERPROOF STORM COAT.

SEND NO MONEY. Mention No. 108L, state your height and weight, number of inches around body at breast, taken over regular coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine it and try it on at your express office, and if found exactly as represented, the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of, equal to any waterproof coat you can buy for \$6.00 to \$8.00, pay the express agent \$2.95 and express OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE... \$2.95 charges.

THIS STORM COAT is the latest 1901 ulster style. It is easy fitting, extra long, made from the very finest genuine Keener Tan Color Covert Cloth, with a heavy tan color genuine sheeting lining; sewed and strapped seams, ventilated arm holes, made with high ulster storm collar with adjusting straps and buttons, overlapping storm fly front, closed with ball and cup snap fasteners, draw buckles on sleeves. The very best coat ever made for those much exposed to the weather, will wear like iron. Guaranteed absolutely waterproof, suitable for both rain or overcoat, and guaranteed the greatest possible value. \$2.95 in the lowest price ever known for such a garment.

ORDER AT ONCE. For Free Cloth Samples of Everything in Neckties, write for SAMPLE BOOK No. 96L. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago



AN INVESTMENT PAYING 15 PER CENT ARIZONA GOLD and COPPER STOCK

selling at low price. Dividends paid monthly. Big money in sight. Best proposition on the market for the price. Send for prospectus. Bank references furnished.

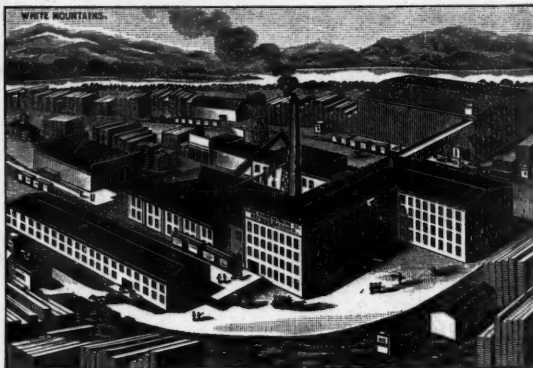
ANDREW L. BUSH, 72 Worthington St., Springfield, Mass.
Fiscal Agent—Specialist in Investments.

"White Mountain" Refrigerators

Are made—ONE EVERY FOUR MINUTES—in this factory.

Odorless, Pure, Clean

A SANITARY
...REFRIGERATOR



A million people use them!

The whole world knows them!

Send for handsome 1901 catalogue.

Branch Offices — Boston; New York City; Philadelphia; Chicago, Ill.; San Francisco, Cal.; Portland, Ore.; Dallas, Tex.; Denver, Col.

**Maine
Manufacturing Co.**
Nashua, N. H.



"It's all in the Lens"

It is an old story with us—telling about the advantages of **Long Focus Cameras**. Those that have tried them, know. But there are always those who have yet to learn. It is to these we address ourselves.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue.

GUNDLACH OPTICAL COMPANY
Rochester, New York

CHICAGO OFFICE: 28 Jackson Boulevard

Ladies

Wanted to do plain and fancy needle-work, including crochet, Battenberg, embroidery work, etc., for us at their homes. Material furnished free. Steady work, good pay. Stamped envelope for particulars.
MODESTO MANUFACTURING CO.,
196 North Mozart St., Chicago, Ill.

What Unitarians Believe

Pamphlets on this subject sent free. Address D. A., 1828 Washington Street, Auburndale, Mass.

MONEY EASILY MADE

Send 25 cents and I will send ten receipts, all of which are big money makers. **R. STEWART, P. O. Box 1083, New Haven, Conn.**

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

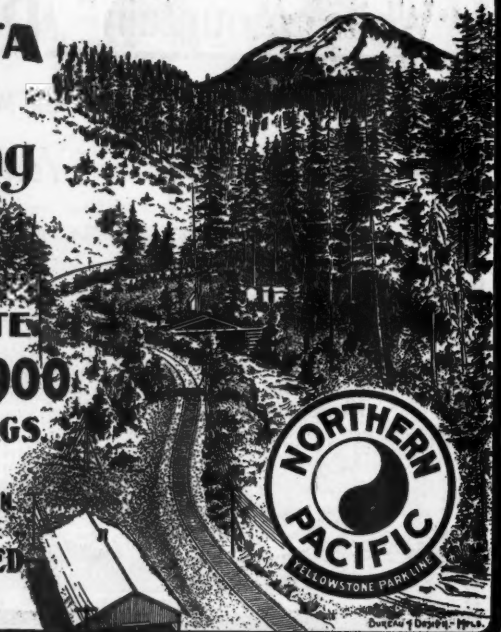
\$1.00 Fountain Pen 50 cents.

Hard rubber-chased barrel-screw section fountain pen-taper cap. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. **F. D. SHOLES,** 1819 Ontario Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

\$50.00 POP CORN

100 seeds of this wonderful new Pop Corn for 25c and chance to compete for our cash prizes. Seed Due Bill, good for 25c worth of other seeds, **FREE** with every order for Pop Corn. First prize-winner last year raised at the rate of 188 bushels per acre. We will pay \$50 for its equal in quality. Handsome Seed Catalog and Free Presents with every order.
C. M. GOODSPEED, Skaneateles, N. Y.

See
MT. SHASTA
 from
Castle Crag
 on the
SHASTA-
NORTHERN
PACIFIC ROUTE
WONDERLAND 1900
 describes **CASTLE CRAGS**
 Sent for **6 CENTS** by
 CHAS. S. FEE, G. R. A. ST. PAUL, MINN.
 TRY THE "NORTH COAST LIMITED"
 TO OR FROM THE COAST.



CLYDE LINE

DIRECT WATER ROUTE FROM
 BOSTON, PROVIDENCE AND
 NEW YORK TO CHARLESTON,
 AND JACKSONVILLE

FLORIDA

Fast Modern *Three Weekly*
Steamships *Sailings*

From Pier 45 N.Y.

RAIL CONNECTIONS TO ALL SOUTHERN RESORTS

W. P. CLYDE & CO.
 GENERAL AGENTS.

THEO. G. EGER,
 GENERAL MANAGER.

19 STATE ST. NEW YORK

To FLORIDA



PRESBURY ADV. AGENCY N.Y.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



QUESTION—What is the man in the window doing?

ANSWER— He is taking out a bottle of

Pabst Malt Extract **The Best Tonic**

QUESTION—What is he going to do with it?

ANSWER— He has sold it to a customer.

QUESTION—Why does the customer buy The "Best" Tonic?

ANSWER— Because it is a perfect health restorer. It builds up the run down system, it restores the tired and nervous to health, strength, and that comfort and happiness which comes from perfect mental and physical equilibrium.

QUESTION—Do druggists sell much of The "Best" Tonic?

ANSWER— Yes, more than any other malt preparation. Many of them give their entire window to such a display as this one.

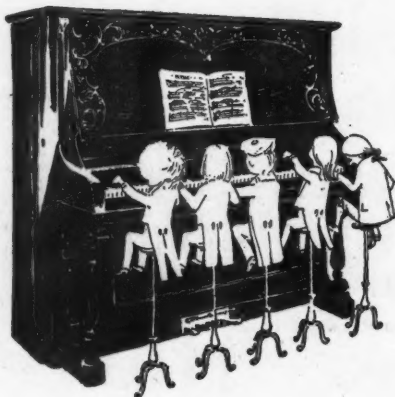
QUESTION—Who makes The "Best" Tonic?

ANSWER— It is carefully and scientifically prepared under medical supervision by

Pabst Brewing Company, (Tonic Dept.) Milwaukee, Wis.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

CROWN PIANO.



ARTISTIC AND ELEGANT

Being the result of untiring effort of musical and mechanical genius, it is but natural that the "CROWN" should appeal to and satisfy the best pianists and musical authorities. In the Crown are embodied all the good points found in other high-grade makes together with special patented features possessed by no other piano.

The Crown is the only piano having a Practice Clavier.
Ask good teachers as to its value.

So liberal are the terms by which you may own a CROWN PIANO that few homes need be without this source of delight and refinement. If you will write us, we will arrange the easiest terms of payment or exchange to suit your case. *Send for Illustrated Catalogue giving full information; also set of dolls for the little ones, free.*

GEO. P. BENT, Manufacturer
Bent Block, Washington Blvd. and Sangamon Street, Chicago, Ill.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

THE
St. Paul Road
(Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.)

**CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS**

The Pioneer Limited
Electric Lighted
Famous Train of the World

All coupon ticket agents show tickets via Chicago,
Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

F. A. MILLER, Gen. Passenger Agent
Chicago, Ill.

**A MAP
OF THE
UNITED STATES**

**SIZE 48 X 34 INCHES
MOUNTED TO HANG ON THE WALL**

PRICE 15 CENTS

This map is particularly interesting and valuable, as it shows in colors the different divisions of territory in America acquired since the Revolution. The original thirteen states, Louisiana purchase, the Texas annexation, the Gadsden purchase, the cession by Mexico and the northwest acquisitions by discovery and settlement. It will be sent postage prepaid on receipt of price.

P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agt. C. B. & Q. R. R., CHICAGO.

BEST & CO
LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

Pretty
Shirt Waist

Good quality of Madras—
red or blue striped and plain
effects — plain back — full
front—long waist—sizes 30 to
34 bust,

98c.

By mail, postage paid, i.e. extra



Everything else that Children wear—and always the
right things—can be ordered by mail from our Cata-
logue. **Send this ad. and 4 cents for Catalogue**
containing

OVER 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Address Department 11.

60-62 West 23d Street, - - - New York

*The Boston
Cooking School
Magazine*

JANET MCKENZIE HILL, EDITOR



The official organ
of the Boston
Cooking School.

The first periodical
to present original
dishes by means
of half-tone illus-
trations.

The most practi-
cal culinary maga-
zine published.

50c. a year

Send for Sample
Copy.

Agents Wanted.
Write for Terms.

**THE 'BOSTON
COOKING SCHOOL MAGAZINE,**
372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

The Ruyter



RUYTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

MAKERS OF RUYTER FOUNTAIN PENS, WRITING INKS AND TYPE-WRITER RIBBONS
342 TIMES BUILDING, CHICAGO

Pronounced *Ri-ter*, and is lighter than all other Fountain Pens. It is jointless, having no old-fashioned screw joints to get stuck, leak or break. Holds more ink than any other pen of its size. You never have soiled fingers from using the **The Ruyter Jointless Fountain Pen**. It always writes and does not blot. Is a favorite with stenographers. Makes writing a positive luxury. **SENT ON 30 DAYS TRIAL** fitted with the finest quality of gold pens. Send \$2.00 for Ladies' size, or \$2.50 for Gents' size. Use it for 30 days, and if you do not find it perfectly satisfactory either exchange it or get your money back. The publisher of this paper will vouch for our reliability. Send for booklet or write for simple plan by which stenographers, bookkeepers and office managers can secure **The Ruyter Pen** free.

VICK'S. Seeds FREE

To introduce our Illustrated Magazine into 100,000 new homes, we will give absolutely free 100,000 75c. Mammeth Seed Collections. Magazine contains 30 long columns devoted to flowers, fruits, poultry garden, household and children; also best short stories and continued stories. A magazine for the whole family. 50c. per year. Every one sending us 50c. for a year's subscription will receive free and postpaid either of the following collections. **Flower Collection:** Vick's Branching Antlers 10c, Centaurea 10c, Candytuft 5c, Sweet Mignonette 5c, Tall Nasturtium 5c, Giant Pansy 10c, Petunias 10c, Poppy 10c, Zinnia 5c, Wild Garden 5c. Total 10 separate packets 75c. **Garden Collection:** Blood Turnip Beet Early 10c, Medium Green Cucumber 5c, Vick's Premium Cabbage Lettuce 10c, Yellow Danvers Onion 5c, Hollow Crown Parsnip 5c, Rosy Gem Radish 10c, Long Cardinal Radish 5c, Giant Salisbury 10c, All Seasons Spinach 5c, Crooked Neck Squash 10c. Total 10 separate packets 75c. These are our choicest seeds put up expressly for our magazine premium. Our name is a guarantee of quality. **Both Collections and Magazine one year (total value \$2.00) for only 55c.**



Vick's Magazine, 930 Triangle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

W. & A.

<p>Fiction Dept. Julia Macruder, F. F. Moore, Octave Thanet, A. Paul Gardiner, and others.</p>	<p>Fashion Dept. Pages of Fashion Illustrations. Ar- ticles on the pre- vailing styles by leading writers.</p>	<p>Girls' Dept. Mrs. Clement Far- ley, Mary G. Hum- phries, Harriet P. Spofford, and others.</p>	<p>Mothers' Dept. Mrs. Florence H. Winterburn, Mar- garet E. Sangster, Mrs. Mark Morrison.</p>	<p>Household Dept. Mrs. Gesine Lemcke of the Greater New York Cooking Schools.</p>
---	---	---	---	---

3 MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS. **550 PEARL STREET, N. Y.**

49-CENT SILK OFFER

For 49 cents per yard we offer this regular \$1.00 Fine All Silk Taffeta.

49 CENTS PER YARD is less than cost to manufacture and much lower than dealers can buy in any quantity. A large New York silk house was compelled to raise money and asked us for a spot cash offer on 2,500 pieces of this fine silk. We made them a ridiculously low offer, but to our surprise it was promptly accepted to get immediate money. To give our customers, to give everyone the advantage of our purchase, we add but one small percentage of profit and make the **HEREAFTER UNHEARD OF OFFER OF 49 CENTS FOR REGULAR \$1.00 GOODS.**

SEND NO MONEY. Cut this ad. out and send to us, **MENTION No. 991**, state color and number of yards wanted and we will send the silk to you by express C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest express office, and if found **PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY**, exactly as represented, and the greatest value we have ever seen or heard of, if you are convinced we are **SAVING YOU ONE-HALF IN PRICE**, then pay the express agent our **SPECIAL PRICE OF 49 CENTS PER YARD** and express charges. The express charges on four to ten yards will amount to 25 to 50 cents; on twelve to twenty yards, 40 to 60 cents. By ordering several yards patterns you reduce the express charges to next to nothing. We therefore advise you to get your friends to join with you and make up an order for **SEVERAL YARDS OR DRESS PATTERNS TO BE SENT TOGETHER.**

THIS IS A GENUINE GUINET ET CIE, FINE ALL PURE SILK RUSTLING TAFFETA. One of the very best silks made. Positively the very latest style and more in demand than any other silk manufactured today. Good weight, 30 inches wide, makes up very stylish in a handsome silk waist or silk suit, and is especially appropriate as a foundation to be covered with lace that are so popular this season. These silks come in a big variety of beautiful colors. Every evening shade and opera colors. Also beautiful shades of green, brown, cardinal, blue, heliotrope, yellow, orange, violet, tan, white and cerise. 4 yards makes an ample waist pattern; 14 yards a dress pattern; 10 yards a good skirt pattern. Underneath, you take no risk. Do not send a cent, and if the goods are not perfectly satisfactory when received, the agent returns it at our expense.

Address our orders to **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

49c PER YARD

W. & A. FINEST SILK GOODS CATALOGUE.

This illustration gives you an idea of our 49-cent silk made up in a waist. Of course, you can make it up any style.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

WELL MADE FASHIONABLE FURNITURE



We Sell a Very Good Desk for \$6.

This one costs a little more than that. It would do you good to see our fine

Mahogany Chamber Sets

as well as those made of Oak. We have

Parlor Suits, Carpets, Odd Pieces in
White Enamel, Hall Stands, Dining-
Room Sets, Book Cases,
in fact everything to furnish a house.

Our Low Prices Will Surprise You.

SPECIAL—As an extra inducement to National Magazine readers we will deliver all goods **FREE** within one hundred miles of Boston, to those who mention the magazine when buying.

A. McARTHUR & CO., 16 to 26 Cornhill, BOSTON.

(TWO DOORS FROM WASHINGTON STREET.)

NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK

60 Congress St., Boston

Capital	\$3,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits (August 14, 1900)	1,856,104.69
Deposits (August 14, 1900)	29,808,942.37

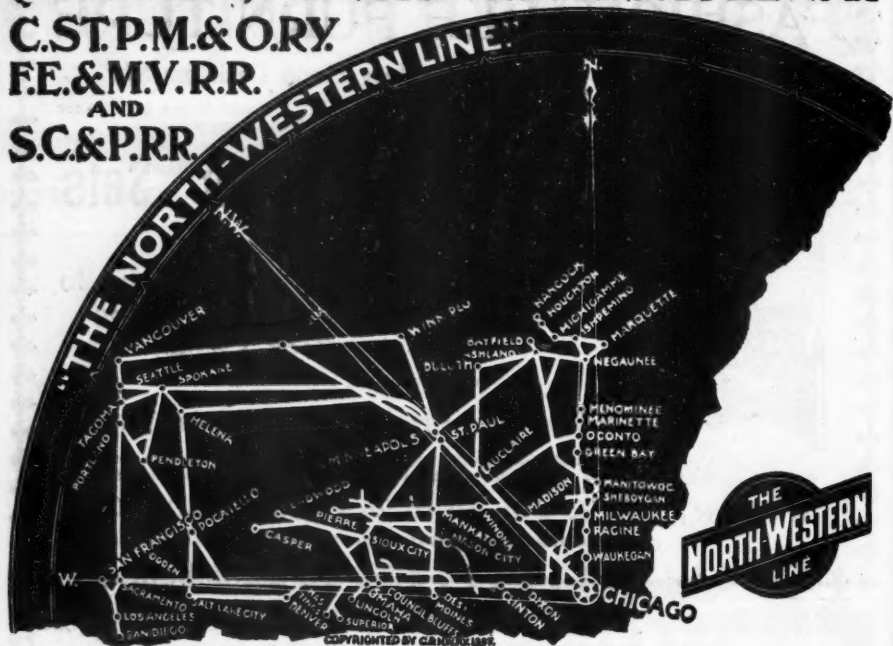
*Accounts of merchants, trustees, individuals and
corporations respectfully solicited.*

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.



CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

C. ST. P. M. & O. RY.
F. E. & M. V. R. R.
AND
S. C. & P. R. R.



THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

FAST TRAINS

The Overland Limited

California in 3 days

The Colorado Special

One night to Denver

The Chicago-Portland Special

Oregon and Washington in 3 days

The North-Western Limited

Electric Lighted—Chicago
St. Paul and Minneapolis

Duluth and St. Paul Fast Mail

Fast train to the head of the lakes

The Peninsula-Express

Fast time to Marquette
and Copper Country

H. R. McCULLOUGH
3d Vice-President

W. A. GARDNER
General Manager

W. B. KNISKERN
Gen. Pass. & Tkt Agt.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Hypnotism



KIND READER: You have surely heard much in Hypnotism. You may even have seen an exhibition of it on the stage. In that case you were thrilled by the work and results of its mysterious spell. Above all you were amazed at the hypnotist's control of his subjects, making them speak, act, think and feel only as he commanded. In your newspaper you have also read of the vast good this mind-control is doing for education, for reform and for the art of healing. From it all you have doubtless said to yourself: "I wish I were a hypnotist! Why shouldn't I, also, be wielding this strange power for the welfare of myself and others?"

Yes, truly; **WHY NOT?** If you wish it you can certainly become a hypnotist. There's nothing on earth to hinder. You have the same natural faculty for it as the ablest professional. A few days' reading and practice makes you as powerful as the very best of them. The study is not only simple but fascinating. All you need is the resolve to "go in and win." Moreover, at the present time

YOU CAN LEARN HYPNOTISM FREE!

America's greatest hypnotist offers to show you how. As an authority and teacher in this science Prof. L. A. Harraden is famed all over the world. Just now he is issuing a **FREE BOOK** under the title of "Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism." Anybody can get a copy of it without one cent of cost, merely for the asking. Send for it by letter or postal, and it comes to you by return mail. It is the most precious book of the kind ever distributed. The Professor is not a man to do things by halves. He has been lavish as a Monte Cristo in making this gift-book worthy of his own renown. It is printed in a clear, elegant type and illustrated on every page by leading artists. The cover design is a choice effort of symbolic art, graceful in expression and most delicate in finish. The text is written in plain, familiar style, sparkling with strange interest, and yet simple as a child's reader. The book will not only be studied with eagerness, but treasured for its worth and beauty. In fact, it will be cherished by students as their

KEY TO SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Well it is indeed for all who send for it and master its contents. The Professor writes on his science in a fervid and winning manner. He lifts the veil of mystery from all its surprising facts, as well as from the wonders of Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing. What more needs be said except repeat that **THE BOOK IS FREE.** Sit down and write for a copy today. It is a chance not to be neglected. It may be the turning point in your fortunes. Send no money whatever. This is A GENUINE GIFT.

PROF. L. A. HARRADEN, - Jackson, Mich.

MAKE UPS



\$1 worth of "Tricks & Make-ups," sent postpaid for 25 cts. stamps or silver. Apparatus for performing great vanishing half dollar trick. Nice Moustache or full beard. Under Chin or Side Whiskers, any color, better Spirit Gum is stick whiskers, etc. Box of Burst Out to blacken up. Cure for Love, a novelty sure to please. Coins through the Hat trick. In Snake in glass covered cabinet. Im. rubber mouth, his teeth, appears from ear to ear. Mention paper you saw this in & I will put in a heavy GOLD plate finger ring. **FREE** send also. The above big offer is to get your address to send my large illustrated catalog of Magic, Wigs, Tricks & Agents latest Novelties, Chas. E. Marshall Mfr, Lockport, N.Y.

TRICKS

GOFF'S BRAIDS are the BEST MADE



GOFF'S has been the standard braid for 40 years. Every improvement has been introduced in its composition and manufacture to keep it at its high standard — "The Best."

TO PACIFIC COAST WITHOUT CHANGE

LOW RATE...

One way excursions in Canadian Pacific Railway, modern, comfortable, upholstered tourist cars. For full information call on or address **H. J. COLVIN,** 197 Washington St., Boston.

SANATORY DOUCHE
...FOR...
LADIES



Price \$2.00
EXPRESS
PREPAID
Quality Guaranteed
Specialty Supply Co.
New York City.
Room 1863 1183 Broadway.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 1 1/2 dozen packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine postpaid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

BLUINE CO., Box H., Concord Junction, Mass.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

return home from a summer's vacation, tired and ill in health from over exertion. At such a time, while the system needs bracing, stimulants and drugs should be avoided. PURIFY the tissue that has been building—don't destroy it.

Drink Freely of Poland Water

It will remove every impurity from the Kidneys and Bladder, and quicker and more thoroughly rejuvenate these organs than any other known method.

For fifty years Poland Water has been



an acknowledged conquerer over the most obstinate cases of Brights, Diabetes, and Uric Acid Diathesis (Gout, Gravel, etc.), and new proofs of its wonderful power are every day recorded.

Send for the "Poland Water Book," full of valuable information about these diseases, to

HIRAM RICKER & SONS,

BOSTON:
175 DEVONSHIRE ST.

NEW YORK:
2 PARK PLACE.

PHILADELPHIA:
4711 CHESTNUT ST.

HOME OFFICE: SOUTH POLAND, ME.

POLAND WATER WAS THE FIRST WATER EVER KNOWN
TO DISSOLVE URIC ACID CALCULI IN THE KIDNEYS—
AND NOTHING LIKE IT HAS EVER BEEN DISCOVERED.

HALL'S



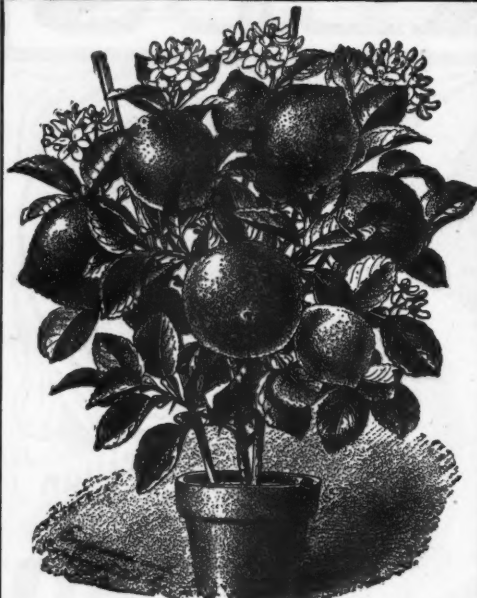
HAIR RENEWER

A high-class preparation in every way. Always restores color to gray hair, the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair grows rapidly, stops coming out, and all dandruff disappears.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send \$1.00 to
R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

**OUR NEW
EVER-BEARING AMERICAN WONDER LEMON..**



AMERICAN WONDER LEMON.

LARGEST EDIBLE LEMON

IN THE WORLD!
WILL GROW, BLOOM AND FRUIT
ANYWHERE
IN ANY GOOD, ORDINARY SOIL.

IT is a true Ever-Bearing Lemon, and its wonderful fruit is delicious for lemonade and culinary purposes, weighing from one to three pounds each. It makes a beautiful specimen plant for the house. Has large, deep green leaves and very large pure waxy-white flowers that are as fragrant as orange blossoms. The enormous lemons have a thin rind, and are full of rich acid juice. The trees require no grafting or budding, and we guarantee every tree to produce the same large fruit. Will thrive in any good soil, either indoors or out.

PRICE.
For very strong young plants, 15c each. Large, two-year-old fruiting size, 50c each. Very large size, \$1.00 each.

Write for catalogue for full description and testimonials.

WE WILL SEND 6 LOVELY EVER-BLOOMING TEA ROSES FOR 25c.

AS FOLLOWS:

QUEEN'S SCARLET—Rich red, shaded crimson.
THE BRIDE—Pure white.
MAID OF HONOR—Bright pink.

MOSELLA—Pure white; deep yellow center.
MAD. WELCHE—Amber-yellow.
MLLE FRANCISKA KRUGER—Copper-yellow.

8 Prize-Winning Chrysanthemums.....25c
6 Fuchsias (single and double).....25c
8 Magnificent Verbenas.....25c
6 Geraniums (choicest sorts).....25c
5 Flowering Begonias.....25c

6 Carnation Pinks.....25c
8 Lovely Fancies.....25c
6 Hardy Scotch Pinks.....25c
1 Large Packet Pansy Seed (mixed)...10c
1 Large Packet Sweet Peas (mixed)...10c

We Will Also Send 2 Distinct Ever-Blooming TWO-YEAR-OLD TEA ROSES for 50c.
OR 8 GRAND SORTS FOR \$1.00.

4 Ever-Blooming Hardy Climbing Rambler Roses (Yellow, White, Pink and Red.) for 25c.
The 4 Climbers, in Large, Two-Year-Old Sizes, for \$1.00.

WE PAY POSTAGE AND GUARANTEE SAFE ARRIVAL of plants, CORRECTLY LABELED.
SEND FOR OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Be particular to mention this paper when writing and address us carefully as indicated and your orders will receive special attention.

SCHMIDT & BODLEY, {Box 5} SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

HENRY F. MILLER

Send for Catalogue

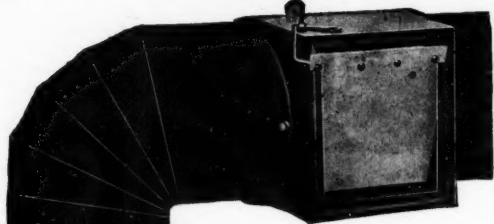
PIANOFORTES

BOSTON, MASS.

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

PUT THIS ON

Your Pipe



The
FOWLER
AUTOMATIC
DRAFT
REGULATOR

REGULAR DRAFT AT ALL TIMES
NO OVERHEATING OF FURNACE
LESS CHIMNEY FIRE DANGER
NO BURNING OUT OF GRATES
NO ESCAPING GASES IN CELLAR OR ROOM
PERFECT VENTILATION
RETENTION OF HEAT IN FURNACE
PERFECT COMBUSTION OF FUEL
MINIMUM OF CLINKERS

*Therefore,
greatest
economy
of
fuel
and
care
in
operation*

and you will notice
the following about
your furnace, stove
or boiler

Prevention of fires burning out on windy nights. A great coal and trouble saver.
Why? Because "The Fowler" Automatic Draft Regulator insures absolute and perfect regulation of draft under all conditions in any heating apparatus on which it is put.
Can be quickly applied even when heater is in use.
All stove dealers have them.
Send your address and that of your stove dealer on a postal. We are sure the reading matter we send you will be interesting.

JOSEPH BATTLES, Sole Agent, Box N, Lawrence, Mass.

MOTHERS NEED THIS!

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD AS IT MAY BE NEEDED ANY MINUTE.

A Slight Illness Treated at Once Will Frequently Prevent a Long Sickness, With Its Heavy Expenses and Anxieties.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR

By
J. Hamilton Ayers,
A. M., M. D.



This is a most Valuable Book for the Household, teaching as it does the easily distinguished Symptoms of different Diseases, the Causes and Means of Preventing such Diseases, and the Simplest Remedies which will alleviate or cure.

598 Pages, Profusely Illustrated.

The Book is written in plain every-day English, and is free from the technical terms which render most doctor books so valueless to the generality of readers. This Book is intended to be of Service in the Family, and is so worded as to be readily understood by all. Only

60c. Post-Paid.

(The low price only being made possible by the immense edition printed. Not only does this Book contain so much Information Relative to Diseases, but very properly gives a Complete Analysis of everything pertaining to Courtship, Marriage and the Production and Rearing of Healthy Families; together with Valuable Recipes and Prescriptions, Explanations of Botanical Practice, Correct use of Ordinary Herbs. New Edition, With this Book in the house there is no excuse

Revised and Enlarged with Complete Index. for not knowing what to do in an emergency.

Don't wait until you have illness in your family before you order, but send at once for this valuable volume. **ONLY 60 CENTS POST-PAID.** Send postal note or postage stamps of any denomination not larger than 5 cents.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 LEONARD ST., N. Y.

VOSE PIANOS

have been established 47 years. Are un-
in Tone, Beauty and Durability. By our
payments every family in moderate cir-
can own a fine piano. We take old instr-
exchange and deliver the piano in your home free of expense. Catalogue
explanations free. VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Its Work Tells



Remington Typewriter

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900



Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Always uniform
in quality, abso-
lutely pure, deli-
cious and nutri-
tious.

The genuine
goods bear our
trade-mark on every
package.

TRADE-MARK.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.



The Improved

BOSTON GARTER

The Standard
for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON
GARTER" is stamped
on every loop.

The

Velvet Grip

CUSHION
BUTTON

CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never
Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

NEVER

WRANTED

"AMERICA'S GREATEST HEATER"

The **Winchester**

For **Steam** *Heating*

For **Hot Water** *Heating*

Smith & Thayer Co.

235 Congress St.
Cor. Purchase St.

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Read in **the** about our Exclusive \$10,000 Prize Competition.

ass.

0

st

m
o-
li-
ri-

e
ur
ry

S.

r

A.

on.